THE HISTORY OF POLINDOR AND FLOSTELLA: WITH OTHER POEMS.

By *I. H.* Esq;

The third Edition, Revised and much Enlarged.

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To the READER.

Judicious Reader,

I *Present Thee here with an* Historicall *POEM, the* Plot *being all mine owne; whose Ground-work partly lay'd in very young years, though* Review'd *since, much Enlarged: 'Tis of no great bulk, yet various, and I hope the* Stile *and* Matter *both may please Thee; As for meer* Verse, Ryme (*though those should add their Grace*) *Compar'd to the First, I thought them still but as the* Tinckling *part of* Poetry. *There were some reasons for the Printing it, though chiefe, thy* Recreation, *as 'twas mine*

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in the Composing; and, if Please, I have my Wishes; for Applause, *I think not on't, having out-liv'd that* Vanity. *There follow some adjoyned* Poems *(different formes) cull'd out from many others, wherewithall I could have swell'd the* Book *much greater, but thought these enough; since, wishing to* present *thee with some thing of higher Consequence; hoping I have not much* err'd, *beating this* Road *thus far, wherein so many Others (great Parts too) have gone far more* Voluminously *before me. But, for close; 'twas meant a Youthfull* Phancy *(gentle Reader) and so take it; view it at idle hours: Nor, lastly, suck thou* Ill *from what my Self meant* Well, *and harmless, for, though profit not, I would not* Prejudice *thee.*

John Harington.

POLINDOR,

AND

FLOSTELLA,

The

FIRST BOOK.

THat gaudy'st *Time* of year, when *Mother* Earth
Seems new lyen-in of various Flowry *Birth*:
When prancks her jolly Cheeks, like tempting Bride,
As though her former Youths *Created* Pride
Strove thence to intimate: when * CLORIS traces [* *Goddesse of flowers*]
Curtisan-like the *Plains*, with all her graces,
Choice Jewells, sweets of *Essence*; whilst the *Sun*
(Her *Lover*) smiles in Beams, does hast to run
Neer course, to court her still; whilst leavy *Groves*
Resound with chirping Consorts of their Loves,
By th' small Plum'd *Minstrelsie*: when cheerfull show
(Dim cloudy *Vizars* gone) pleas'd Heav'ns, bestow
On th' fragrant Earth those *Cordiall*-showr's, which cherish,
Sweet, suck'ling, milky Dewes: when all things florish.
No sooner had the *Larks* shrill mounting *Notes*
Call'd forth their Lady *Morn* her Eastern Gates

Of Roſes, Violets, to take the ayre,
That ſtill might ſeem to SOL more lovely, faire;
Dropping her molten *Pearls* as favours on
The under-gazing Mortall: when anon
Behold upon thoſe faire *Eoian* Plains
Two hundred *Nymphs*, two hundred *Shepheard*-Swains
(Thoſe Activ'ſt of th' ARCADIAN youth, prime flower)
Each tracing from their ſeverall Country-*Bower*,
Quick Riſers all: *Nymphs* on that ſolemn day
Prov'd early *Houſwifes* too, but loytring, play
Was all (intruth) they roſe for; and to grace
* PAN's *Feſtivall* the more, each *Rurall* face [* *God of Shepheards.*]
Comes in its moving'ſt beſt *Dreſs*, beautify'd
(To th' view) with moſt fine, witty, careleſs *Pride*:
All's Quaint and neat, thoſe curious Freaks thought vain;
Skin, wounding feature's here; True *Beauty*, plain:
As *Nature* would to th' erring World be known
Not fond profuſe to gayer *Courts* alone.
Let it ſuffice, Some were tranſcendent-faire,
And might pleaſe liquoriſh *Princes* taſt: Nor are
Thoſe lovely *Shepheard*-boyes at all behind
In *Natures* flowing Bounties, who, to find
Their bright-cheek'd *Virgin*-loves, with wandring joy
O're-rang'd the ſilken *Vale*: when, thoſe leſs coy
(Some gentler *Shees*) by cunning Ignorance,
Or willing kind of ſtray, like purpos'd *Chance*
Firſt light on them: Met, both did joyntly prove
All thoſe delights Ingenious, yet chaſt, *Love*
Could think on, *Youths* repaſt of mirth and pleaſure:
Play'd, talk'd, kiſs'd, woo'd, or danc'd around by *Meaſure*
The faire, green *Pluſhy* Soyl, which *Carpet* ſeem'd
With *Flowers*, as Heav'n with *Stars*, enrich'd, begem'd.
But here, *Record*, amidſt this *Ruſtick* pile
Hath chanted one to *Fame*, one, whom they ſtile
(Throughout)

(Throughout) The *Youth* POLINDOR, who excell'd;
As their Swains *Prince*, unmatch'd, unparalell'd:
ARCADIAS ſparkling Di'mon, then whoſe *Cheek*
The *Roſe* leſs choicely faire, leſs ſoft and ſleek
Might prove the downy'ſt *Peach*. His conquering *Eyes*
Seem'd born to *Victory*, ordain'd their Prize
Troops of captived *Virgins*; lovely'ſt Blazes
There ſhone, bright Beauty-*mint*, whoſe worth ſurpaſſes
That common vulgar croud, Beams, more out-going
Young *Court*-bred Stars: *Lips*, meet for VENUS wooing:
Each feature, limb, would *Love*-dart ſhower affoar'd,
Sham'd the *Moons* *Darling-ſhepheard, in a word. [*Endimion.]
His bright-brown *Locks*, and full, in many a Curl
(Their waggiſh *Antickt* thoſe) like trembling *Purl*
Play'd on his comely'ſt Shoulders; whom the *Wind*
Us'd oft, as *Play fellow*, to twine untwin'd
In loytring ſport, whilſt kiſs'd them *Nymphy* train:
Theſe were *Heart*-guives, to view, though ſadly enchain
Th' o're-yeilding *Females*, ſome whereof have neer
Pin'd to the mournfull Urne: *Mayds* vainly here
Vow'd gentle *Homage*, ſince th' unamorous *Youth*
Shun'd thoſe weak-paſſion'd flames, in ſober truth
Would not brook *Love*, rebell'd: though elſe of *Soul*
Brave, nobly'ſt-ray'd; that lofty aſpiring Scroul
Of *Honour*, *Virtue*, never worthier bore,
Nor ere Young years more radiant luſtre wore:
In brief, the Rurall, *Grecian* wonder crown'd.
Green *Tafty*-role, like wreathed *Shash*, went round
His gallant head, whoſe *Top* rays'd towring, high;
Whilſt from that *Role* (more careleſs, gracefully)
Both ends made dangling Flap: The *Robe* he wore
(*Buskins*) green *Taffaty*, claſp'd down before
With long, but flowr'd Plate-buttons; and, where fac'd,
That *Spring*-like green, joyn'd *Iſabella* grac'd.

Such was the *Swain*: Of all those Youngsters, gone
For past-time, sports. He, *Mateles's* found alone
(Since so *Reserv'd*, desir'd none) steals away,
In part offended with their loving Play,
Tow'rd *VESTA-vale*, remote from whence there blew
Fine, pleasant, spicy-breathing *Gales*, to view
Choice *Madam-spring*: whose Champaign-tresses, face
How (wandring) seem'd t' approve; beyond the grace
Of *Womans* daintier cheek, best Lip or Eye!
Could glance upon *May*-flowers cheaper die,
Field-beauties, whilst appear'd but blind to those
True, living, speaking ones, whose *Armes* inclose
Grand *Joyes* of life. Gaze past one pleasing while
He'd prove his silver'd *Bow*, then, to beguile
Slow-footed hours, some *Philosophick* Book
Holds *friendly* wise discourse; then, by th' curl'd *Brook*,
Couch'd down in sobrest Musings, till again
Trod Court-lik'st *Measures* o're the flowry Plain.
Last, *Sung*; best-tuned *Voice*! whilst wanton part
Chants th' Ayr-bred *Eccho*, mock'd him (or his art
Would fond-ly'st imitate) at which he smiles:
Ah, lovely'st Youth, *by some styl'd churl the whiles*!
To shun fair beauteous Maids, *although invited*,
With th' Eccho, *thine own* Shade, *Brooks, Trees delighted*!
Ensuing years may make thee wish declin'd
This sereous Coyness, *and then weep thee* Blind;
When th' anger'd CUPIDS *Justice liv'st to see*,
Those *whom thou* Lov'st, *ith' end may not love thee*.

By this, th' All-circling *Sun* had posted o're
His *Morning*-stage, those fi'ry-breathed *Four*
Well slak'd, his wing'd-foot *Steeds*; when *Southern* bait
Of *Nectar* took, drives on his Chariot strait.
What time our young POLINDOR, faintish grown
Through *Noons* ore-bounteous blazings, glanced on

From

From VESTAS *Vale*, th' adjoyning *Veſtall Grove*;
Freſh-plumed, fair, with whoſe tall Shades in Love
(Since ſeem'd thick Leavy *Fortreſs*, brav'd (to th' eye)
Whole *Storms* of darted Beams) the *Youth* drawes nigh
And entred ſtrait: 'twas bold attempt, if found,
High *Crime* determin'd; yet the fenced *Bound*
O're-paſt, he enters: when, what various ſtore
Of *Beauties* throng'd his *Eye* (which ſeem'd before
Bulk-loſt as 'twere, o're clouded) raviſhing;
It ſhone chief *Bower* plantation for the *Spring*.
On Youth, *refreſh thy ſences, ſince a* Grove,
Flower, pearly-cheeked Fount *ingroſs thy Love*.

The *Form* was thus: 'Twas neatly'ſt all cut out
In fine, green, moſſie *Roads*; ſome ſeem'd to ſtout
The *Day*-light, cover'd cloſe, whilſt others ſhow
Skies proſpect, open-roof'd; ſtraight-pointing go
All tow'rds the *Midſt*, that meant their *Center*-ſtation,
Save what went winding round, Theatrick-faſhion:
Between, ſmall *Thicks* repos'd; though here and there,
Wild *Flowry* ſpaces left, which ſeem'd t' appear
With petty Garden-pride. He view'd (tranſported)
The Bowry *Maze*, whilſt round (as though th' had cour-
Dull *Shades* to mirth) joy'd Silvan *Songſters* ring. (ted
Birds thank'd, with gloomy Trees, whoſe courteous wing
Mock'd PHŒBUS growing *Choler*, on he pries;
Till (laſtly) ith' midſt ſmall dainty'ſt *Plain* deſcries;
Compos'd moſt *Orb-like* round, where *Riv'let* wanders,
Dancing in Figures ſtill (rare ſtrange Meanders)
To over-look the *Spring*, ſome two Foot broad;
Whoſe pureſt Chryſtall *Golden* Sands or'e-flow'd,
With *Shells* of Mother of Pearl; art ſo deſigning:
Ith' midſt was *Temple*, beauteous *Manſion* ſhining;
Though here and there, fine Proſpect-bower, *Stand*
Thin-*tufted* o're the Place, whoſe next, attain'd,

He

He pauſing breath'd awhile, beheld the *Court* [*Goddeſs of chaſtity.]
Where* VESTAS vow'd *Train, Mayds* of honor ſport.
The partly intranced *Youth*, whoſe Soul through's eye
Seem'd ſtray'd awhile (as 'twere) ſome churliſh *Spy* [*Hea-
Now fear'd, *Awaks*, & ſcouts again from hence *then Nuns*]
Back tow'rd th' adjoyning *Grove*, with heedy ſence,
As lik'd beſt clouds of ſhelter, wanton *Ayre*
Whilſt ſporting *toy'd* with his Beloved haire,
Would fan his *Roſie* cheeks: when ſofteſt *Noyſe*
Stole to his curious *Eare*, whether 'twas Voyce
That talk'd, that ſung, complain'd, or what, not knowing;
Thus followes it; till now, much dearer growing,
'Twas tun'd to ſound of *Pleaſure*, brought thus far,
And dandled nicely'ſt by th' ore-joyed *Ayre*
Since loath to loſe. POLINDOR hug'd it cloſe
Like th' Ears chief darling, *Jewell*, liſtening goes;
Till now far ſtronger, ſweeter thoſe *Shades* paſſing:
Haſt, might ſpoyle all, undo; when ſoftly'ſt tracing,
Leaſt hurt *Leafe* ſhould complain, has timely found
The Place, thin-planted *Hedge*, whence floated round
This ſoveraign *Muſick*, of Lute Voyce compos'd:
Where conjur'd oft to Faith (leaſt be diſclos'd)
Thoſe *Twilight* glim'ring *Shades*, does lye and heare;
Chain'd all his idler *Sences* faſt to's *Eare*,
That crown'd the worthy'ſt. What e're ſtirring ſpies
He thinks Inſpir'd (juſt then) with th' *Harmonies*
Of that *Voyce*, heavenly *Lute*; or if at pauſe
Leaves quiver'd, 'twas their kinder *Clap*, applauſe.
He wondred oft, to heare th' whole ſhady *Round*
So whiſt and *ſilent*, not the leaſt bold ſound
From any o're-ſawcy chirping *Bird*, th' are dumb,
Pearch'd like her *Scholars* cloſe; to ſweeteſt whom
Beſt *Sounds* migh't ſeem but rude-noys'd; whilſt the *Swain*
Same pow'rfull *Voyce* intranc'd, reviv'd again.

The

The *Song* was thus:

1.

Away, toyish Love-*delights,*
Fancy-show'rs,
Fleeting as the ayre, or hours,
Wherein sooth'd Girles *appetites:*
Froathy bubbles,
Thralls, *though faire,*
False sweets they are;
Dream't Joyes, *waking whiles their* Troubles.

2.

Lifes abuse, and Reasons *too,*
Cheats they be:
Fondlings, *Bruits your partners see*
Ith' same sensuall Mess *with you;*
Which discovers
As does prove
Your Boy-god *Love,*
You are Blind, *before turn'd Lovers.*

3.

Welcome deareſt Mayden *state,*
Let my Soul
Here all other Loves *controul,*
Court thy beateous Union, *that:*
Pure, untainted,
Free *alone*
Your Bliss is known,
Whilst our Selves *nor* Wills *transplanted.*
Let's then twine,
Fold, imbrace 'fore VESTAS *Shrine;*
Joyes the Issue be, Divine.

This done, *Birds* practise seem'd, in warbling *Song*
Thank'd their faire Teacher, *Mistress*: whilst thus long

Our

Our *Youth* o're-hears, admires, is griev'd at his
Short-lived *Sweet*, concludes chaſt * *Veſtall* 'tis. [* *Heathen Nun.*]
Seem'd now with new Deſires poſſeſt, inflam'd,
To view thoſe very *Lips*, thoſe *Hands* that fram'd
Theſe choice refin'd ſounds; thinks, ſhe muſt be *Fair*,
Whoſe voice and touch ſo powerfull charming are.
Beware fond Youth (*of ſeeing more coy*) *be wiſe*;
If ſo enamour'd with her Voice, *the Eyes*,
Lips, Hands will kill thee. Thus with gentleſt paces
Like ſoft *Ayre* round he goes, through thinneſt places
Darting his Beamy ſight, tiſt (O bleſt chance!)
Finding the *Door*, firſt fortunateſt glance
Sooth'd his Hearts big-ſwoln longings, ſav'd his *Eyes*:
Moſt glorious *Form*, divine, he there eſpies;
Beſt *Face* might cheap, but *Sun*-burnt too't appear:
Natures whole *Beauty*-ſtock ſeem'd laviſht there,
And ſhe undone; of whom be't boldly ſayd,
Fame might turn gaſping, breathleſs, *Poets* mad
Ere ſound her *Prayſes* forth: The *Sight* would move
Gods to croſs penſive Armes (he thought) to love,
And court like fondeſt *Suitors*, whilſt weak *Men*
Wonder'd themſelves to Stones: no marvell then,
If our chang'd *Youth* ſo dearly magnifies
His lovely'ſt Object, now's become all *Eyes*;
But take heed bold preſumptuous Youth, *leaſt find*
Through longer Gaze, *thou do'ſt prove ſtupid* blind.

She plainly appear'd a *Veſtall*, one of thoſe
Wilfully ruin'd *Mayds*, whoſe tempers choſe
That *Virgin*-thraldome, chaſt, paſt all relief;
Cold frozen *Girles* (though know thus much, in brief,
Her *Mind* out-ray'd her Body, beauteous *Heaven*
That laſt might ſeem, this firſt, divine Spark even
Oth' great *Heav'n*-dweller) one of that here-woo'd
Coy *Siſterhood*, the rare FLOSTELLA ſhow'd.

Who,

Who 'midst those beams of Noon, had lonely stray'd
To VESTAS silver *Fount*, there (purest *Mayd*)
Nought fearing Ambush'd *Eyes* from head to foot
Disrob'd her dainty'st Limbs, seeming to shoot
New light into those gloomy *Shades*, as though
Some other *Moon* were risen from below (thought her
('Bout *Noon*) though this more *fair*: or you'd have
Some bright-cheek'd, pearly-skin'd *Nymph* of the water.
Close by, with gold and silver Tufts, intwin'd,
Low'r silk *Robe*, Purple Sattin *Mantle* shin'd.

The *Fount* was thus; 'twas formed large long-square;
Or'e th' midst whereof *Gold* massie pillars bare
Carv'd *Covering*, frame (though th' ends left open wide)
On th' top sate crowned NEPTUNE, drawn with pride
In's grand *Shell*-Chariot, *Sea*-horses both;
And so th' unquiet water, vext to froath
By rare *Art*, pass'd their slucy mouths, as though
Foam knawing the churlish *Bit*. Beneath did flow
Fine, little, wavie *Ocean*; and at those
Four sev'rall corners, four curl'd *Tritons* rose
On *Dolphins* backs, whence spouted all below
Streams from their *Trumps*, and mouths, 'twas heightned
Through lively'st colours, Gold. At either end, (show,
Forth of the Fount, *Rocks* wildly did ascend,
Arts rugged Fabricks; * DIAN plac'd in one [* *Same with Vesta.*]
Bathing, with coyest *troop*; ACTEON grown
Fair-fork'd (behind) for his presumptuous *Prying*.
Mermayds that other Rock seem'd beautifying,
Playing on *Harps*; whilst 'bove the *Crystal* stream
Fish from those hollow'd *Crags* did sprouting seem
Their *heads* and bodies forth; thin watry Show'r
Thrown from their Cliffie tops, like *Arched Bow'r*,
Quite o're those *Nymphs* persons. Round the place
Went smaller-fashion'd Rayl, where, more to grace,

Stood

Stood lively'ſt carv'd *Beaſts*, rampant *Guard* to th'Fount.
Without, on either ſide, green lovely *Mount*
O're-peer'd the *Grove*, whoſe ſtayres were beautify'
With dainty'ſt gilded Rayls, where perching ſpy'd
Carv'd *Fowl*; though, ſmaller *Birds*, whole plumed throng
The top ſhew'd Bowr'd in *Conſort*. VVho not long
Survay'd the copious Place, might think't ſome new
Small-coyn'd *Creation*, and the *Goddeſs* view
Bathing ith' Fount: whoſe beauteous *World* one while
Our *Youth* beholds with wanton, pleaſing ſmile,
Then, looks of boundleſs *Wonder*; ſtrong perſwaſion,
If any ere, this Fleſh claym'd Adoration.
Eyes, *colour'd black*, *whoſe pure* Life-*rayes*
Mock'd the poor Di'monds *ſickly blaze*,
As gaſpings to 'em, dull to Sence;
Joy, Vitall *ſpirits ſparkling thence*,
And ſhot into th' Beholders ſhow:
Bright'ſt rouling Worlds! *how miſtick too*!
In whoſe full Globes, Night, Day's *intwining*;
All-black, *all-faire at once*, *combining*:
On Earth *ſo much of* Heav'n *eſpy'd*,
They ſeem'd already Glorify'd.
Whoſe Black *can ſhame the Eye of Noon*,
And dazle that all-dazeling Sun
(*At leaſt with Loving wonder*) *ſo*
Thought the rapt Amorift: *when grow*
New thoughts, *that theſe faire* Shades *by Heaven*
As dark Veyles, *mild allays were given*,
Leaſt elſe their Glories blind our Sight;
Though kill *moſt ſweetly through this* Night:
For Who's ſo ſtruck by that faire Eye
(*Unbleſt*, *bleſt*) *wiſh ſtill ſo to* Dye.
Light's *Fountains* (*onely*) *th' are*, *whoſe Ray*
Kindles the Morn, *recruit the Day*.

Eyes

Eyes whom th' whole World *can nought preſent*
Choice like themſelves, though Proſpect lent
Natures *whole* Picture-*houſe, grand Scean;*
Paſt, preſent Eyes, Sun, Stars, but mean
Types *of this Beauty, coorſe* Draughts; *th' one*
Since model'd th' others Peer alone:
Which Nature *ſhewes her but by* Glaſs,
To prompt thanks for ſo rare a Grace;
And that, as bleſſing Men, *they might*
Themſelves too with themſelves delight.
In brief, ſweet'ſt Maps *of Heav'n beſtowing;*
Viſions *oth' future glory ſhowing.*
He thought, there Loves Artil'ry *lay,*
Choice Magazin, whence th' Ordnance play
With bright'ſt Looks, *lightnings:* Virtue *there*
Shone too; but O! theſe Blazings were
To burn, *not warm: Who (ſilly* Fly)
Playes with thoſe Fires too long, muſt dye
Their Martyr; *for, though in each Part*
Love ſits, yet, has forgot her Heart.
Unhappy'ſt, Fayreſt ones! *Eyes,* ever
Made to be *Lov'd,* but to Love never!
Her Forehead, *high-rays'd, even, 'twas* Sky
Spread moſt majeſtick; Throne (to th' Eye)
Of State *to Beauty:* Bar *t' arraign*
O're-ſaucy bolder thoughts, muſt feign
Frown *though, Smile lightning through't:* Good Heaven!
So lovely part, for Cloyſtring given!
Then ſtrait, his New world wandring Eye
Coaſts on her Cheek, *of ſo rich Die,*
Prime colours, pure, as Nature *choſe*
The height, Tranſcendent part of thoſe
In common Cheeks; *had planted there*
Freſh, laſting, ſweet Spring: *Lillies where,*

With

With baſhfull Roſes ever blowing;
Her Eyes their Sunny beams *beſtowing.*
Here th' Graces, *and here oft would lye*
Love's *Wag, made wanton by her Eye,*
Tumbling himſelf. O, that ſuch *Roſes*
Should never grow to make Love-poſes!
Then pleas'd thoſe rare-ſhap'd Lips, *that bury*
Loves *firſt Repaſt, firſt joyes; the Cherry*
Look'd but pale to'em, the Rubie *too:*
Prime Modells, *clos'd, tranſporting view;*
But when, through Smiles *diſclos'd to Sence,*
What new-coyn'd Graces *raviſh'd thence!*
New ſhapes! their Beauties multiplying
Through Speech, *though* Death *then ſpoke, Denying.*
Choice Heav'n-preſerves, whoſe Sweet-meats laſting,
Unſpent; nor Surfet *fears the Taſting;*
One would for ever Kiſs, ſeal ſweet
Heart-*pledges: Their* Live-*charmulet*
So cordiall thought, our Youths of mind
One Kiſs, *were Seav'n daies food refin'd:*
Nay more, Conceits, 'twould give new Fire
To frozen, num'd Old-age; inſpire
Soules *into Dead men; Spice, perfumes*
Cheap to their Breath, *which neer preſumes*
Would purge away Plagues. Las! that none
Muſt kiſs ſuch *Lips,* ſave *Mayds* alone!
Her dainty ſt-riſing Noſe, *ſo white,*
Fine-ſhap'd, 'twas model'd to Delight;
Compos'd to th' wiſh: Chin! *rare the Grace!*
'Twas Chin *moſt fit for ſuch a Face;*
Yet both Live-bury'd though: Ill coſt!
Such precious *Works* made to be loſt!
Her ſilken Haire *in many a Brede,*
Coronet-like, adorn'd her Head;

Some

Some loose Curles *wantonized though,*
Cheek, Neck, and Shoulders heightning so;
No gaudy Beamings, *these, nor Wire*
Of Gold, *which some chief* Poets *admire*
(And love to gild their Verse withall)
'Twas Brown; *The noblest,* best *of all;*
Most comely, sweet: POLINDOR *swears*
'Twas Best, if onely 'cause 'twas Hers:
Dim Shadow *by that fair* Sun *made,*
Yet lovely too though but a Shade.
Upon whose Top rich Phœnix *shone*
(Like Vestals *chast Badge) diamon.*
Loves Ambush, lo; O, ne're be't told,
Such *Hayrs* should wither and grow old,
Under chast *Virgin*-vow; since Strings
For CUPID's Bow: fit breads for *Kings.*
Low'st stands her Neck, *Loves stately'st* Fort;
Fit gallant Pillar to support
That breathing Heav'n: *so purely white,*
Bow hers, to this great JUNO *might,*
With LEDA: Clime, *where Lillyes, Snow*
Shew'd Summer-*winter, mistick so.*
Upon this glorious Machine mov'd
All those prime Graces *Mortalls lov'd.*
Di'mons, *there blest (to th' Fancies eye)*
Shew'd sparkling Joy *since plac'd so nigh,*
Whilst Men excluded are. Ill done,
Fond *Nature,* gav'st this to a Nun!
Next shone those Brests, *which sweetly aspire,*
As still would nurse that Babe Desire,
So swelling, plump; how waving flow,
Like Streams *when gentlest* Gale *does blow,*
Dimpling their Cheek! These he supposes
The Love-*god's loved* Mounts, *whence loses*
His Arrowes oft in Wanton play
At randome: Milkie *path there lay,*

Love's *walk of Pleasure*: *if again*
In's Swadling-cloaths, sure he'd have layn
There Cradled, *and have slumber'd on*
Those Pillowes, downy-smooth; else none:
For, coldest *Greenland*-mounts they prove,
Snow-regions, which still frieze to *Love*.
Her Armes *like* Twins, *in loving fold,*
Playd with each other oft; of Mold
Excelling, purest-white; where spy'd
Pearl, *Envie-pale, by th'* Wrists *out-vy'd.*
So lovely, that all Praise dispraises;
Sure Nature *meant them for Embraces*:
Armes fit to squeeze forth Soules (*as 'twere*)
Through rapture-joyes, Intrance them there:
Who would not ever Pris'ner *live*
Within these Armes? his freedome give
For so faire Keepers, *faireſt* Grate?
But not to Kings belongs this Fate:
For these dear *Armes* ne're any other
Seem born t' embrace, but one another.
Her dainty'st curious Hands (*a Payr*
Love's Mother *envy'd*) *matchless are*;
Queens nicer hands seem'd soule to these
And unwash'd: *Azure* Veins, *he sees,*
Like beauteous Founts *still wandring o're*
White banks of Lillies, or some floar
Of Alablaſter: *These Hands, fram'd,*
Natures Mold *lost he deems, or maim'd.*
Thinkes, their Diviner touch would rout
Diseases, raise both Palsey, Gout
To Gallyards (*Frenzies charm'd down*) *stronk*
The Panther *tame, so faire a Yoak.*
Las! that such *Hands* should ere desire,
To bear about chaſt *Vestall* fire!
Now, lower-wading still, discover'd
Her fine-composed Waſt, *where lover'd*

Th'

Th' enamour'd Stream; *does wreath't as 'twere*
In ſportive loving folds; ſo clear,
Dainty-ſhap'd, ſilken, Happy *thoſe*
So wealthy an Arm-full born t' incloſe!
Zodiack *that bliſfull* World, *with more*
Prime worth, then th' Great one held before.
O CUPID let not ſuch a *Waſt*
Be onely by cold *Maides* imbrac't.
Our *Youth's* transforming, ſcarce thus far, till now,
E're contemplated *Woman*; on thy Brow
Worſe fate's ingrav'd; better that poyſonous skill,
She-Worlds diſcovery th' hadſt waved ſtill,
Then ne're t' ore-come by *Conqueſt*, quench thy fires:
Though not ſeen All, the *Youth* all loves, deſires.
Dire, ſaddeſt *Truth*! too ſpightfull'ſt Deſtiny!
Vext CUPID long ſince from her flaming *Eye*
(Love's-forts) had ſplit his *Heart*, although of ſtone;
Behold a *Rock* moſt eager *Lover* grown;
And, which ſtupendious Miracle would prove
To th' wondring *Plains*, POLINDOR now in love.
He thought, he never ſaw *Heavens* wiſdome, power,
Earths glory truly Blaze, before that hour;
Ne're Woman ſaw worth *Sighing*-breath, or paſſion,
Till view'd this Princeſs, *Queen* of the creation.
That *Man* deem'd Favourite, minion of his *Stars*,
Who's mark'd for theſe tranſcendent Bleſſings, ſhares
The *Love*-god's inmoſt *heart*, whom he had ſcorn'd;
Though now (too late Repentant) ſighing mourn'd;
Yet hopes, *Shape* ſo divine, his After-ſtory
Might yet make bleſt, *Pitty's* great Heaven's glory.
But what could this new hopefull *Fancy* give,
Strangled (alas) ſoon as 't begun to live?
He ponder'd ſhe's a Sacred * VESTAL, who [*Swym chaſt.]
Never muſt ſtoop to Love. *Go, rather Woo*
Some marble, female Statue, *love a Tree*;
Or court the Northern Ice, *then ſtupid ſhe*

Far, far more ſupple, melting: ſigh to th' Wind,
To th' deaf, tumultuous Wave, *they'l* eccho *kind*
Of ſad noyſe, Mourn again; Weep, melt thee o're
Th' hard Adamantine *rock, 'twill pitty more.*
And thus, our *Love*-transfixed *Youth's* half ſlain
By CUPID's wounding Wrath, muſt love in pain:
Could tug *Seav'n* years at th' Oare, as *Gally*-ſlave;
Sweat, grind their *Horſes* Mills; or in ſome Cave
Lye chain'd from PHŒBUS *Light*; as many daies
Like wandring Goat on th' bleakeſt Mountains graze:
Racks kiſs'd, Strapadoes ſmil'd on, Ten *deaths* pain,
If but t' enjoy this *Fayr* might live again.
Could curſe thoſe *Traytor*-eyes, did firſt conſpire
To his undoing, let in Ravenous fire
To burn his *Tinder*-heart; yet, dares not though,
Leaſt he ſhould curſe the Heavenly *Object* ſo.
He blam'd her ſadly'ſt oft, ſince, ſo abus'd
Kind *Nature's* bounteous love, ſuch *Gifts* unus'd
She'd wilfull *Veſtalls* ſervitude prefer
(*Las! poor, diſtreſs'd*, Forlorn! *thou chid'ſt in her*
What prov'd thine own Crime) ſtill, the more he gazes,
More wonders ſtrike, new Beauteous hoord amazes;
And the more *View'd*, the more each deadly *kills*:
Thinks *Theſe* thoſe former Sweets, impoſſibles
T' obtain; like plundring th' heavenly *Stars* to wear
For Gems, or th' ſilver *Moon* ſnatch'd from her ſphear:
Who can arreſt the *Thunder?* tamely ride (ſtride!
SOL's *Burning* Steeds? th' hot-womb'd Granades be-
Or graſp coy-boſom'd *Lightning?* Thus, grown ſtiff,
He drooping faints, and through Deſpairing *grief*
(Such *Grief*, as ſeemed to confound, devour
All *Joy*, life-ſpirits both, that *Fatall* hour)
Falls deadly *Intranced* on the Hallow'd ground.
See (*gentle* Reader) *proſtrate here is found*
Great Beauties, *and great* Loves *joyn'd triumph too;*
That petty, boyiſh God, whoſe ſingle Bow

Can

Can humble proudeſt Kings, *and which alone*
Awes th' Univerſe; *it ſelf o're-aw'd by None:*
Sight *diſmall, nor o're-ſtrange, Rare miſtick prove*
Th' effects of Young, tranſporting, hopeleſs Love.

The mov'd *Leaves* ruſſl'd, when th' unarmed *Mayd*
(Soon frighted) ſtarts withall, thinks ſhe's betray'd
By ſome cloſe-lurking *Eye*; through modeſt ſhame
Fear, haſting forth thoſe watry *Bounds*; does blame
Thoſe buſie, troublous *Streams*, ſince hold too long:
Who, more ſhe ſtrives againſt, in Amorous throng
Clung 'bout her danty'ſt *Waſt*, and ſhackled *Feet*:
Too haſty *Fear* (alas) while caus'd forget
What moſt ſhe wiſh'd to hide: turn'd, off the *Bluſher*,
And (loweſt *Garment* ſlipped on) forth ruſhes
Th' incloſing, leavy *Fence*: Fain would ſhe ſee
What 'twas, yet fears beholding: Thus, as ſhe
Nigh th' very *Entrance* glanc'd, ſhe ſpies indeed
One lying there, which gave wings to her ſpeed;
But *Fear* ſoon cauſing her glance ſweetly back,
Sh' obſerv'd him lye ſtill, quiet. *Prithee ſlack*
Thy courſe, Coy Girl, *what needs this ſqueamiſh haſt?*
Return; *las! here are None purſue ſo faſt.*

Looking yet more, th' Face upwards, ſhe perceiv'd
Him wondrous wan and *Pale*, like one bereav'd
Of life, *Souls* deareſt gueſt; now frighted more,
She thought to trip it faſter then before:
Till ſtrongeſt pious *Charity* agen
Set her at gentle Gaze, ſince not to Men
(At all) but *Lovers* cruell; pitties *Throne*
Blaz'd in her heavenly *Eye*; ſhe look'd upon
The mournfull, proſtrate Object, and conceives
'Twas but ſome ſlumbring *Trance*, for 'mongſt the leaves
She heard one tumbling fall; and ſhould he *Periſh*,
Whom *Wholeſome*-breathing pains (perhaps) might che-
To active *Life* agen? ſhe obſerv'd him *Young*, (riſh
And therefore to baſe *Furies*, luſtfull wrong

Unpractis'd, innocent: thinks now, if e're,
Her dainty'ſt *Modeſty* might venture here.
Thus, backward trac'd the *Girl*, oft ſweetly dying
Her Cheeks (beſt *Bluſhing* paint) till now eſpying
Newer fears, ſhe turn'd about; wind-ſhaken *Leafe*,
Her own *Foot*, ſilken *Garment* ſcar'd, as if
He then ſtir'd, rouz'd for Action: till again
Pity ſurpriz'd her Steps (nor now in vain)
Pleads, brings her quite back. *Doubtfull* Nymph, *thou muſt*;
For here's thy Love ſlain Martyr, *and 'tis juſt*,
He live *again, but by thy powerfull Hand*,
Whoſe Eye *firſt wounding* kill'd, *if truly ſcan'd*:
Though, if thou knew'ſt ſo much, I fhreudly feare,
Timerous Diſdain *would leave him* Dying *there*.

Fain would ſhe have veyl'd her ſilver *Waſte*, within,
But Cruelty, hard *Heart's* ignobler ſin
Then naked *Waſte*, Life loudly ſum mon, on
Therefore (though trembling, pale, leaſt thus alone
Found with a *Man*) She comes, ſhe comes: diſcryes
Much ſweetneſs even in *Death*, whoſe gloomy eyes
Though *Curtain'd*, clos'd, yet his fair Cheek and Lips
Flaſh'd glim'ring *Beauty* forth, in this *Eclipſe*:
His *Graces* ſtill would hold triumphant ſtation,
Still lovely ſhew, though chang'd their former *Faſhion*.

She lik'd her ventur'd *Pains* the better now,
With pritty'ſt Motion, ſlight does wreathing bow
Th' o're-ſtubborn *Body* oft; then rub'd his Cheeks,
And chaf'd his Temples, all kind *Magick* ſeeks
To rouze *Lethargick* life: would now and then
Give him ſmart wakening *Box*, till rub'd agen
His drowſie *Temples*, ſprinkling o're the face
(Charm-like) cold *Fountain*-water, neer the place,
Stout, female Task: till now did ſeem t'appeare
Soft *Motion* in each part, by turns, as 'twere
Some freſhly Inſpired, *Rays'd*; ſuch ſort, as though
The new *Soul*-Tenant, wandring to and fro,

Travers'd

Travers'd its beauteous *Lodgings*, ſhe the Power
Infuſing it. Or like ſome *Watch* (what hour
Woon up) thoſe choiceſt Wheels, how nicely move
In punctuall order! ſo *Life* ſeem'd t' improve
This rare ſhap'd *Engin*, body, rouz'd it ſo.
Blood comes in haſt, with Tide like over-flow
Entred his crimſon'd *Cheeks*, as 'twere to view
This fair *Phyſitian* thence; freſh *Roſes* grew
Strait on his June-like *Lips*: And now, behold,
Thoſe mournfull Ivory lids begun t' unfold
Their cloyſtred *Lights*; as if th' ore-joyed *Soul*
Knew 'twas FLOSTELLA's face, ſo, gently ſtole
T' enform his ſlumbering *Eyes*, that elſe had ne're
Awoke; nor deign'd to view the Heavenly *Sphear*.
O Love's ſtrange powerfull *Influence*, divine!
FLOSTELLA might obſerve from thence to ſhine
Ten thouſand beauties, ſuch, as would imply
The *Love*-god's play-fellow, or boldly'ſt vye
For VENUS curled *Minion*, in the place
Of young ADONIS ſlain: Prime modell 'twas
For male-perfection, lo; The *Nymph* approv'd,
Lik'd all (intruth) ſhe ſaw, though nothing *lov'd*.

And now, her Buſineſs done, ſeeing reviv'd
Her hopefull *Patient*, yet, as 'twere *Dream*-liv'd;
She makes no curious Pratling ſtay, to know
What, whence he was; how came ſurprized ſo;
Or beg poor vulgar *Thanks*, but ſtrait was flying.
When, lo, th' amazed *Youth* (as ſoon eſpying
That 'twas FLOSTELLA, that one beauteous *Mayd*
'Bove all the World he lov'd) prevented, ſtay'd
Her ſubtle flight, as if indeed with her
His vaporous *Soul* had fled: with loving *Fear*
Inthrall'd, detain'd, and ſuch mild, gentle force
As nice young *Fondlings* often do (by courſe)
Their caught Birds; rapt, tranſported much, to ſee
His regent *Star* ſo neer, that onely She,

Sweet killer, ſhould ſweet, ſweeteſt *Saver* prove;
Rare, ſignall *Omen*! Thus then breaths his Love.
Beauties fair Queen, *or of thoſe awfull* Powers
Haut Rivers, plumed Groves; of ſweeteſt Flowers
Sweet'ſt, fragrant Goddeſs; *or, what ſtyle's your due*
(*More then* Earth-*lovely, good*) *I humbly ſue,*
You'l not leave charg'd with foul ignobleſt Crime
Your bounden Patient *thus; but deign ſome time,*
To thank you for an Almes ſo obliging great
As was my precious Life: *I beg, intreat*
You'l not yet go. The chaſt FLOSTELLA could
Have ſhewn ſome *Virgin*-anger here, controul'd
With higher check, diſdain her new-ſprung *Lover*,
But that ſhe's rarely *Sweet*; nor little move her
Mild count'nance, garb, her Young Surprizer ſees
So humble and *Vaſſayl*-like, upon his knees,
When he might force: yet (prone to *Mayden* fear)
Deſiſt, raſh, ventrous Youth (ſaid ſhe) *forbear*
To court your pleaſing Ruin; do you know
Whom hold in thralled Priſ'ner *thus? let go;*
For I'm of th' Virgin-*troop, that never muſt*
Be ſoyl'd by man: Touch often's Baud to Luſt.
For Thanks, *thoſe trifling Scruples ſpare, remove;*
What boldneſs 'twas to range this hallow'd Grove,
Place ſacred? *mock, provoke the angry Brow*
Of Heaven-*born* VESTA *thus? though joyntly now*
My ſelf ſtand deeply expos'd. The ſadder *Swain*
Pleads ignorance; does ſtrongly beg again.
When, dreſt with frownings now, *She pray'd, Forbear;*
Or ſhe'l cry out aloud, A Raviſher.
Who now can think, what diſmall Gulphy ſtraits
Seiz'd our pale *Amoriſt?* on each hand waits
Dire *Ruin*: if holds his beloved *Fayr*,
And ſhe cry out for help, the *Raviſher*
By Law muſt Dye; if 'lets her go, bereaven
Of his *Soul's* vitall *bliſs*, his joy, his heaven,

Like

Like *Doom* would follow: Griev'd he ſeems to loſe
So rich a Magazin, yet ſcarcely knowes
How ſafe to hold it though, leaſt thence ſhould prove
Blown up: *Hold* (whiſpring cries) deſpairing Love
Like ſome poor *Wretch*, whom gen'ral *Wrack* has given
To th' boyſterous greedy *Wave*, in that ſwarm even
Of fears, deaths, horrours, if but hap'ly chanc'd
On ſome kind broken *Board*, by billowes danc'd,
Some *floating* wooden *Shore* (as 'twere) full dearly
Hugs that new Reſcuer: as cloſe, as neerly
This to FLOSTELLA clave: her precious *Feet*
How kiſs'd! her flowing *Garment*! does omit
No piteous, moving ſpell. *My cruell Fayr*
(Sayd he) *I am no luſtfull* Raviſher,
Your humbleſt Bond-man, lo; far be't you ſhould
Suffer the leaſt Thought-rape, *much leſs be foul'd*
By looſer Act *of his a Virgin mind*
As truly Chaſt *as yours, although more* kind.
I love, ſo Brothers alſo; but proteſt,
Pure heats of Turtles *warm inflame this* Breſt:
And if ſuch ſin to love, Gods *themſelves were*
Fam'd often Sinners; *nay, what's more, ſevere*
They'l prove, unwiſe to boot, ſince ſweeteſt This
Chief Joy *and* Being *both to th' Creature is*:
Their Worlds ſupporting prop; Sphears *kindly infold*
Each other, th' Earth *'bout deareſt* Center *roul'd*:
Nay, your Sweet'ſt heavenly Self part-guilty deem'd,
Whoſe Eyes (*with pardon*) *th'* Angel-*tempters ſeem'd*;
Cheeks, Lips ſo charm-like fayr, divine, All-moving:
O blame thoſe (Deareſt) *blame not me for* Loving!
One *kiſs* he beg'd, which coyer-*She* denies,
Chaſt virtuous anger in her globy Eyes
Oft ſweetly *Lightning*; then, faint, piteous *Look*
Seem'd *Dawning* forth, as though unkindneſs took
To be ſo us'd: Cry'd, *He was moſt ingrate,*
Thus t' hold encumber'd *her that prov'd ſo late*

Te him ſo kind. Th' heart-wounded *Youth* reply'd;
'*Twas faireſt, ſweeteſt* She, *for whom he* Dy'd;
And now ſhould Dye *again, if coyer ſhe*
So ſoon Abandon'd him: what Cruelty
To kill *what's her own* Creature! *with delight*
(*As 'twere*) *deſtroy her firſt Work!* Rare the ſight,
Had you beheld! Both ſeemed Peremptory,
Both in part yeild: The *Nymph* would go, though ſorry
Loth to exclaim; The *Youth* would hold his *Hold*,
Yet *fear'd* ſhe might ſo: Sadneſs, to unfold!
Strange curſe of *Fate*! yet beg'd he *She'd beſtow*
But one Salute: the more ſhe ſtriv'd to go,
(Since that Salute might (ſeen) caus'd dangerous *Ire*,
Offence, breed wanton *Spawn* at leaſt, deſire)
The more he pleaded ſtill, ſince growing now
To th' utmoſt *Point*; ſad ſpeech, with ſaddeſt *Brow*!
Many a Plump, mournfull, ſolitary *Tear*
(By turns) whilſt rouled forth, th' *Eyes* Blood (as 'twere)
Late *Wounded*, ſtruck by hers; Pale-colour'd though:
Or nimble, harmleſs *Stratagem*, if ſo
By ſuppling Tears could melt, what pray'rs could not,
Her *Marble* temper'd hard heart. True-love *Grot*
Th' whole Cheeks appear'd, whilſt thus be-pearled o're,
Or drooping *Roſe-buds* when ſome *Sunny* ſhow'r
Hath chriſtall'd them; for why (though ſeem'd of late
Full-ſpread) thoſe Roſes through diſaſtrous *Fate*
Now ſhrunk to *Buds* appear'd. At length, dumb grown
Through ſwelling ſorrow, *Sighs* were blindly blown
In ſtead of words, *Grief* (as 'twere) throng-like breaking
Th' half-framed *Breath*; till Sighs their Language ſpeaking
(Strange View!) with ſuch, ſo pretty kind of ſad
Languiſhing *Eye* (by turns) the too coy *Mayd*,
Then Heaven next, beholding, as if He
Accuſed both; ſaid, *Fayreſt, can it be*
You are ſo monſtrous cruell? does ev'n move
Cloſe pantings in her Breſt, ſince ſo rare *Love*

So

So wretch'd to boot; which *She* th' unhappy cauſe,
Could not then well redreſs: Thus, without pauſe
(So timerouſly chaſt) *She bids let go,*
Or ſwears ſhe'l cry out. When, with throngs of Wo
Heart-ſtorm'd at once, as if *Skie*-cannon ſtruck,
Heard Mandrakes killing *Groans* (unus'd to brook
Such ſtranger Love-fits) down he falls again
Like batter'd *Fortreſs*, ruine, whilſt *Diſdain*,
Crown'd Victor prov'd: his fainteſt Spirits, breath
Seem'd *Plunder'd*, ſack'd; Face bore thoſe *Armes* of *Death*
(Sad, dire Relapſe!) whoſe mournfull Banner now
Set up blaz'd perfect *Conqueſt* on his *Brow*.
Alas! that nicer ſhe (too Cruel-chaſt)
Had rather precious *Life* then one *Kiſs* waſt!
Be ſtyl'd a Murtheress, then once be ſayd
Sh' had kiſs'd a *Man*! the *Nymph* though ſadly weigh'd,
Worſe Ills might follow it. Her bolder ſtay,
That *Wrong's* revenged full, now, now ſhe may
Go when ſhe pleaſe (alas) for here are None
T' *affront*, ſave fixed *Trees*; and ſuch an One,
Who ſlumbering (proſtrate) with *Death*-cloſed Eyes,
Still, cold, as th' *Earthy* Couch that bears him, lies.
Come gentle Hearts, *this mournfull* Corps *ſurround*
With Quire *of Fun'rall groans; take, ſtrew't, the ground*
Yeilds you Hearbs, Flow'rs; *ſad, paleſt* Cheeks *bedew*:
Prime True-love *peice, as primely hapleſs, view.*
Though no Hot Cordiall waters, warm Tears *bring*
To mourn, embalm; *whilſt dolefull* Turtles *ſing*
His Souls reſt: this dear, precious Clay ſupplying
With breath in Sighs, *at leaſt, whilſt* lifes *breath flying.*
But (ay-me!) where's the vaniſh'd *Nymph*? there, there
She growes a rooted *Plant* through diſmall fear;
Grief's *Statue* turn'd; how truly'ſt *Corps* (to th' eye)
Though ſtanding, as that other lying by!
Seem'd *Pitty*-charmed too, ſince gentler *Heart*
(Intruth) ne're *Panted*, lo, ſhe'l try her art

Once

Once more, drawes hasty neer. 'Twere pretty sight
T' have but beheld, with what poor look'd *Delight*
Her *Beauties* mournfull, unsought Conqueſt there
Sh' ey'd at her Ivory *Feet*; when forth a *Tear*
(How precious) ſteals; ſtrait follow'd kind Another;
Deareſt *Pearl*-mint (why, *Reader*, ſhould we ſmother?)
Laſt breath'd moſt fragrant *Sigh*: O, were this told
POLINDOR's grieved *Ghoſt*, no doubt it would
Depart well-pleas'd, with ſo rich *Obſequies*
From his beloved *Miſtreſs* Lips and Eyes.

Whoſe fair Hands now, like boyſtring ruſhing *Tyde*
(Mark of more *Intereſt*, as 'twere) apply'd
Their *Laſt* relief, ſhewing *Self*-welfare in't;
With what life ſtrove for fleeting Life, to win't
Yet gently *Home* again! oft glanc'd at *Heaven*
For *ayd* from thence, on murmuring *Trees*, as even
Crav'd thoſe, or wiſh'd ſome ſturdy one *Inſpir'd*
T' aſſiſt her work, ſince now (twice forc'd, retir'd)
The wandring *Soul* grown *Sullen*, more ſtiff-bent,
'Twould not be charm'd back to its Earthly *Tent*,
Frayl lodging: when (behold) *Sighes* louder grow;
Tears Chryſtall riv'lets prov'd; *O Heav'ns, ſo ſlow?*
Hard, hardeſt Fate! ſhe cries: till, though in vain,
Her Corps-like *Youth's* at length reviv'd again:
For know, ſo oft as *Coyer* She but flyes,
So oft muſt he fall, ſo oft Swooning *Dyes*.

That wanton *Boy*, love's *Archer*, all this while
Cloſe-ambuſh'd ſate, aloft, with many a Smile
Plump-grown (as 'twere) to ſee this amorous *Duell*;
Rare *Love*-maze, paſſion'd *Scean*; how hug'd his cruell
Wrought vengeance, clap'd his little Hands, as though
Had plainly ſayd; *There's he blaſphem'd our Bow*;
Look, look! Who convert grown, *Love's* ſelf was ſorry;
And of the Nymph now makes his Triumph, glory.

Sweet'ſt, gentleſt *Soul*! ſhe ſees how rare *Affection*
With moſt rare *Beauty* joyn'd, unmatch'd Perfection;

Love

Love in moſt lovely Perſon ſweetly'ſt plac'd,
With radiant *Virtues* circling *Beams* enchas'd;
Strange, nobleſt *Blaze* of honour (ſuch did ſpy
That *Youth* firſt, mounted in her gallant *Eye*)
Beſides ſome ſecret *Grounds* (whereof anon)
More hardning, coy reſolves, like *Clouds* o're-blown:
Words, *Actions* (laſt) portray'd th' excelling Mind:
Theſe were all pow'rfull *Charms*, did ſtrongly'ſt bind
Th' enamour'd *Virgins* love-captived Heart;
FLOSTELLA *loves*, ſhe loves: keen flaming *Dart*
Ranges her frozen *Breſt*, ſets all a glowing;
She melting yeilds, thus new *Love*-wonder ſhowing.
Nymph, *fix thy conſtant* Choice; *for 'bove all other*,
This peerleſs Swain *ſeems* CUPIDS *eldeſt brother*.
The rouzed *Youth* ſoon ſnatch'd (juſt as before)
Th' All-valu'd, fleeting *Prize*, pleads o're and o're
His former ſuit; diſcern'd in's *Stars* of late
(Her *Eyes*) ſweet'ſt *Hope*-dawn glimmering, gentler fate
Break forth thoſe duskie Orbes; her cloudy'd brow
Turn'd *Skie* more cleer, ſerene, tow'rd *Sunſhine* now;
Lightening his Heart: *Beſeech'd her bleſs his* Eyes
But ſome few minutes more. When ſhe replies
(Stoln Sigh) *Alas! ſhe cannot*; yet, would ſtay;
Thus gives the Youth but an unwilling *Nay*:
Strives, when intruth would *yeild*; if chanc'd to unlooſe
His *Active* hold here, gives him leave to chooſe
Much better there: with ſame tranſporting *Eye*
Lowr'd, ſmil'd at once; does *Grant*, though ſeem'd denye.
The rally'd *Youth* charg'd home, again deſires
One kiſs: *O fy, thoſe are the Wanton* Fires
To luſt (ſhe cry'd) *'twas dangerous Crime to kiſs*;
She dar'd not: yet could part Diſpence *with This*,
If full aſſur'd he paciſy'd with one
His ſob'rer Appetite, *and ſo have done*.
The joy'd, o're raviſh'd *Youth* ſoon promis'd there,
Though ſtrange reluctance; loth t' obſerve howe're;

From

From th' *Hand* leap'd to her *Lips*, ſnatching his food
Like ſome ſtarv'd TANTALUS, as though he wo'd
Devour thoſe *Cherries* quite, come off no more
(O dearly'ſt earned *Sweets*!) tells that one o're
How oft! *Pray'rs* joyned ſtill! neglecting neither,
Beg'd, kiſs'd; yea, joyntly kiſs'd and beg'd together
(Charms powerfull, paſt o're-coming) ſeem'd as though
He would there *Plant* himſelf, entirely grow
To thoſe life-giving *Fruits*; recover ſoon
Loſt *Eden* thus. Had coyer She begun
To tune ſome Quainter chiding, *Active* he
Would kiſs her *Silent* ſtrait; as modeſt ſhe
Oft *Bluſh'd*, ſo oft th' officious ready *Swain*
Would hide her Bluſhing *Guilt*, and kiſs again (thought
(Whence ſhrouded, hides his own too) you'd have
Her *Lips* too ſweetly *Bluſh'd*, being kiſs'd ſo oft:
All kindly forc'd as 'twere. And now agen
Th' *Worlds* glory entreats to go, though even then
Could pardon, if Deny'd, forbeare Releaſing:
She tells, what rockie Gulphes, *ſtrange hazards, preſſing*
Her honour welfare both, ſh' had for his ſake
Run, ſayled *through*; *how ſuffer'd* Modeſt *Wrack*
How're; *and all to pleaſe his fonder mind*,
Vain, Fancy, *humour*. When, the unmatch'd POLIND
Bowing to th' ground, what Thankfull breathings are
(*Sighs* mixt) pay'd th' humble *Incence* to ſo rare
Divine a goodneſs! *Twice ſhe had reſtor'd*
His deareſt Being, *now further* Life *implor'd*;
If ſhe yet go, Heart *breaks, th' whole Work's undone*:
And, truly, if POLINDOR part ſo ſoon,
She drooping faints too: yet ſeem'd agoniz'd,
Fear-qualm'd enough, ſome Ranger leaſt *ſurpriz'd*
Their harmleſs dalliance; *Panting*, rouls about
Her black *Eyes* (each whereof how pritty *Scout*!)
Before, behind, and ſides; although 'twas feare
Their own *Light* would betray them (haply there

Some

Some *Bird*, ſome babling *Leaf* ſcares, here a *Blaſt*
Though whiſpering) laſtly on him more piteous Caſt,
As crav'd his *Succour*. When the o're-comber'd *Mayd*
He cordializing cheer'd, points to thick *Shade*,
Whence *Sun* did frighted ſeem; where Noon, mid-day
Prov'd wholly damp'd, did *Twilight*-dawn diſplay:
He pointing ſigh'd; when ſtrait (pale, bluſhing) She
All *Roſe* or *Lilly* turn'd; till ſtouter He
Muſt lovingly enforce, Male-ſpirits ſhowing:
Lute, *cloathes* fetch'd from the *Fount*, th'are onward go-
She bluſh'd agen, ſtands *Pauſing*, ſtill, as though (ing:
Were loth, look'd Glancing back; yet thither (lo)
Th' unwilling-willing *Mayd* was brought at laſt.
There they might, cloſely *Skreen'd*, at pleaſure taſt
Loves harmleſs bliſſes, feaſt them without ſpying;
No churliſh *Veſtall* fear'd, not PHŒBUS eying
(The *Sable*-curtain'd place ſworn ſecret) when,
Our Gem-like payr new practis'd *Love* agen.

POLINDOR prints on her ſoft *Lip* (the Spring's *Wood-gods* invoak'd) many kind Welcomings;
Yea, kiſs'd ſo feirce, as though would *Rifling* ſpoyl
That wealthy'ſt *Box* of treaſure, faireſt Soyl
All *Rubie*, ranged *Pearl*: as would (leſs nice)
Plunder thoſe Fruits oth' living *Paradice*.
Then, ſob'rer *Lover* grown, drawes out his Bliſs
How dear a while! as 'twere (ſo Children kiſs
Sweet-meats) *Extatick*-waies: you would have thought
Their *Souls* then bill'd too, ſilent *Pearly* ſought
Juſt at their Lips. Our young POLINDOR ſhowing
So rapt with his laſt *Joyes* (grand tyde, o're-flowing)
That he beleives, were th' holy'ſt *Anchoret*
Fixt there awhile, recluſe, he'd ſoon forget
His contemplated *Heav'n*; or elſe allow
Thoſe *Lips* for Heaven. Th' Eyes, turn'd *Gazers* now,
Muſt ſporting Tilt with *hers*, when un'wares ſpy'd
His dimmer *Picture* there (how great joy, pride!)

In

In that All-fair, black, funny'ſt *Tablet* ſhining;
Whence, that t'was Drawn ith' *Heart*, with mirth divi-
Had that ſelf-loving *Swain*, who often courted (ning.
His *Shade* in Chryſtal *Streams*, till drown'd (tranſported)
Still *Glaſs'd* him here (he thought) though truly *fix'd*;
'T had prov'd leſs Fondleſs far, as though admir'd
His *Face*, but for the bright-look'd *Tablets* ſake,
So, lov'd her *Eyes* (indeed) by that miſtake.
Then, th' amorous Wanderer takes gentle leave
To dance her whiteſt *Hand*, would pret'ly weave
Her dainty'ſt fingers (Loves engenious *play*)
Oft kindly preſſing them. Next, Progreſs lay
To her tranſporting towry *Neck*, where kiſs'd
So long, but nimbly done, no place left miſs'd
Leaſt *Lips* grew envy'd ought. Then, lower, between
Thoſe Down-breſts nuzzled ſtrait, where felt and ſeen
Warm *Snow*, ſoft *Ivory*, 'twas kind of wonder;
He ſeem'd lull'd there, and dreams of *Mayden* plunder,
Rare (knowes not what) ſtrange *Sweets*, new love-alarms;
So, rouz'd: for 'midſt thoſe Delicates, firſt charmes
The *Banquets* ſtill in ſtore, POLINDOR thought;
Would breath his mind, but paus'd, and bluſhes oft:
When ſhe Bluſh'd too. POLINDOR *ask'd her, Why*
She Bluſh'd: the faire FLOSTELLA ſhap'd reply,
'Cauſe he Bluſh'd firſt. POLINDOR asked then,
What 'twas ſhe thought he bluſh'd for: Sober when
She ſay'd, *She knew not.* Th' Amoriſt reply'd,
'T was ſomething in her precious Gift, *deny'd,*
Would break his True-love *Heart*; *if granted, be*
His, Souls *joy*, *glory*: when (her modeſty
Not further queſtioning) skulk'd down between
Thoſe ſhrouding *Breſts* again, reveal'd unſeen
His grand o're-charging Longings: which ſhe took
At firſt, with ſudden mixt, *Coy-baſhfull* look
(True *Maydens* ſhyer bluſhing) ſayd, *Though ſhe*
Had paſs'd thoſe ſtricter bounds of Modeſty,

Yet

Tet thoſe of Honour, *Chaſtity, ſhe'd never;*
But keep unſtained ſtill and white, for ever,
Her Virgin-*fame.* When th' worthy'ſt-minded *Youth,*
Part-dampt, *Crav'd gentle Pardon* (though intruth
Meant nobly'ſt) *if his raſh, o're-haſty Tongue*
Ought err'd; the Heart moſt guiltleſs was (ere long
Growing pale withall) and on her ſoft hand, *Lip*
Seal'd pow'rfull'ſt *Marriage*-vowes, which ſwore to keep
Inviolate. FLOSTELLA ſtrait reply'd,
Such ſolemn Vowes *could hardly be deny'd,*
If pure and reall; but (new griefs ariſe)
What if more paus'd upon't? Harſh Doom (he cries)
One Night *might ruine, blaſt all.* She again;
Then He, then ſob'reſt She, though but in vain:
For (*Alas!*) how could FLOSTELLA long deny
POLINDOR ought? what if he Swooning dye?
Does therefore ſweetly'ſt, on her *Female* part,
Melt in kind odrous *Vowes*; gives Heart for heart:
Though till confirm'd thoſe Marriage-bonds (ſhe ſaies)
He muſt look for more: Who yeilds, obayes.
Firſt alſo, Each had mutually made known
(In brief) what, who they were: of which anon.
But ſtay my wan'dring *Muſe*, leaſt (haply) here
Any unkinder *Breſt* ſhould charge the dear
FLOSTELLA with loſt Fame, or broken *Vow*
(Fly hence that fouleſt Breath) deſire them know
She ne're was Reall *Veſtall*, nor (forlorn)
Ty'd to th' chaſt Virgin-yoak, ſince yet *Unſworn*:
We ſaid, Sh' appeared ſuch; though (all that while)
But *Nun* of *Choyce* indeed, her proper ſtyle:
Which kind of Free and unſworn *Nuns* (*alas!*)
Unknown to th' deſperate ſwooning *Lover* was:
Which thus we'l clear. There was ſet Number ſtood
Inrol'd ſworn *Veſtall* Nuns, whoſe daily Food,
Cloathes, neceſſaries, all by th' *Foundreſs* will;
Their Chambers alſo, their Tables ſever'd ſtill,

Diſtinct: to change th' eſtate once having *vow'd*,
Prov'd *death*. That other *Virgin*-rank, allow'd,
Styl'd *Nuns* of *Choice*, themſelves to th' full *maintain'd*,
Might ſtay their year compleat, well uſed, train'd
(Or Quarter, if they pleaſe) as *Mayden* Boorder.
Sworn *Veſtall Nun* if dy'd, that Place by order
Was offer'd firſt (as gift) to th' Senior *Nun*
Of *choyce*, who if Refus'd, 'twas likewiſe done
To th' Next; ſo falling down, to th' very *Laſt*:
Although, Whoe're *refuſed* thus, if paſt
Their compleat *Year*, muſt ſtrait depart the *Grove*,
Be gone, as ſhewing but faint *Mayden* love
To VESTA; elſe (perhaps) might ſtay Ten year,
No void *Place* offered them: and th' Prieſteſs here
Might, *All* refuſing round, elect a Stranger.
But yet, FLOSTELLA had that *Swearing* danger
Eſcap'd, nor was her Perfect *year* (requir'd
For *Choyce*) as yet by full Three weeks expir'd:
Though probably ſhe would have *Sworn*, ſo Chaſt,
Joyn'd griefs, ſome ſtrong retiring Grounds; which paſt,
Not Earth nor *Hells* black witchcraft, charms could e're
Have ſhook thoſe *Vowes*, or made that Breſt forſwear.
Nor blame POLINDOR's coyer *Soul*, whoſe *Merit*
Too high for th' vulgar *Plains*, Heroick ſpirit
(*Mind*, *Body* match'd, crown'd both *Planetick*) who,
When ſaw true ſplendid *worth*, lov'd truly too.

The *Contract's* over now; Thrice happy *Payr*
Through loves Firſt chaſt fruitions! now they are
More wiſe, *Kind*-natur'd both, know t' improve
Life's peerleſs bleſſing, ſince beſt life's in *Love*;
Man, Woman th' beſt of *Creatures*; and by this
(Chaſt *Love* conjugall) ſtill maintained is
That Beſt of Creatures: elſe *Men* come to gaze,
Eat, drink, and ſleep, ſo vaniſh'd gone; *Youth's* blaze
Ere long extinct, th' are *Coughs* then, aking bones;
Earths, their own toyſome Burdens, breath in *Groanes*

CUPID

CUPID? or ſqueamiſh VESTA? ask them now
Before whoſe awfull *Shrine* they'd rather *bow*.
Long may you floriſh, Natures *well-joyn'd Glory*,
Virtues *chief ſparkling Gems*, Loves *deareſt Story*,
Prond'ſt triumph too; *grand Univerſall wonder*;
Heav'ns *choyce Care laſtly*, Guarded *with the Thunder*.
Long live, admir'd; *and by your Virtues hold*
Task'd Fates *as 'twere your Bond-mayds*; love, *grown old*
In ſweet'ſt Imbraces thus, untill Time *ſnowes*
(*Though late*) *upon your Heads: at length, when growes*
Th' Earth *burdenous, may you then turn* Stars, *mount higher*
Two True-love Souls *at once* (*conjoyn'd*) *expire*.

The *Day-light* burning lower, Wiſdome checkt
Our cautious *Lovers*, rouz'd; bid glance, reflect
On th' blisfull Future, how might hold *Life*-breath
Their late-born *Union*, ſince parting's *Death*.
'Twas ſolemn weighty Buſineſs; when it ſeem'd
As though ſome ſuddain faint *O'recaſt* had dim'd
Their firſt *Joyes* ſplendor, like to gloomy *Cloud*
In ſome fair gaudy Day: Their faces ſhroud
A twinkling *Pleaſure*, mixt with kind of *Sadneſs*;
'Twas troubled Joy as 'twere, or heavy gladneſs;
In brief, ſuch chang'd, ſo ſorrowfull *Delight*
As, *All went not ſo well*: The pretty ſight
Would have tranſported ſome, ſince in their *Eyes*
(Mean while) moſt noble *Beaming* ſeem'd t' ariſe
And ſhine through all. Firſt, it was juſtly fear'd,
POLINDOR's *Father* here (if weigh'd, refer'd
To reaſons ſcan) would leave them Vagrants, loſt
To all ſhrouding *Shelter*, prove but cruell *Hoſt*.
And, as the Caſe then ſtood, her changed *Father*
Appear'd more doubtfull, worſe, that ſhe had rather
Truſt to the common *Road* for Almes: does ſo,
In briefeſt terms, chant forth a *Story* of wo
To th' young POLINDOR's eare; ſo pret'ly laying
Unkindneſs to her *Stars*, in words (diſplaying

Moſt bright-coyn'd looks the while) that thence might
Sad tale ſweet; *Sorrow* tunefull, lovely grow. (ſhow
Her *Father* was a *Duke*, by ſplendid birth
And fortune Great, own'd plenteous ſtore of *Earth*
(Though royall *Heir* to ancient forreign *Crown*,
As we ſhall ſhew) ſeem'd *Great* in worth, renown
For many years, moſt Noble minded, train'd;
But one laſt *Blot* eclipſed all, *Inchain'd*
To ſtolne fleſhly *Luſt* (nor much ſtolne neither)
Whence Byas'd more to ill; like ayery *Feather*
Toſs'd by his wanton *Females* humorous blaſt
(Bright *Virtue* thus through Vices cloud o're-caſt)
And who check'd that the leaſt, might *Thunder* move:
Extream his *Hate* was grown, as was his *Love*:
ARPLASTUS call'd. Her *Mother*, th' honour'd Niece
To th' *Macedonian* Queen, fam'd through all GREECE
For beauty, virtue, rare-found *Gems* in one;
Fit *Mother* for FLOSTELLAS ſelf alone:
ORANTHE this. Through *Sickneſs* envious ſpight
Whoſe *Cheeks* late partly chang'd, beſides delight
Of wanton Ranging, fond ARPLASTUS keeps
His cloſe-lov'd *Concubine*, one, eats and ſleeps
Still under's gorgeous Roof (far off *Ally'd*)
COMANDRA call'd by name, his Houſhold-guide,
Chief *Governeſs*; or if mean ſtyl'd ſhe be
(Since Table-gueſt) ORANTHES *Deputy*.
Young, Proper, Handſome, but as *Foul* within
As without lovely, *Fair*; wiſe to all Sin
Black *Myſtery*; yea, fit for th' *Practick* too,
Did Spight, ambition cloſely call, might ſhew
Fates Governeſs (as 'twere) th' whole *Three* in one:
Rare boldneſs, Carriage Garb tranſporting won,
Dropt amorous *Spels*, ſmooth-tongu'd, moſt haughty ſpi-
This *Minion* fearing much, *Wives* dearer merit (rit,
Might chance t' *unboſome* her, in time, eſtrange
ARPLASTUS glewed heart; ſo, wither change

Her

Her *Full-moon'd* fortunes to th' conſuming *Wane*:
High dreams beſides, what honour, glory, gain
Could ſhe become his *Wife*, rule all at leaſt
Ith' wifely ſtead: ORANTHE ſick, o're-preſt
Through certain *Malady* (unhappy'ſt Ill!
Caus'd primely through her inbred *griefs*, though ſtill
Huſhing their mournfull *Noyce*, for three years ſpace)
Confin'd to th' Chamber now, ſtrong *Poyſonous* Glaſs
Soon frighted her fair *Soul* (by ſtealth) to Heaven:
FLOSTELLA aged *Twelve*, that blackeſt *Even*:
Although two Sons, three Daughters more, her Womb
Had brought him forth; each couch'd in ſlumbring *Tomb*,
Since when (ſome Years expired, gone) though yet
Her main *Mark*, project miſs'd, forbidden *Sweet*
Since pleas'd his *Lordſhips* pallat beſt, howe're
She's *Miſtreſs* grown; Th' all-pow'rfull *Planet* there.
Servants fear'd, flatter'd round moſt ſtrangely of late,
Run, winged fly, like her meer *Motions* ſtrait;
Nor queſtion durſt if ought ARPLASTUS will:
Her *Nod* ſav'd ſpeaking breath, and her *Frown* ſtill
Doom'd them for loſt, caſhier'd. His *Treaſure* lyes
Ope to'er as *Day*, bleeds for her Maſqueries,
Pomp, gaudy furniſhings, whoſe *Golden tide*
She *Moon*-like ſeem'd to rule; drain'd thence beſide
As through cloſe Trench, to her own private *ſtore*:
What marvail, th' inmoſt *Heart* filch'd long before?
All which (her *Female* World made his, reſign'd)
He ſaw not, would not ſee, become *Luſt*-blind.
One *Son* ſhe had, a well grown *Sixteen*-Youth
(Not full Fifteen ſhe bare him though) intruth
Moſt forward manly *Sprout*; whoſe *Soul* in ſhape
Leſs vile then th' *Mother's* ſeem'd, but (foul mishap!)
Her *Brain*-juice, councell-milk long *Sucked* ſo,
That plump'd and thriv'd full well upon't, might ſhow
Her *Creature*-ſon: whoſe ſecret *Whiſper*, ſmile
Confirm'd for worſt Exploit (by Named *ſtyle*

(ORDELLAN) taught to sooth, o're-reach, aspire.
His *Person*, *Parts*, or *Garb* if you enquire, (ble.
Handsome, Court-stamp'd, prefer'd to th' *Dukes* own Ta-
This *Sprig* to make more mounting, great (if able)
She felt new Child-bed *Throwes*, falls roundly upon
New plot, his *Wife's* FLOSTELLA mark'd alone.
And thus, no day, wherein her subtle *Art*
Play'd not some quainter *Scean*, bold, stage-like part
On poor FLOSTELLA's weakness; first, she awes
With her new *Greatness*, State (forsooth) to cause
More reverent thoughts of her from thence, *Esteem*;
Yea, make more prized *Coyn*, inhaunced seem
Her following *Kindnesses*: then, stooping lower,
By loving Favours (these) ere long does woo'er;
Choice *Birdlime*, spells. Call'd forth to th' bowry *Grot*,
Walk'd, chats it with her oft; then, as forgot
Th' height more, *Familiar* grown (though seldome) plaies
Th' *Wanton*, toy'd with her; meant especiall *Grace*.
Then, Gifts, close *Baits*; no tempting knack, device
Too costly, if but ravish'd Younger eyes,
Or mov'd FLOSTELS: Bravest *Cloathes* too, the Father
Turn'd lavish-free (so Rich) to claw the rather
Good sweet COMANDRA; fine *Shows*, *Masquings*, *Sports*,
By which (in truth) that young ORDELLAN courts,
Chief ord'rer, *Revel-master*: holds her train;
How sprightly, did she want but ought! does strain
Ere she has fully *spoke*, as in that *Ayr*
Of her commandings breath'd! then (soft *Love*-pray'r)
Small *Sigh* he drop'd for close. Thus, having won
Her self first *Love* (she thought) her active *Son*
Kind Favour, liking, she might pass the better
To her main *Plot*; FLOSTELLA grown her *Debter*;
Since deeply implanted Love betrayes the mind
To poorer, baser *Motions* oft, struck Blind.
As busy's *He* to raise, endear his Merit
About ARPLASTUS still, like's *Ayery* Spirit,

Page

Page, Shadow; in each fancy'd humour, ſport
How *ſerv'd* him! deem'd his *Breſt* the ſecond *Fort*:
Not Seaſons more th' all ruling *Sun* obay,
Bodies *Stars*, nor th' own *Souls* our fleſhly Clay.
Thus, five moneths vaniſh'd, gone, thick *Summer bow'r*
COMANDRA enter'd, where that pleaſing hour
The ſweet FLOSTELLA blaz'd, and, after *Look*,
Salute, kind ſpoken both, hough joyntly ſtrook
Both gloomy ſadneſs too; more *Sollem* Smile
(*Ligtning* 'fore Thunder, being ſet awhile)
Uſher'd her ſtrong-tun'd words: when, ſubtlely bold
(Nought looſing *State*) She thus began t' unfold
Her own, and *Son's* diaſtrous fortune there
(Choyce, early-blaſted Bud) thin dewy Tear
Nigh *ſweating* forth: *How* CUPID's poyſ'nous dart
(Then ſighes) *had peirc'd his over-tender* Heart,
Slain by that dainty'ſt flaming Black, *her Eye*;
How ſadly *languiſh'd, how oft vow'd to dye*
Her conſtant ſuffering Martyr: *ſhe diſplaies*
His watchfull, penſive Nights, his loathſome Daies
(*Poor gentle* Youth!) *inform'd diſcreetly ſtill*
More Glory *'twas by far to* Save, *then kill*,
Beſides, her ſpeciall ſelf ſhould owe a Son
T' her ſweeteſt Goodneſs: *If offenſive grown*,
'Twas for the Morning-light of her own Eye,
And next, the Ladies *heart-pin'd Votary*;
Her Son, *that others Servant, let not ſo*
Fair Innocency (*thus*) *foul* Murdreſs *ſhow*.
Nor mov'd *ſhe ſtrange injurious thing, ought jars*
With kindneſs, Friendſhip; what though s harſher Star
Gave him leſs Turfy Earth? *he's rich within*,
Whoſe Breſt appear'd young Virtue *magazin*.
For Carriage, Perſon, *rivall to the beſt*,
Prime peice; if Mothers did not dote at leaſt;
Well task'd Dame Nature *playd not while ſhe made him*:
And her Allyance, Blood might (*laſt*) *perſwade him*

Noble *enough, for Birth, if th' heaven-born* Mind
Made him not ſo. For Wealth (*Dirt more refin'd*)
She had Eſtate *for both*; *let ſordid* Moales
Root where they bury'd are, to virtuous Souls
All's in that Term, Enough: *beſides, 'twould prove*
Rare Tye, *oblige her Son to honour, love.*

The *Lady*, firſt, this Amorous *Motion* heard
With kind of ſtartling wonder, then appear'd
With dainty'ſt *Bluſhings* ſtain'd, o're-flow'd, as though
Would ſilent check, upbrayd (ſince *bluſh-leſs* ſhow)
COMANDRAS clearer *Cheeks*: though Young, deſcry'd
Thing baſe, unworthy through that *Gloſs'd* outſide,
Fair varniſh: ſtrongeſt *Avarice* conceiv'd
(Joyn'd proud Ambition) lurking in't, though weav'd
With Silken *Love*: nor was ſo cloſe *Heart*-chain'd
To th' Mother, fond (intruth) as to be ſtrain'd
Beyond her *Self*, fit bounds of *honour*; though
Perplext us'd fewer words, not daring go
Croſs-tide as 'twere; this Modeſt breath alone:
She no ſuch Beauties *treaſure claim'd, could own*;
Nor could believe, ſuch Amorous Paſſion *ſorted*
With ſo Young, *greener years, who rather Courted*
Fondly Sports, pleaſures ſtill; eſtrang'd to Love:
Thus, ſuckled *Hope*. This done, forth ſtrait they move
Their gentle Paces to moſt gallant *Grot*,
Choyce *Summer* houſe (to th' view) with Gloomy knot
Of *Trees* inviron'd round; neer th' Arched *Shade*
(Space left) purl'd dainty'ſt *Chryſtall* Founts, diſplay'd
Quite *round* too, carv'd work; *Birds* chirping there
Through liquid *Art*, 'twas ſtreaming *Theater*;
Fine *Statues* mixt: what various wanton ſport
Through murmuring *Sponts*! like THETIS watry *Court*:
Though the *Houſe* with curious Imagery ſhin'd,
Paintings, Rock-work. Where plac'd (thing ſo deſign'd)
Rare *Muſick*-ſtrains, thoſe lower earthly *Sphears*,
In parts ſaluted her, flow'd to her eares

Like

Like well-conjoyned *Streams* in one full *Tide*
Of Heav'n-born Sweetneſs; or the ayre did glide,
As would to *Storms* prove huſhing *Lullabies*.
Charm down cares; *Souls* prime Minion, deareſt This,
Which hugs her oft to pleaſing *Extaſie*:
Beſt, pureſt *Image* too, ſince Harmony
Makes up th' Admired *Soul*. Lo, how each *Paſſion*
Thoſe tuned forth, how Languag'd various faſhion!
Joy, ſprightfull mirth, complaint! How laſtly prove
Soul-melters, ſoften th' Heart (as 'twere) to *Love*!
These curious Hands were follow'd by *Voyce*-quires,
From artfull'ſt, well-tun'd *Breſts* (thoſe Speaking fires)
Yet more t' *enflame*; cheriſh ſweet Love-deſires.
First *Song* was thus:
What is Beauty *without* Love?
Dainty'ſt Mixtures fruitleſs prove,
Unleſs by others Taſted:
Thoſe Riches *poor felicity*
Give th' Owner, *till imploy'd they be,*
And ſeaſonably waſted.
Like Shadowes, Rainbow-cloudes th'are gone
Your Red *and* White; *tis dear fruition*
Heightens all; moſt Active known,
When 'tis moſt Paſſive, *your* Condition,
Thus. loſt Kiſſes prove your owr.
Whilſt Youth, *Beauty, Summers* Gem
Do vaunt thee growing,
Ripe *and luſcious as yet ſhowing;*
Hang not till thou rot'ſt oth' Stem.
Haſty Autum *ſcatters all*
Your pride, and well-pearch'd Glory;
Thoſe to Earth *deſpiſed fall,*
When you too late are ſorry.
Froward Coyneſs *then remove;*
Reap Beauties end,
Reap Beauties *deareſt end, Sweet'ſt ſweets of* Love.

Next, walking forth, ſtrait warbled through the *Grove*
Cleer ſprightfully'ſt *Cornets*, which for maſt'ry ſtrove,
Pearch'd 'mongſt the Boughs, a loft; now *Single*-ſound-
Each others various *Notes* while ſeem'd rebounding (ing
Lik dandling *Ecchoes*; quaintly floriſh'd o're
Their laſt ſtrains, adding newer *Points* to th' ſtore
(*Circle wiſe* lodg'd) ſtill anſwering round, by courſe;
Till rouz'd from her deep Marble *Cell* (perforce)
Nymph ECCHO, turned wanton pratler too.
Then, joyning all in *One*, ſeem'd *Raviſh* now
Th' *Ayre* with their vigorous ſhrill Sounds, fright the
Whilſt horrid fear thoſe *Plumed* Fry invades (*Shades*;
Through their green bowry Cabins. Theſe, for cloſe,
Seem'd ſwallow'd up by *Sackboats* (joyn'd with thoſe
Wild goblin-throats) *Recorders*, big-mouth'd *Shalms*;
To which (ere-long) an Antick of *Wood-dames*,
Satyrs ruſh'd nimbly forth (thoſe ruder Lovers)
In ſprightfully'ſt, friſking Dance; with *Leavy* covers.
Flow'r-wreath'd the *Nymphs*, whilſt tayl'd & hayry-skin'd
The *Men*; their Hornes and Hooſes to each aſſign'd;
Pipes too, though *Hunting* darts the *Women* brought.
What wanton poſtures, Liquoriſh kiſſings oft!
Strange giddy freaks! whilſt, mounted 'bove all eyes,
Their *Muſick* ſeem'd th' Olimpick *Waits* oth' skies.
In all theſe Feats, ORDELLAN with beſt skill
Pay'd his obſervance-tribute, homage ſtill,
Duty-devotions, as his vitall *Being*
Giv'n chiefly for that end; *Love*-poem fleeing
(Since moſt Ingenious-fancy'd brain, as could
Stand with thoſe years, beſt Education's mould)
Sometime by's *Mother* to his *Miſtreſs* eare:
At length Sick chamber kept, does ſlily there
Befool his *Night-cap*, health, whilſt former *Road*
(Gifts, favours ſtill) the good COMANDRA trode.
And when, more rarely though, her *Suit* renew'd,
FLOSTELLA ſtill would *ward* it thus, delude

With

With gentle fence: *Her* Son's *approv'd desert*
Nought questioning, but doubtfull fickle Heart
Through wav'ring Youth; *her own much Greeneſs too*
She pleads, *nor that* (*in truth*) *her* Fancy *knew*,
Whom yet could well affect, more Mayden-cold:
Her Father's *dangerous frown, laſt.* When th' o're-bold
COMANDRA ſmil'd, look careleſs; thus reply'd:
That, Were they once Betroth'd *by Vowes, and ty'd,*
Wedding-*time come, when fit to make th' relation,*
Diſcovery; *her pow'rfull* Breath, *perſwaſion,*
FLOSTELLA's *fixed* Love, *her Son's gain'd Favour*
Should eas'ly mould the Duke. Yet ſeem'd to waver
The doubtfull *Lady*, cry'd, *She fear'd*; ſome rare
Change hoping ſtill, event: ſuch th' amorous War,
Siege lingred on, with no ſmall *Battery*,
Till three compleat *Years* progres'd through the Sky.

Wherein th' o're-bold ORDELLAN had ſo long
Play'd *Loves* part, torturings, more pow'rfull, ſtrong
Thoſe amorous *Heats*, deſires, grown *Elder* now;
Heighten'd through Hope (th' improv'd FLOSTELLA
Shewing all *Raviſhment* as 'twere, a *Beauty* (too
Dreſt round with dart-like *Flames*, commanding duty)
That he plain felt the Rack (juſt, ſollemn curſe!)
True, ſober *Fires*: which vex'd COMANDRA worſe.

Thus had ſhe her precious time, coſt, *Magick*-brain
Strow'd fondly on, th' expected Crop to gain,
Though reap'd but whirling *Wind*; untill ſhe ſaw
FLOSTELLA now (Ripe-grown) paſt childiſh awe,
Woman arriv'd: more *Years* caus'd germinate
More wiſdome too: much ſlighter *Anſwers* ſate
Pearch'd on her tongue, ſhe deem'd; does therefore now
Wholy give o're, diſpair: her furrow'd *Brow*
Hides couched *Ruine* in't. Though deadly'ſt faſhion
Rais'd, heighten'd all, that ſcornfull *Indignation*
To be ere long o're-top'd, much ſhorter rein'd
(Yet chief, grand *Lady-regent* oth' Boords end)

Thing

Thing *Fatall*, loathſome; thus, *Hell* ſhe are trying
Black, ſurer waies, The poor FLOSTELLA's dying.
And then ſhe could more cloſely *Ingraft* her Son
To ARPLASTUS *heart* (ſhe thought) much eaſier won,
Plant him the Heir; ſince neareſt blood could boaſt
But one loſt *Uncle*, long ſince thought a *Ghoſt*.
Nor carry'd ſhe her Spleen ſo deeply inter'd,
But that FLOSTELLA ſaw it *Flaſh*, and feard.
Thus then, ſome few Weeks after (to be brief)
The *Ladies* Head and Side much pain'd through *Grief*,
Joyn'd watchings; *Broath* beſpoke, at length eſpy'd,
And th' *Mayd* ask'd, why ſo long? Who quick reply'd,
COMANDRA ſeaſon'd it: moſt jealous *Qualm*
Strait ſeiz'd her Breſt; when clozing doors, oth' ſame
Small part her little *Dog* ſhe gives, who lies
Pining ſome half an hour, then rouls and *Dies*.
Death honour'd! firſt, his Soveraign Ladies *Taſter*,
Then, deareſt lifes *Reprive*. This Object caſt her
So deeply intranced, that ſhe doubted nigh
Whether yet *liv'd*; whoſe mournfull *Corps* lay by,
Hers, or that little *Dog's* (beloved ſo)
Damp'd with Griefs ſuddain riſing *Fume*, as though
'Twere not the *Dog's*, but meer her *Ghoſtly* Dream;
And all but *Cheat*, imagin'd Life did ſeem,
Gaſpings at beſt: as Heav'ns loath'd *Eye-ſore*,
Earths troublous *Burden*, now, ſhe ſeem'd deplore.
Nought but *death's* ghoſtly *Maſque*, tombs, ſables, ſhrouds
(Knells, groans the diſmall *Muſick* too't) o're-clouds
Her ſickly *Brain*, her thoughts ſeem'd t'over-caſt.
Nor durſt ſhe 'midſt theſe fears, this *Stormy* blaſt
Mutter at all, complain, ſuch Th' others power
O're her charm'd *Father* known, firſt very hour
She ſhould but Lyer ſeem, as meerly checkt
O're-ſaucy his *Delights*; the ſad effect
Through whoſe dire helliſh hate, but *Hell-life* mere;
COMANDRAS rage thence doubled; ſtaying howe're.

Sh-

She ſurely dy'd too: *Tenant* grown *at will*
Her doubtfull poor *Soul* ſeem'd, that Fatall wheel
Th' *Whore* wanton ord'ring. Thus, like *Sorrow's* Spouſe,
Death's mournfull *Bride* ſhe ſate (though then allowes
Thoſe Two ſuch amableſt ſweeteſt *Grace*,
Triumphant both appear'd) dark round's the Place
As Night (ſhe thought) except kind *Beam* from Heaven,
Cloſe *Voyce*; FLOSTELLA, *Hope*: when as 'twere given
New ſpirit (Young years were never more diſcreet)
She rouz'd for ſpeedy *Flight*, and, ſtrait up-knit
Small *Linnen* pile, with precious *Jewell*-box
In her large-compaſt Skarf, with haſt ſh' unlocks
Back-door, to th' *Gardens* ſhaded ſide well leading
(What ſweet-caſt Lightnings round, *eſpialls* dreading!)
So through long arched *Bow'r* (where, if deſcry'd,
Sh' had then but Walking ſeem'd) does ſmoothly glide
(Oft glancings back) to th' *Gardens* Poſtern-door.
Thence, muffled ſtrait, the fields ſhe travers'd o're
Towards her deareſt *Nurſe* ARDINAS Farm,
Some *Mile* remote; whom ſtragling took by th' arm
(By bleſt chance) hales to th' ſhrouding Hedge, runs o're
Her ſad *Tale*, weepingly (whoſe full *Tear* ſcore
Nurſe dropt agen as faſt) conjur'd that hour
Sh'd lead her tow'rds th' admired *Veſtall Bow'r*
(PLEDORA call'd her name) as Orphan there
Procur'd her enter'd *Nun* of *Choyce* for th' year
Of liking; whoſe Expence to undergo
Gold-coynd ſhe nimbly ſhews, for *Future* though
Jewels, two thouſand pound low-rated price;
Mothers laſt Bleſſing, *Milk* as 'twere (th' all-wiſe
Heav'n prompting ſo) 'gainſt ſome ſuch needy *hour*
T' uphold poor drooping *Life*: theſe to her pow'r
ARDINA ſtill ſhould vent: Thus, forth they raſh'd
Like loos'd *Winds*, poſtingly. Leaſt alſo cruſh'd

(Ere

(Ere long) her hop'd-for *Fortunes* into ayre,
Strong-grounded thought (COMANDRA's busie care
No doubt) that she was *Dead*, Surpriz'd or lost
(No *Poyson*, slights cause, mention'd though, 'twould cost
But more *Hate* thence from Both) next *Rurall* stray,
Well-fee'd, bore this t' her *Father*, pen'd by th' way.

My Lord, *your poor* FLOSTELLA *far*
Is wander'd, why, Time *may declare*:
Heav'n *knowes the Reasons, yet nor Place,*
Time, Grief, shall filiall thoughts deface:
She's living, safe; Fates *kinder doom*
(Return'd) *may make your House her* Tomb.
FLOSTELLA.

Thus, Coach'd ere long, Both lodg'd the second Night
Ith' *Vestall* Grove; where (lo) with sad *Delight*
Sh' had strow'd her *Mayden* hours (Recluse) till now,
What Joy such churlish Fate would yeild, allow.
This *Story* told, with many a *Sigh*, those grief
Perfumes, whose nimblest *Eccho* still (as if
Then doing) kind POLINDOR seem'd; t' umbraid
Stars crosness too, his cloudier *Map's* display'd.
His *Father* was a *Duke*, of highest *Blood*,
Fortune, estate to boot, though joyntly show'd
More high *Parts spirit* (whose royall *Ancestor*
Wore THRACIAS *Crown*, till over-powr'd by war
Fled hither) one, those weighty Affairs of *State*
Could bear, as well as burly *Honours* weight,
Meer load of *Titles*; brave, transcendent Mind,
Free, courteous, popular; with which combin'd
Well-languag'd *Travayler's* deserved praise:
ORTHERIS call'd. Who, th' old *King's* peacefull daies,
Shone *Glorious*, lofty'st prime Court-constellation
For fourteen years; till foul *Eeclipse*, privation
Caus'd through that *Young* ignobleſt *King*, at last;
Who *soon* o're-clouding him, with others, plac'd

Fond

Fond Minions circling *Stars* about his *Throne*;
Base *Meteor-souls*, could sooth and fawn upon
His humorous *Vices*, flash their seeming *Worth*:
Whereas ORTHERIS truly *Blaz'd*, shone forth
To th' *Grecian* world. But hence his Honour'd browes
Blow'd deeply'st, th' *Heart* to boot, endeared *Spouse*
Clouded by churlish *Death*, KALASPE fair;
In whose Breath seem'd to breath, his *Bosome*-star
Shot low as th' earthy *Urn*; whose gallant June
For years, for splendid beauty, goodly'st *Noon*
Not yet o're past: though fearfull'st Aggravation
(To th' utmost *Height*) the strange and dismall fashion.
Since thus it was: ORTHERIS being retir'd
For some few weeks, with's most Belov'd, admir'd
(What time her *Paint*, and gaudy'st *Springtide*-dress
Th' *Earth* wore) for quiets calm, repose, and ease
To small *Park lodge*; surmounting *Nox* of pleasure
For *Deer*, moist skaled *Fry*, outlandish treasure
Of strangest tame *Beasts*, *Fowl* (convoy'd plantation
From divers Shores) that 'twas th' accomplish'd *Station*
Of *Solace*, those Five *Senses* Sommer-bow'r:
Through change of Prospect mov'd, entic'd one hour
(*Natures* prime *Picture*-draught, th' Eyes Second-course
Repast, as 'twere, for *Hills*, *Dales*, *Fountain-scource*,
Chrystall cheek'd Rivers too, Woods shady-lin'd
(Choyce, curious *Maze* as 'twere forth, *Seeing* design'd)
Both *Dove*-like roved forth beyond the pale
To planted *Myrtle*-walk, cool whispering *Gale*
Invighting, little Dog their onely Train.
VVhere, walking closely link'd, scour'd up the *Plain*
Behind their backs (strong *Whirlwind*-like to th' eares)
Coach and six horse, with Five arm'd *Cavaliers*:
All which, like *Thunder-bolts*, to th' shaded ground
Leap'd rushing forth; Two with their *Chief* surround
The brave ORTHERIS strait whose *Poyniard* warded
Many dire killing thrust, his back Oak guarded

(Through

(Through *Heav'ns* wise providence) oft tenc'd with *death*;
Though fought much more for sweet KALASPES
Then for his own: *Ah, Caytiff, villain* (crying (breath
That Chief) *defray th' old mortall Score*; *th' art Dying.*
Now gap'd his Wounds, wide *Ports* resembling so
For *Life's* sad marching forth, displaying though
His crimson *Colours* round; whilst th' other bore
Mouth-stop'd KALASPE, glancing back, still more
With dismall'st eyes her ghastly *Lord* pursuing
(As would those dear *Love-token* Balls, with viewing,
Toss on his *Brest*, though th' Body seiz'd, deny'd)
To their *Coach*-den: which by their *Chief* espy'd,
Those Three, ORTHERIS couched left for dead,
Death's prostrate *Pris'ner*; back the *Tigres* fled
To their secured Prey, drove, hurry'd on.
Soon after, taught both *Rocks* and *Woods* to groan
Loud *Page*, shrill *Woman* both (at once arriving)
With their Laments; forth strait the *Keeper* driving
Through th' horrid *Summons* noyse to the gloomy place
Strange *View*, strange mournfull out-cry, *Consort* 'twas.
The *Woman*, wildly roaming here and there,
Call'd to her *Lady* round, whose grieved *Eare*
Meets onely still her Tongues redoubled voyce;
Back-eccho'd *Moans*: Those others nimbly hoyse
To th' *Lodge* their Herse-like postur'd, dying *Lord*;
Whose *Soul* and Bodies deerest joyn'd accord
Best care preserves, till skilfull'st *Surgeon* came:
Mean-while, *Horse* scour'd the Plains, KALASPES *name*
Hills, *Woods* rebounded oft, most pleas'd to chant
That loved Tone, though senseless, ignorant
Where she's become: All parties feigning still
To th' languishing ORTHERIS, that she's ill
Through fright-bred *Feaver*; but Recover'd, found;
Ask'd, talk'd of him: yea suttlest *Letters* crown'd
Report, *Forg'd* by her Womans Mimick hand.
Thus, Hopefull strength (at last) good spirits gain'd,

Couched

Couched moſt broad awake, one ſolemn *Night*;
When plump-cheekd CINTHIAS flaring *Beauty*, light
Tinſell'd as 'twere the *Room*; 'bout Midnights hour;
His *Curtain* (lo) was open raſh'd, by pow'r
Horrid, unſeen; when ſtrait before him ſtands
KALASPES trueſt *Shape*, thoſe very *Hands*,
Thoſe *Cheeks*, *Lips*, *Eyes* (thoſe richer cloaths to boot)
But ſuch transformed, piteous *Lump* to th' foot
Of quondam *Beauty*, lamentable Maſs,
Beſt known to th' poor ORTHERIS ſure it was;
Himſelf worſe *Ghoſt* become: *Heav'n* darken'd there
Might ſeem (to th' view) ſmal doomſdaies draught appear;
Such monſtrous cloudy *Eccliplſe*. The mournfull *Breſt*
Her *Hand* firſt beating (lo) to th' injur'd Reſt
Then ſadly points, th' whole *Crimſon* Body round
(*Cloaths* torn) what Bruiſes, gaſhings there abound
(Strange, diſmall Fate!) whilſt bleaker-cheeked *Moon*
Turn'd *Qualmiſh* at the ſight, *Stars* ſeem'd to ſhun
The horrour, *Wink'd*. He's meerly raging, wild;
Call'd to her, Rouz'd to graſp, though then beguild
His trembling *Hand*, like *Vapour*, fume ſhe fled:
Concludes for certain now ſhe's butcher'd, *Dead*:
Who vaniſhing ſtrait ſhrunk to thinneſt Ayre,
To th' room *Men* frighted (*Goblin*-like) repair.
The ground of all was thus: That *Captain*-mate
Oth' ſurly *Crew*, for point of Rank, eſtate
Might once ſeem partly Eminent; beſide,
Had ſought the *Fair* KALASPE for his *Bride*
(LURGANOR call'd by name) but *Baſe* of Soul:
Who ſoon diſcharg'd, rejected grown, as Moal,
Blind *Son* oth' *Earth*; deboiſteſt lump for *vice*
(Foul, ugly'ſt Quarrels too, ere loſt this Prize,
'Tween him and th' *young* ORTHERIS) both he hates
How deadly! pray'd to th' *Goddeſs* Vengeance, *Fates*.
Thus, almoſt melted quite through Riot, now,
He *Mints* th' whole Remnant-ſtore (to th' very *Plow*)

All into currant *Cash*, good *Horse*-command
Late got by Bribes in Foraign CIPRUS Land;
So jog'd with those well-match'd *Comrades*, to th' next
Port-town, for *Sea*: though humorous, heart-vext,
Bade th' Coachman drive some half-mile wide, below,
He'd view that Quainteſt *Lodge*, far off, beſtow
Some freſh-ſtamp'd Curſing *Coyn* on it, and them
At finall parting: where that double *Gem*
For *Love*, perfections *Worth* (ere long) deſcry'd,
Walking Intwin'd, how rare thoſe odds beſide!
He *Fiend*-like rouz'd himſelf, as 'twere, 'gainſt *Heaven*,
Belch'd forth ſtrange Stratagem (that very Even
All leaving too the *Realm*) thus, up they drive;
ORTHERIS layd for *Dead*, She's ſeiz'd alive:
Whom hurry'd poſt beyond th' ARCADIAN bound
(Ere long) to bordring LACEDEMON ground,
Wild woody *Rock*, cull'd out, for ſavage *Heart*
Meet diſmall Skaffold, *Stage*; where (formoſt part
Of ſtudy'd vengeance) Grim LURGANOR ſought,
Mouth ſtop'd, to *Raviſh* her: theſe words full oft
Belch'd forth, *He'd make hers paultry* Whore, *at leaſt*,
Though not his Wife: ſame vow'd th' Aſſiſtant reſt.
Now, neer the Act, when wandring almoſt flies
Her poor *Soul* forth, in ſighing *Gale*, to Skies;
Loud *Huntſmen* ſcar'd his Luſt, came drawing nigh t'hem:
Her death was vow'd, leaſt *blood* though, *corps* deſcry them;
Confirm'd, that Towring *Rock* (to th' full) would make
Death's batt'ring riddance, ſafe triumphant *Wrack*;
Her dainty'ſt *Body*, Blood (as of no price),
Traſh-like thrown down, *Rich-dy'd* the Precipice.
Their *Hackney*-man, that former *Viſion* o're,
Drove by the *Lodge*, and th'keeper's *Boy* (met lower)
Informed how he ſaw her mangled, ſlain;
Whence ſadly told t' ORTHERIS eare again.
Her follow'd too (prime Curſe) his onely *Daughter*,
Gem, bright DORISBE, *Corps* become ſoon after;

Though

Though th' early-blowing *Rose* of GREECE allow'd,
Aged *Fifteen*. Through Sorrowes blackeſt *Cloud*
Loſt, overwhelm'd, *Live*-bury'd thus awhile,
Recluſes much crazed Mind and Body ſtill
(Beſides that wondrous *Humour* of Extreams,
T' one leaps to th' other oft, like PHŒBUS *Beams*
Slunk down to th' *Under*-earth) from State he falls;
Seeks out, th' *World* deadly loath'd, thoſe homely Walls
Of *Swains*, for gilded Pomp and vaſt, a *Nook*;
Soft *Springs*, 'lone penſive *Shades*, and murmuring *Brook*.
(That Life moſt quiet, plain, and harmleſs prais'd)
Took pretty ſmaller *Grange*, where onely graz'd
For's houſhold, pleaſure: Nor this *Life* muſt ſhun
(This mean *Outworld*) as yet, his *Darling*-ſon
The *Lord* POLINDOR, though had ſtill allow'd
Prime Tutors for beſt *Arts*; his Breſt endow'd
With various Science, Tongues, for th' warbling Lute,
Galland *Great-horſe* both of admir'd repute:
Thoſe *Tutors* from TREGOR (great Town befriending,
Not ſix miles off) three daies each Week attending.
Thus, Four years o're. Like *Shepheard*-fortune ſteer'd
More of the *Gentries* rank; ſo ſtrongly endear'd
To Two whereof, by name FERGOND, CLARROON
(Turn'd *Brother*-ſwains oth' Vale) that's onely *Son*
Muſt mix bloods with them; bound, preciſely ty'd
To chooſe, of their Two *Daughters*, which his *Bride*:
DULCENZA th' one, MARPESA th' other call'd;
Deſerving *Nymphs* for Perſon, Parts, though fail'd
To pleaſe his ſpeciall *Fancy*; yet averſe
To worldly *Marriage* too: thus (Cloudy'd, fierce)
He'd oft perplex with wounding taunts POLIND,
Since *flinched* back; ſhew'd (briefly) but ſick *Mind*:
Croſs-winds if rays'd, big, ſwelling Storm his paſſion:
Fixt for one of thoſe *Girles*, and *Shepheard*-ſtation.
FLOSTELLA here, ey'd with like Sympathy
Her ſober, gallant *Spouſe*, whoſe gloomy *Eye*

Tilted at hers agen; Both thought-rapt, mute,
That thus *Wise* Providence should strangely sute
Their grand Illustrious *Births*, unhappy *Fortunes*,
As well as gentle *Loves*; which claym'd, importunes
Sigh, *Smile* from both: Till strait from flashy *Looks*
Both fall to serious *Councels*, like two Brooks
Ranging their busie *Maze*: their best Props showing
Faint *Reeds* turn'd ayery; Those, first life bestowing,
Scarce now would cherish *Life*. The sweet FLOSTEL
Durst not for Harbourage (as then) appeal
T' her *Fathers house*; besides her solemn *Vow*
Made not to VESTA onely (sober, now
Told her POLINDOR's eare) but unto All
Th' immortall *Court* of Gods, that *Virgin*-hall
When first she entred, fixed to perform;
That, as through their Joynt mercies, cruell *Storm*
Threatning *Lifes* wrack, decease, sh' had shun'd so late,
And here found blisfull *Anchor*, Shelters fate;
She'd spend th' whole *Year* (at least) ith' *Vestall* bow'r,
Offring her thanks and praises to each Pow'r
In *Oraisons*: next, leave the Grove a *Mayd*,
As entred first; Three *Weeks* being yet unstay'd.
Nor durst POLINDOR too his *Father's* rage
Trust those Three *Weeks* alone, so urg'd t' Ingage
Contract (at least) with one oth' *Nymphy* Pair;
Now come to th' utmost Clozing point, or Jar:
Besides (howere) 'twas strangest *Lovers Hell*
So long to hazard, loose the dear FLOSTEL.
Thus, solemn thoughts, *Hast*, *Fear* their minds assayling,
Now this way (lo) then th' other seem'd prevayling:
Stout, burdenous *Task*! till lastly (shrewd *Ado*,
Modest reluctance, Mayden doubtings too
Oth' fearfull *Womans* part) both joyntly chose
His strongly'st urg'd *Design*, kind *Channels* cloze.
Which, though't may [illegible]rer seem, and rasher too,
Yet gav't to both mo[illegible]esent *Shelter* though;

Eager

Eager *Desire* besides all *Bars* disclaims,
And young *Loves* often court adventrous *Aymes*:
Sweet'st stoln-sweets (lastly) prove: Thus, up they rise;
And being a while to *part*; their speaking *Eyes*
Shoot Farwell-flames, *Souls* as 'twere modellize.
As her *Fames* worthy'st *Guardian*, chastest She
View'd him, how sweet! *Joyes* onely Guardian, He
View'd her agen; Both *Heaven* next, th' implor'd
Guardian (as 'twere) to both: worth *Love's* Record.
What *Sighs* like *Cross-gales* breath'd! what fervent *Kisses*!
Close pantings, folds! as to their Amorous blisses
That Night an *Ever* were! till, shewing *One-hearted*,
Both joyntly *Kiss'd*, *sigh'd*, *smil'd*, and so they parted.

POLINDOR AND FLOSTELLA.

The SECOND BOOK.

THus, having view'd the lofty *Bow'r* again,
Let's *Glance* upon the lowly Shepheards *Plain*,
With that daies solemn *Festivall*, and sports,
Devote to th' great God PAN, of various sorts;
Though damped much since young POLINDOR gone:
Whole *Morn* dissolv'd in friendly'st mirth, anon
By eleven, they offred thus on grassie *Mount*
To th' rurall *God*, beneath his sacred Fount.
Twelve milk-white chosen *Kids*, twelve snowy *Lambs*,
Fine trim'd their necks with *Garlands* (whilst their Dams
Went sadly'st bleating oft) with *Milk* and *Wine*:
Then, round the *Altar* all did strait combine
To rustick-tuned sounds, in jolly *Dance*,
As thus, both *Hearts* and Heels would joyn, t' advance
Their burning Sacrifice: grand *Feast* ensuing.
That done, as th' Even-games, their sports renewing,
These *Pannick* Strifes for *Prizes* were ordain'd:
First, nimblest *Running* prov'd, who chiefly attain'd

The

The flow'r-deck'd Goal, through wind-like Footmanſhip:
Next, who in manly *Wraſtling* could out-ſtrip,
By ſtrength, or ſlight o're-throw the Adverſary:
Third, who could *Muſicks* ſpeciall honour carry,
Like ſome quaint-curl'd APOLLO, mounted on
Rays'd *Skaffold*, Stage; prove eminent alone
For th' ſweet-tongu'd *Harp*, *Recorder*, *Lute* and voyce;
Each goodly *Prize* ſurrendred by their choyce
May-Ladies hand; though ſundry *Judges* ſtill
Sate by, conjoyn'd Commiſſioners, whoſe skill
Determin'd all. For cloſe, whoe're in *Verſe*
Could from Star-ſoaring *Muſe*, to th' height, rehearſe
God PAN's, or their own *Loves* exalted prayſes,
Thoſe *Poet's* name, with crown of *Lawrell*, graces.

The proper Ground, grand *Theater* for this,
Large flowry *Plain*; whoſe ſides moſt ſweetly riſs
With ſmall, thin-planted *Hills*, from fruitfull whom
(Like beauteous *Off-ſprings* iſſu'd forth their *Womb*)
Silver-cheek'd *Founts* ſeem'd ayering view the World,
Till into wanton *Brook* far off they purl'd
In rurall dance; turn'd *Nymphy* combination;
As joyn'd for *Feaſt*, ſome Shrovetides celebration.
Though Four-ſquare *Plot* there was, ſurrounded neer
(Three parts) with Trees, for th' gazing *Eye* and *Eare*,
Plank'd *Gallery* beneath with Seats; inclos'd
Bowr'd top; for better *Swains* and *Nymphs* compos'd.

As all paſs'd home from theſe, our noble *Lover*
Croſſing the *Vale*, does joy'd (by chance) diſcover
Uncle of his, Belov'd, by name RUFIN;
Turn'd *Swain* with's *Father* (both joyn'd Brothers in
That Shepheards life) though diſtant-hous'd, apart:
Rich, childleſs, *Widdower*, of frankeſt *Heart*
And *True*; for ſprightly exploits, ſincerely'ſt loving;
T' whom open'd all, ſuch well ſteel'd *Faith* approving.
As firſt, his Nobleſt virtuous *Choyce*; profound,
Hard *Wooing* task, to boot, that double *Swoon'd*;

Her vow'd *Years* ſtay (three weeks behind) ith' *Grove*:
Laſtly, his new Stratagem, enforc'd through *love*,
And's *Fathers* high-ſwoln humour, *Nuptiall* rage
For thoſe two *Nymphs* gentile. Does ſtrongly engage,
That, Maſqu'd diſguis'd in *Womans* robes, he would
Procure him ſtrait waies *Nun* of *choyce* inroll'd
Ith' *Veſtall* Bow'r; three places being known
Yet void FLOSTELLA too yet lodg'd alone
(ALTHUSA call'd his Name, ſayd her *Ally*)
Whoſe vowed *Year* not yet expir'd (lets fly
Much paſſion ſtrait) how blisfull thus he might,
Th' whole three *Weeks* remnant, ſteal more chaſt Delight
Firſt-fruits in her armes deareſt *Cloyſter* oft.
Thoſe done, ſince full Conjugall pleaſures ſought,
RUFIN th' enſuing *Day* ſhould fetch them thence
As friend, or *Guardian*; feign'd ſome *Pretence*
For going; but conjur'd his Love by them,
He would provide ſome *Lurking*-place, though mean,
For their *Retreat* till bluſtring *Storms* were o're:
For th' preſent charge, Gold-coyn he had in ſtore,
Years late-payd Maintenance; being full and good.

RUFIN tranſported, pleas'd with this *Love-mood*,
Chief, gallant Choyce too, ſtrikes a friendly Cloze;
Love Gods *themſelves tranſform'd, churl-ſtars be thoſe*
That thwart thy Love-deſigns (*young* Lord) he cry'd:
Then, roundly ask'd him, if he ever ey'd
That *Delphick Oracle*, long ſince diſplaying
His Fortune, lot: *No*, ſtrait POLINDOR ſaying.
Not? (ſayd RUFIN) *that time when Death's arreſt*
Seizing th' old Duke, *your* Fathers *youthfull Breſt*,
Greedy of Travayl (*though found honour'd* Room
Ith' King's regard) *entruſting me at home*,
Spent years in forain Climes *with danger, toyl*;
Till, turning back, reſolv'd on DELPHOS *ſoyl*
(*Kind neighbour* Country, *as his choyce reſt, Repoſe*;
Thanks *given to pow'rfull* PHŒBUS *there, for* Cloze:

Where

Where ſpy'd your Worthy'ſt Mother, *woo'd, eſpous'd;*
With whoſe Indulgent Parents firſt year hous'd,
You, Infant, *view'd the World. When, Meſſage come*
From th' good old King, *to call your* Father *home*
For mighty'ſt Honour, pow'r, moſt urgent Haſt;
Thoſe narrow Seas, *as then, with Storms o're-caſt;*
Your Going, *next your precious* Mothers, *there*
Much queſtion'd, ſcrupleliz'd; Vowes, Offerings were
By both perform'd in PHŒBUS Temple, *as due:*
You then ith' Mothers *armes. All this for true*
I've heard expreſs'd (reply'd POLIND anon)
But what's that Oracle, to me's unknown.
Indeed? (ſayd wondring much the joy'd RUFIN)
Both's paſſed Lives and Loves, this Nuns *deſign*
It points moſt ſtrangely forth; your Father's ſure
Was loſt, when Body, Soul *did both endure*
That tedious Anguiſh, grief: at Home you may
(*If* found) *ſurvay't, long lock'd up, skreen'd from* Day.
Arriving there, whilſt held diſcourſe POLIN
With *Nymph* call'd MINDE, *Laſs* gentile and kind.
His Houskeeper (by th' Wife more neer *Ally'd*)
RUFIN walk'd up; ere long again, diſcry'd
With certain *Paper*-relick in his hand,
Comes down, the Scroul theſe *Miſtick* words contain'd.

ORACLE.

Return All ſafe; *both Seas and* Wind,
To ſerve you as you'd wiſh, combin'd:
At home, th' Whole Kingdomes Honours *wear:*
That Child *ſhall prove your Gloryes Heyr:*
He's Shepheard-*Swain, yet* None; *and She*
He loves a Nun, *yet None, ſhall be:*
He Dyes *twice for her, lives; She* Dyes,
Till in his Armes quick-bury'd lyes:
All's in the bowry Grove, *awhile*
Where Both *muſt bear like* Sex, *and ſtyle*

Two

Two now made joyntly One) that Place
Shewes Both *'gainſt Fortunes* Storms *a grace:*
No wrong to th' Mayden train, nor crime;
By this Firſt ſtep to Bliſs they clime.
This ſtrange *Prophetick* Scroul, as then produc'd
By good RUFIN, ſuch powerfull thoughts infus'd
(His *Life* and hers, things paſſed now, foretelling,
His double *Swoond*, her Love, new *Plot* revealing)
That, what before o're-ſway'd through Reaſon, love,
Now *Stamp'd* with fatall *Deſtiny* did prove:
Thus, proper MINDES *Silken* cloaths, 'twas ſoon
Reſolv'd by all, ſhould fit th' intended *Nun.*
Here, gentler rapping *Larum's* heard at Door;
When looking forth, *O bleſt myſterious Hour!*
More ſeems Accompliſh'd ſtill [Two now made one]
Cry'd out RUFIN) *There ſtands that Prieſt alone,*
My ancient Friend, ſhall do th' Uniting Feat;
Fed late by me, reliev'd; who, when that great
PHŒBEAN *Temple ſunk in Martiall flame*
Through Wars in THRACE, *to's native* Country *came,*
Fled *hither; now ith' next great Town* TREGOR:
Nor need this Prieſt *to ſhare your* Secret *more*
Then that oth' Marriage-part. Much joy'd POLIN,
Who thus, their *Prieſt* withdrawn, th' whole Plot deſign'd
South-ſide, there joyn'd ſmall *Outlet* to the *Grove,*
As part, *divided* yet (by chance his *Love*
At firſt had ſo informed him) not deem'd
Sacred by th' *Nuns*, nor Hallow'd ground eſteem'd
As was that Grovy *Plot*; 'twas ample *Bow'r,*
Tall-fenced round; to th' *Grove* one bolted door
Belong'd, whilſt th' other paſs'd into the *Field*:
Free place to th' *Nuns*, who rarely'ſt though would yeild
This *Bower* their viſitings, ſave once the Year,
When ſolemn *Feaſts* to th' *Foundreſs* honour were;
Since here ſhe enter'd firſt, her Limbs repos'd
Firſt here, firſt *Vowings* in this *Plot* diſclos'd.

Thus,

Thus, uſefull MINDE, ſhould next morn, by eight,
Move with FLOSTELLAS help the *Prieſteſs* ſtrait
For *Nun* of *choyces* place (that Oracle
Firſt ſhewn his *Love*) conjure her then to th' full,
That, as kind civill Partner on the way,
Both tracing forth, ſhe'd winding-faſhion ſtray
To th' *Outlets* ſculking bow'r (Himſelf, RUFIN
Lodg'd ith' next *Cops*, with PHŒBUS *Prieſt*, unſeen)
Where Marry'd, thence ſhe might moſt ſafe retire:
Next *Morn* he'd joyn himſelf to th' *Veſtall* quire.
This told he cloſely to RUFIN, beſought
Kind MINDE (of councell too) as th' onely *Plot*;
Since, *Veſtall* grove for th' Act FLOSTELLA nere
Would yeild; foul danger too, grand *Crime* it were:
Prieſt then for cloze (ſince promis'd nobler Wages)
Being call'd, for th' *Marriage*-part moſt ſtrongly engages.
Thus, next *Morn*, MINDE reach'd the *Veſtall* Grove
(Two long miles off) by ſeaven, her work of love
Diſcreetly ply'd, perform'd; ith' Maiden *Bow'r*
Gain'd *Nuns* deſired place, and 'bout the hour
Stole to that *Outlet* with the dear FLOSTEL:
Whoſe door to th' Grove unbolted firſt, and well
Secur'd again, unbolting th' outward *Door*,
POLINDOR with RUFIN, *Sign* paſt (no more)
Enter'd the place (*Prieſt* left without, attending)
And now drawn neer, to th' foot moſt lowly bending
Joy-crown'd POLINDOR ſtrait (as worſhip'd thus
Bleſt ſoyl ſhe trod, thoſe ſhades all-glorious)
Kiſſing th' *Hands*, *Lips*, he thus true love did vye.
Dear, deareſt Maddam, *how oblig'd am I,*
Rays'd neer the Gods themſelves, through this high Favor!
Whole Life *conjoyn'd, though now Tongue, breath ſhould waver,*
Shall ſpeak my Active Thanks. *My noble Lord*
(Said ſhe again) *You ſee my prompt Accord*
To ſerve and pleaſe you; nor can I this Hour,
But bluſhingly, inform, ith' Veſtall *Bow'r*

You

Your Will's *accomplish'd grown; th' immortall Voyce*
Of Gods *if for't, I then might seem Rejoyce:*
Hoping (*howe're*) *you'l bind this* Justice *too't,*
That 'bove my Fonder *vein, your earnest Suit*
Or'e ballanc'd in't. Sweet, sweetest Madam (sayes
POLINDOR then) *should meaner thoughts debase,*
I were unworthy of that Higheſt *Room,*
So vast a goodness thence vouchsaf'd. I'm come
Besides, my Lord (sayd she again) *to close*
With your main Motion here, at once dispose
Of all I am, by Marriage-*resignation;*
Though (*truly*) *had you chose for* Bridall *station*
That hallow'd Grove, *I deeply had scrupled it:*
Hoping (*my* Lord) *you'l not withall forget*
That years strong Mayden Vow *I've made to* Heave
For which (*three weeks thereof behind*) *was given*
Your noble Assent. Supream Joy *of my Soul*
(Said he) *it was. Nor can discharge, controul*
(*My Lord*) sayd she again) *that former Vow*
This later, made, confirm'd through Marriage *now*
(*You'l* Grant *me sure*) *nor least distence the same;*
Wherefore your Lordships *second Oath I claym*
'Fore these and Heav'n, that you'l not force me break it:
'Fore these and all the Court *of* Gods, *I speak it;*
Reply'd POLIND. *Nor thence be cherish'd, sown*
Unkinder thoughts, my Lord (sayd she) *since none*
Can wish your deerest satisfaction more,
Heaven *truly knowes my* Heart; *that season o're,*
I shall conform to your Imperiall pleasure.
Madam (sayd he) *be from Love's* Mintage, *treasure*
Those first-coyn'd gentle Favours, Sweets allow'd,
I mutter not. This fruit, the Lady *vow'd,*
Besides would follow thence; that, guiltless she
To th' main Conjugall *act, more boldly* Free,
Should less through bashfull Fears *in looks betray them;*
Or'e bleeding Qualm *should those offend, display them.*

This

This ſayd, the reverend *Prieſt* through warning-ſign
Comes ſtealing in, that Nuptiall *Knot* to twine,
Whom graceſull'ſt Both approach'd: And now (behold)
Thoſe *Hands* were link'd in *Hymenean* fold,
Miſtick for th' inmoſt *Hearts*; with Dove-like eyes
Vowes made, exchang'd, th' eternall *Deities*
Call'd *Witneſs* too't: their mutuall *Names* (beſide)
Each ſtrait by courſe to th' other did divide (them;
(Through *haſt* in Parchment written) ſweetly'ſt gave
Though moſt in *Gold* or braſs did uſe t' engrave them;
Thus ſpake, *With this my* Heart *and all is given*:
As I am true to thee, ſo bleſs me Heav'n:
Then, *Rings* exchanged; laſt, embrace and kiſs;
Th' old formall *Prieſt* pronouncing after this
Both *Man* and *Wife*, with ſhort though ſolemn *Bleſſing*:
Poor gentle MINDES Heart ſo ſtrangely o're-preſſing
(Kind, melting *Soul*! with ſtrongſt conceit of that
Dear *Union* ſo over-powred ſtrait)
She downright *ſob'd* again; whilſt *wept* RUFIN.
Skies pleas'd, more Azure ſmiling-cheek'd, were ſeen;
Bright PHŒBUS gilding round the verdent *Bow'r*
With gaudy'ſt blazing *Beams*, as ſhun that hour
Grand heav'nly *Witneſs*; meant t' adorn the Place
His leavy *Temple* turn'd: for *Anthem*-grace
(Wood-quire ith' cloze) conjoyned chirping Throng;
Seem'd *Warble* forth their *Hymenean* Song.
Thus, ſpeaking half in fearfull Looks their laſt,
Quick, ſhort *Farwells*, the *Lady* now in haſt
Shut all forth; back to th' *Veſtall* Manſion ſtealing,
True *Mayd* and *Wife*: POLINDOR's joyes excelling
Th' whole earth, ſince gained thus th' All-wealthy *Prize*.
Next *Morn*, as mounting PHŒBUS ſhould not riſe
Eagrer to view's half globy *World*, then he
More-worth FLOSTELLA far, he's gone, does flee
By day-break to RUFIN, his *Uncles* place;
Where calling MINDE ſtrait (that proper *Laſs*

Kept

Kept th' houſe) they ſoon *Unſex'd* him for a while
With her beſt *Silken* cloathes, ſmall linnen-pile
For ſhift, though couch'd his *Taff'ty*-robes within;
This ſhort ſalute to's *Father*, left RUFIN:
Which *Scroul*, that Even to his hand convay'd,
Smooth quallifying cauſe of *Flight* diſplay'd.

My Lord, *being Noble, Young, and tir'd*
With Swains life, breſt to travail fir'd;
View more oth' World, *that Box of wonder,*
Map *of his praiſe that rules the thunder*;
I'm gone for new Climes, *forain Ayres*:
Heav'n *guard me back*; *your pardon, pray'rs.*
POLINDOR.

Thus dreſt, transform'd, forth trac'd our proper *Nun*;
RUFIN with cheerfull MINDE follow'd ſoon,
Juſt within view, till drawing neer the *Grove*,
Joyn'd all for th' Veſtall *Manſion*; where to's *Love*
Th'eſteem'd FLOSTEL (though call'd PLEDORA there,
Himſelf ALTHUSA nam'd, her *Couſin*, neer
In *Blood* reſpect to boot) as Night-comrade
He's entred, *Nun* of *choyce*: though grown (as ſaid)
Ill reſter lately, through diſtemper'd *head*
(Such her *Injunction*) had his Trundle-bed.
Proud Chamber-fellow (at leaſt) becoming ſo,
Trueſt *Brides-groom*; firſt Quartridge pay'd: but, O,
Th' *Hearts* inward conflicts, checks! leaſt *Lovers* eyes
Blab'd more then *Friend*, what ſuted meer Allyes,
Or th' female ſame *Sex*; whilſt thoſe *Virgin* crew
Flock'd round to welcome all, did fondly'ſt view.
T' one prays'd the *Sun-like* radiance of her *Eye*,
Where ſate *enthron'd* ſweet pleaſing Majeſty;
Perſwading, yet juſt then commanding *Love*:
T' other her *Cheek*, and *Lips*, where ſeem'd to move
Graces tranſporting, wondrous thoſe extolls;
How lovely, choyce! The third for prime inrolls

Her

Her *Forehead*, *Hair*, what gallant, courtly'ſt *Pace!*
How Princeſs-like! whilſt her eſpeciall grace,
Acquaintance, all with kind of ſecret *Paſſion*
(*Cloſe*-charm'd as 'twere) deſir'd, to emulation.
Indeed, PLEDORAS Perſon wave, decline,
To whom all proſtrate *Beauties*, as divine,
Muſt ſtoop in *Vaſſaylage*, th' Imperiall ſhe;
That Houſe, nor GREECE could equall wonder ſee:
Both whom, by their firſt-coyned *Names*, we ſhall
For th' time ALTHUSA and PLEDORA call.
Bleſs (HYMEN) *bleſs thy* Gems, *ſince theſe implore*
Thy Name *'bove* VESTAS, *powerfull'ſt thee* Adore.
Mean while, no petty troublous *Storm* aroſe
About POLINDORS flight, whoſe *Father* ſhowes
One while all *Fire* through vexing paſſion grown,
As formed of that *Element* alone;
And then all drowſie *Earth*, dull, lumpiſh; whether
Through grief produc'd, or rage, grief both together
Since quaſh'd thoſe *Matches* quite: till good RUFIN,
With others, ſought by powerfull'ſtwaies, *Deſign*
To cool, allay; fair-gloſſing th' *Action* o're
As *Youthfull* trick, by's Elders play'd before;
Wherein but Copy'd had his own *Grandfather*.
Thus, ſtroak'd his *Rage*. But gloomier *Clouds* did gather
'Bout one oth' mention'd Gentile *Nymphs* (alas!)
DULCENZA nam'd, whoſe no decitfull Glaſs
Boaſting oth' Two chief *Beauties* ſtock (the Pearl
Prime *Tulip* of thoſe Plains (indeed) a *Girl*
Lovely enough) t' whoſe Face conjoyn'd beſide,
Some higher *Parts*; and (as ſhe thought) diſcry'd
Moſt *kindneſs*, leaſt neglect from th' *Lord* POLIND,
Sh' had fed more *hopes*: till (ſadly'ſt-breathed wind!)
Mayd whiſpring forth the newes, *Hearts qualm* begun;
Hope's gaſping 'twas; worſe Souls Convulſion
Seiz'd now then ever, *Sigh'd*, ſhe *mourn'd*, ſhe *wept*,
Griefe's trueſt draught: till ſick Bed laſtly kept.

Friends

Friends, pleasures, food, yea *Life* it self 's distasting;
Th' World burdenous become: her sad eyes casting
On nought, but there's behel'd POLINDOR's Face,
Haunting her still, strong Fancies *Ghost* alas?
There last she ey'd his *Person* (thinks) and there
Last heard him speak (goes on) such his *Looks* were,
All flames and wounding *Darts*; such, such his *Words*,
Love's *Notes* of *Musick*, tunefullest accords:
There (lastly) spake to her, gave *Kiss*-salute
(O *Heav'ns*!)what Sighes,what Groans to each did suite?
As those should prove joyn'd *Fun'rall* knels to all.
O wondrous Rarity (sayd she) *oth' Vale,*
Of Greece, th' whole ample World! O most refin'd
Choicest of Men (*confess'd*) *but too* Unkind!
Building thy Glorious Trophies (*to our smarts*)
On Mayden *ruines, captiv'd Broken* Hearts!
I sent thee Mine, *which, though not gently took*,
Nere back returned Home (*alas*) *'twas* Broke,
Shiver'd, or lost: *my* Heart, *once Ayre-like free,*
But now in Fetters, Chaines: *loath'd Destiny!*
Nor wonder, Chain'd, since grew Love-mad, *distracted*;
Too much I Hop'd, *through those hopes strongly acted,*
To much I look'd (*alas*) *too much I* Lov'd
(*Fond, easie* Soul!) *till freedomes Ruin prov'd.*
Weep, weep my trayterous Eyes, *in kindness now*
O're-flow and Drown *me quite*; *sigh* Breast, *till you*
Grow Stiff'd *thence*; *break Credulous* Heart *out-right*:
But live POLINDOR *still, enjoy this Light.*
O Love, *thou worst of* Tyrant-*Lords, to whom*
Death's *smil'd, as pastime! lingring-sad's thy* Doom!
Lovers dye ten-fold, ten-fold (*onely*) *alas!*
Wretch'd, wretched Lovers, how th' extoll'd each *Grace*:
(Now lost) by th' Body were that worn, or Mind!
New-rating them! her *Spirits* languish'd, pin'd,
Th' Head, Stomack droop'd through meer *Heart*-sympa-
(*Sleep* fled her cloudy'd eyes) whilst slaps apply (thy

Pos'd

Pos'd *Phyſick*-doctors, vainly tyr'd their skills.
Lo (Reader) one oth' Worlds tranſcendent *Ills*,
Grand curſes, *Love*, where not again *Belov'd*:
Till gleaning in ſhort time (which wonder prov'd)
Good vigorous *Spirits*, ſtrange Reſolves poſſeſt
(Of which ere long) her penſive, wavy *Breſt*.

Mean-while, the fainter-hop'd MARPESA (though)
More private, calmly *Mourn'd*; by ſtealth would ſo
Sigh, *weep* her ſorrowes forth, in gloomy *Bowers*,
Like *Aprils* gentler-breathed Blaſts, and ſhowers.

This for that *Nymphy* Payr; though partly now
Young ſpruce MENANDERS heart, by faithfull *Vow*
DULCENZAS bounden *Slave*, began to feed
Cheriſh more *hopes*; ſuch did SIRENUS breed,
MARPESAS too; Both, fine gentile-born *Swains*
(Whoſe *Fathers* with the *Duke* choſe Shepheard-plains)
Prime *Sparks* indeed, accompliſh'd Youths, though moſt
Seem'd through POLINDOR'S *Splendor* darken'd, loſt:
Thus, ſecret *Burn'd*, o're-powerfull *Rivall* fearing:
Their Loves diſcover'd though, *Looks* glaſs-like wearing
Th' *Hearts* inward blazing fires, *Heart*-panting, groans
Sighes ſpeaking plainly'ſt forth; thus, ſeem'd at once
Mute Spokeſmen, as live *Pictures* of their loves:
So ſtrong through th' Bodies organ *Paſſion* moves.
Yea, view'd *Poetick* ſtrains of theirs, where ſhin'd
Thoſe *Nymphs* as Stars. To theſe two were aſſign'd
(As Victor-youths) that Running, wraſtling *Prize*
Laſt *Feſtivall*, before their *Miſtreſs* eyes;
Both *Laurell*-crowned too, for Verſe. The laſt
For Muſick FLORIS won, *Youth* unſurpaſt
By gallant thoſe, extoll'd for *Lute* and *Voyce*:
Which *Swain*, though might in CUPID'S wars rejoyce
Since conquer'd CRESSAS *Heart*, yet here became
Moſt captive, wretch'd, through rancorous grudge (old
Lodg'd in her *Fathers* breſt, from ſight reſtraining; *flame*)
Fort yeilded, won, but *Keyes* deny'd, complaining:

By order that resign'd, shut up though be
The *Gates* by th' Churl *Lievtenant*, deputy.
Though heighten'd all this woe High burning *Feaver*,
Which lately seiz'd the *Nymph*, would seem (however)
Through Vengeance, Spight, to *Fire* th' all beauteous
Worse-feaver'd grown his Mind; such dismall sort (*Fort*;
Both dangerous. And now to th' Pastorall plain
This travayling resolve oth' *Lordly Swain*
Seem'd blazed forth; your courteous view transfer
To *Sonnet* next, by speciall *Honourer*
Of young POLINDORS fram'd, t' whose Glory, praise
'Twas *chanted* forth ere long, with *Rurall* grace:
Choice quire of *Shepheard*-youths, with crowns of *Roses*,
Masque rob'd to boot, conjoyning in the clozes.

1.

Gem *of* Honour, *Worth, farewell*
From thy Cell;
Chang'd these snowy bleating Flocks,
Ecchoing Rocks,
For those Climes *where wonders dwell*:
CHORUS. *Mildest* ZEPHIRS *fan thee o're*,
Chief Wonder, *to what ever* Shore.

2.

Thou, *that was't our lovelyer* PAN,
Star oth' Plain,
Whose rare Influence *rude frize*
Did Civillize;
And sublim'd the Rustick *brain*:
CHORUS. *Nor did'st more enoble, then*
Improve this Desert, *Herd of men*.

3.

Rarest young Compound for sweet
Virtue, Wit;
Heighten'd through forms excellence,
More by Sence;
Sin, *these Shades should cloud thee yet*:

CHORUS

CHORUS *Though the Plains*, Fame *shall record*,
Held once POLINDOR, *vy'd a Lord*;
Next (All for th' heel) their activ'ſt youth and art,
To *Hobois*, *Flutes*, in Dance they did impart;
What loſty'ſt friskings, *Ayre*-born motions there!
As each would chiefly *Inſpired* thus appear
From his *Beloved's* Eye; would ſtrongly boaſt
To th' fonder World, gay *Courts* not all ingroſt.
Then ſtrait POLINDORS *Health* went dancing round
To th' *Cornet*, Flute, with ſhouts triumphant crown'd;
Whilſt rocky *Hills* and *Woods*, in eccho-faſhion,
Seem'd joviall Partners joyn'd ith' celebration:
Laſt, *Nymphs*, gentileſt *Swains* (to double pleaſure)
Combin'd for cloze in ſprightfull'ſt country *Meaſure*:
Whilſt nodding *Grandſires* (chanted o're and o're)
Brag'd this Themſelves had done, times paſt, and *More*.
Thus, on the flowry *Soyl*, theſe pleas'd Conſorts
We leave again, joyn'd in their *Shepheard*-ſports,
Kind *Brothers* of the flock, to gentle whom,
As Sojourners, for conſtant dwelling come
Peace, ſober *Quiet*, harmleſs *Innocence*,
There ſeek protecting Roofs, find ſhelter thence
If any where. *O prays'd*, *contented* Life!
Fre'd from thoſe envious Heats, *that boyling ſtrife*
Of proud and haughty Courts! *their Luxury*,
Vain gorgeous Pomp, *to boot! Projection-free!*
No painted Vizards worn, *but th' inmoſt* Heart
And Brow *ſtamp'd both alike! ſhun'd gloſing art!*
Kings have Unthron'd them for your pleaſing Bliſs,
As Kings *from you to mounted* Thrones *have riſe*.
Here back to th' Cloyſter'd Manſion, *Veſtall* ayre
Let's turn our *Flight*, ſalute that nobleſt *Payre*
In their conjoyn'd abode; *Nun-life*, eſtate,
We ſhall not here ſet forth to th' full, dilate
Thoſe pleaſant *Cabins*, *Garden*-founts, thoſe *Bow'rs*,
Choyce ſhady *Walks*; their evening *Sports*, their hours

For burning *Incence*, Veſtall *Robes*, attires;
Their *Muſick*-conſorts oft, with their *Voyce*-quires,
Rare *Pencils* art, their *Needles* wonders, glory:
Nor ſhall we number out in formall ſtory
Our ſpouſed *Nuns* day-ſtoln *Delights*, and kiſſes;
Their private *Walks* to th' firſt-view'd *Fount* of bliſſes,
With that firſt Dear, adjoyning, faithfull *Shade*,
Where new *Loves* ſober *Sweets*, love-vowes repaid
(All heighten'd much through former *Doubts* and fear,
Now rouzed up by *Both*, recounted there)
Laſt, th' Outlets *Bow'r*: thoſe conſcious, loving *Places*
Thank'd kindly ſtill, as Capable oth' graces
(So ſweetly over-flowing's gentle *Love*
Toward *Founts* and *Trees*) though rareſt this, leaſt prove
Obſerv'd; ALTHUSE by th' fonder *Nuns*, beſide,
So haunted ſtill. Nor ſhall be blab'd, deſcry'd
Nights pleaſures much; conform'd ALTHUSA though
(Th' undreſſing *Hand-mayds* part who joy'd to ſhow)
PLEDORA being chouch'd earths glorious *Mine*,
VVould but, lay'd down on th' blisfull cloathes, intwine
Her dainty'ſt *Body* ſtill, *Heart-fires* revealing;
Thouſand Goodnights in balmy kiſſes ſealing
(Thouſand *Goodmorrowes* too) Sighes joyn'd for *cloze*)
As *Fancy* ſhould ſublimed *Spirits* of thoſe
Rayſe (Chymick-like) to ſmaller dear fruition:
So, goes to's Trundle-bed: *Dreams* bleſt condition
Oft *Cordiall*-friend to th' pining hungry *Lover*,
Kind almes, relief. *Soul* ſoothed ſtill, 'twould over
'his *Faſt* ere long, mean while participated
hoſe *Joyes*, preſerves, once ſwoonded for, high'ſt-rated
hus at her feet, like th' ſturdy *Guardian* kept
That *Orchard* rich in *Golden* fruit, he ſlept.
VVondrous Self-conqueſt (lo) both ſides Renown'd
(Sweet'ſt, worthy'ſt *Payr!*) that Manſion, grovy round
Virgin-lodge ſtill, though turn'd to loving Bow'rs!
None Witneſs day nor night, ſave th' amorous *Pow'rs*

Sol,

SOL, LUNA alone, whose first his DAPHNE chose,
Th' other her *Darling*-swain; no Tell-tales those:
Choyce sports, converse, with first *Love-fruits* unblasted,
ALTHUSA and the fayr PLEDORA tasted.
But yet, we shall not least neglect, o'r-pass
That yearly grand *Solemnity*, which was
Ere long perform'd to th' *Goddess* VESTA there,
To which, Spectators, none admitted were
But neighbouring *Virgins*; joyned also none
For *Actor's* in't, but vow'd sworn *Nuns* alone:
Those *Nuns* of choyce their Room above possest,
No small contentment to ALTHUSAS Breast;
Since else, beneath, some *Shepheardesses* eye
Might have *betray'd* her thence (worst treachery!)
Nor to PLEDORAS too, since free'd, excus'd
By this (turn'd *Wife*) nought VESTAS *Rites* abus'd.
Th' whole Form thereof was thus: Ith' upper end
Oth' *Temples* quire, which did with steps ascend,
Great Goddess VESTAS *Image* stood, *inshrin'd*
Somewhat aloft; th' one hand oth' Wall (design'd
On *Arras*, costly'st work) in verdant *Shades* [*Same
She seem'd beheld, with all her *Quiver'd* Mayds with
Hunting the *Deer*; how lively'st reall Chase! Diana.]
On th' other hand, with Tempting, naked *Grace*
Dabling in silver *Streams*, proportioned.
At foot oth' Shrine, their hallow'd ground was spread
With *Damask* carpet, broad, of purest white
And green in border'd Panes; 'fore which (to sight)
Small *Table* stood, like *Silken* adornment wearing.
First marched forth th' old Rev'rend *Priestess*, bearing
Largest white *Lawn*, upon whose midst display'd
Fayr *Chaplet* wreath, of beauteous *Lillies* made
Green *Laurell*, mixt, froath'd both in spots, like *Snow*;
Fit emblems, all: those Lillies seem'd to show
Chast *Pureness* there; Laurels did *Freshness* boast,
Loves powerfull conquest, with green *Shades*, wh re most

VESTA delights; Snow figur'd *Virgin*-cold.
Next after her *March'd* ſingle *Nymph*, did hold
Small *Baskets*, open-work, of white and green;
Like-ribbon'd, trim'd; through which (perſpective-ſeen)
Shin'd ſtore of *Lillies*, *Laurell*-branches fair.
Laſt, came th' whole *Virgin*-train, by comely *Pair*,
In long *Lawn*-vails, with towred lofty dreſſing,
Mixt white and green, puff'd *Diadem* expreſſing;
By each born in own hand ſmall *China* diſh
Of pure white, trembling *Jelly* (ſhrouded this
Chaſt *Emblem* too) whilſt in their other ſhowing
Bright hallow'd *Cenſer*, Incence round beſtowing;
Whoſe fragrant, coſtly *Miſts*, th' whole ample place
Endeard, enrich'd at once: with ſolemn *Grace*
Thus all *March'd* up (perform'd their Treble bow)
Towards thoſe Mounting ſteps, beneath whoſe brow
Their *Altar* ſtood; where ſtrait did hands *divide*,
Falling off partly thus to either ſide.
When up thoſe ſteps the *Prieſteſs* ſlowly advanc'd
To th' hallow'd *Table*, where a while *Intranc'd*
Shee kneeling ſeem'd; then, rouzing, ſpread thereon
(*Devout* obeyſance made) that milk-white *Lawn*
With pureſt *Wreath*; next, from the attendant Mayd
Thoſe fine-wrought *Lilly*-baskets, took, diſplayd
And rank'd them all beneath that Table, round
(*Preſent* to VESTA) on the *Marble* ground:
Then, further ſtep'd to th' *Carpet* ſtrow'd that o're
With *Lillies* Laurell-branches mixed ſtore
(Thoſe white, green *Damask* panes) ſet forth each part
Unlike; thus doubly *Flowr'd*, by Nature, art.
Laſt, all thoſe *Nymphs* ſtep'd up, advanced bowing
By ſingle turns, and, each their *Diſh* beſtowing
That mention'd *Table* round, beneath retir'd:
During which while, thoſe late-dead walls inſpir'd
Through ſoft-conceal'd, harmonious *Muſick* ſeem'd;
Whence earthly *Heaven* turn'd, by ſome eſteem'd

Which

Which Musick ceas'd, forth lanching from the side,
The comely *Prieſteſs* brought of *Laurell* dry'd
(Mixt *Juniper*) ſmall Fagot, girdled bound
With Ribbons white, wherewith ſhe ſtooping crown'd
Their *Altar*; fir'd the ſame with *Spice* and Gums:
That *Hand-mayd* (Wayting Nymph) ſoon after comes,
Two beauteous Chryſtall *Vialls* ſweetly bearing,
Like-formed, largeſt-bulk'd; through th' one appearing
White *Wine* to view, pure *Milk* that other ſhow'd;
From whoſe tranſparant *Wombs* diſtilling flow'd
Like *Fonnts*, pour'd forth to VESTA, as Oblation:
During which latter Rites, in *Anthem*-faſhion
Thoſe ſeverall *Nymphs* conjoyn'd from either ſide,
Did ſeem to Quire of *Cherubins* ally'd.
The *Song* was thus:

1.

Goddeſs, *Silver-bow adorn'd,*
Golden quiver'd; on whoſe Brow
Silver Creſcent; *be not ſcorn'd*
Mayden Votaries, which Bow
Here before thy Shrine of price;
Hearts *with Incence ſacrifice:*
Gentler faſhion
Smell our Vowes *and our Oblation.*

2.

Faireſt Deity *of ſhades,*
Pureſt-cheek'd and pureſt Breſt;
Whom Fond Paſſion *nere invades,*
Still o're Love Triumphant, bleſt;
Deign thy Servants *but to ſhrond,*
'Mongſt thy Nymphy Train allow'd;
Greater Honour
None here wiſhes heap'd upon her.

3.

Brighter then theſe Lillies, Snow,
Which are offred up to thee,

Yea, more Chaft *and ſpotleſs too;*
Shine propitious, grant that We
Like our Goddeſs (*though leſs fayr*)
May be purely'ſt Chaſt as Ayr:
Thus we even
Chant thy Prayſe *from Earth to* Heaven.
Thus, th' *Anthem* paſt, thoſe *Nymphs* joyn'd all anew,
That Senior Nun and *Prieſteſs* firſt in view;
So, falling backwards all, in Payrs, with thoſe
Firſt *Treble* bows made up their ſolemn *Cloze.*
All this while ſate PLEDORA as *Star*, on high,
Cloath'd with ſuch beauteous rayes, divinity,
As though their *Goddeſs* VESTAS ſelf (leſs nice)
Were then come down to grace their *Sacrifice*
(As truly *Virgin* too that gaudy day)
Behind whom, cloſely skulk'd, ALTHUSA lay.
There might ſhe view one well-known *Shepheardeſs*,
And there *Another* 'midſt the gazing preſs;
MARPESA (laſt) who late for him had *Pin'd*:
Whom ſhew'd to th' dear PLEDORA, jog'd behind:
Triumphant grown, ſince thus view'd all to th' full,
From her *Moon*-world, Self though inviſible.
We muſt not (*Reader*) here neglect, ore-run
What good while paſt (more memorable) done
By th' *Duke* ARPLASTUS prov'd, the fayr FLOSTEL
When grown a *Wanderer*, ſhort mild *Farwell*
Sent him in writing, as we ſayd; whoſe lines
His *Lordſhip* view'd not without troublous ſignes,
Sad, Grief-reſſenting *thoughts*, though ſecret *Qualm*
Which thus he turn'd more lightly off, ore-came:
Since, *She* withdrawn, no dangerous *Claſhings* thence,
Shut 'd jars with th' onely *Minion* of his ſence
Belov'd COMANDRA, or his own Luſt-vice;
Dear above all: though more *ſeverely* Wiſe,
The *Duke* unriddled ith' worſe ſence her going,
As but foul *Grudge* 'gainſt meer COMANDRA ſhewing

Or

Of whom ſtill Fond as ere: nor (heightned *Fate!*)
Wanted that *Whoor* ſpight, art, to aggravate.
Well knowing the diſmall cauſe (black, guilty *Soul!*)
Since, ſpent ſome little while, up cloſely ſtole
Thoſe backward-ſtayrs, there liſtening for ſome Groan,
Fine *Gaſping Sigh*; which horrid *Muſick* done
(As ſhe conceiv'd) ſhe hop'd to bleſs her Eyes
With fayreſt, dainty'ſt *Coorſe* beneath the *Skies*:
She hoped, look'd, till ſtarting wildly round,
Dead little *Dog* found *Proxy* on the ground:
Though ſoon pour'd forth that Poys'nous, *Stygian* (broath
To PLUTO *Sacrifice*, diſcreetly loth
Her deviliſh Stratagem ſhould thence be known;
Chaf'd, beat her *Breſt*, though wondrous joy'd ſhe's gone.
Strong thoughts, th' Officious friendly *Fates* would do't
(Ere long) through *Hunger*, deep diſpair to boot.
Thus, three months wandred o're, the *Duke* ARPLAST
More thoughtfull grown, devout reflections caſt
On's lov'd, laſcivious *Crime*; th' ignoble ſtain
Foul *Blur* thereof; conſcentred laſtly ith' *Vein*
Of ſalving all by *Marriage*, counting this
Honours Reſtorative, chief Virtue-peice:
Leaſt kinder Hints whereof what heightning *Charmes*
Found, dearly'ſt *Suckl'd* ſtill, between her armes!
Nor could he loſe this matchleſs *Gem*; beſides,
Wanting *Male*-jewell, *Son*, the Duke confides
Heaven would more ſucceed him in thoſe chaſt
Fruitions (Rich and fertile *Soyl*, nor paſt
Youths prime, COMANDRA deem'd) thus th' honeſt *Road*
His thoughts approve, though rough and hardly trode;
Wedding gears, Cables; joyned both together
Now th' are, indeed, no *Pompons* buſineſs neither:
'Twas *Secret* ſtoln, bate ſome few Houſhold eyes,
Since no great Glorying in th' unworthy *Prize*:
Whight honeſt loves, tranſcendent *Fortunes* moſt
Become thoſe *Gayer* forms, ſuch gaudy boaſt.

Thus

Thus had she mounted now that lofty *Tow'r*,
Those *Star-like* heights she aym'd at; happy hour,
FLOSTELLA since so far remote those *Walls*
Thus *Pest infected* round: though wisely fails
ARDINA to inform her ought, 'twould borrow
More *Corn* (she deem'd) t' improve her stock of *Sorrow*.
But (lo) our fond and eager *Muse* o're long
Can't from that matchless *Payr*, amidst the throng
Of *Virgin*-sisterhood, be over-sway'd;
Much time (howe're) *Deceas'd*, since last survay'd:
ALTHUSA, proving in the *Events* cool
Double-retir'd at once (through thoughtfull *Soul*)
To her own *Breast*, and to her *Chamber* too.
Whilst most oth' *Nymphy* train abroad did woo
Choice Evening-sports (some treading round their *Maze*,
Or 'bout their *Founts*, some breath'd with Running plays,
For *Fishing*, gathering *Flow'rs*) sate musing on
Her pretty strange *Life*, fortunes, all alone;
Sad-pleasant state, since *Loves* main youthfull fire
Unquenched yet, check'd in her dear *Desire*:
Oyle poured still upon the *Flame*, while tasting
Love-sallets, sweets, preserves, still hungry, *Fasting*.
PLEDORA her *Consort* too, the more she's known,
Beheld, still more divine-stamp'd *Object* shone
To th' sounder *Reason*, beauteous more to th' *Sence*;
Griev'd thus, till Union'd with such excellence;
Her *Body*, through her lovely *Soul*, made more
Attractive, strong, though *Charm'd* enough before:
Yea, through her Windowes too, that moment view'd,
The *Gardens* clasping *Woodbines*, *Vines* renew'd
Conjugall folds resemblances; their Young
Birds chaunted o're, as *Loves* effects they sung.
Cloy'd through these solemn thoughts, conceits, to those
More Sportive strait she falls, survaying goes
Her *Female* dress, in smiles, as if th' had sayd,
And can such Fires *these Virgin-robes invade?*

What

What, lurking here? though Masque-like toyes (alas)
She-cobwebs, Mists, which nought could *Sex* deface,
Damp lusty *Manhood*; nights especially,
When with their sorry *Spells* cashir'd, layd by.
Next, *Cheers* up, since her blisfull Freedomes hour
Drawn nigh, and those delayes ith' *Vestall* Bow'r
('Twas thought) would primely *Sweeten* full Fruition;
Recompence all with Ravishing condition.
Thus, *Sober*, pleas'd, took down PLEDORA's *Lute*
(At which with learned'st *Masters* could dispute)
Then, gently kissing it (which seem'd as 'twere
Ambitious with ALTHUSA's *Passions* there,
To warble forth at once its *Mistres's* prayses,
Joyfull, complying) thus he gladsome chases
Dull moody *Fogs* from thence, in sweetest tones
But *soft* withall, AMPHION so charm'd *Stones*.

Song.

1.

Come thou gentle Hand *and Voyce*
Ease my Heart,
Let your art
Teach ev'n Mystick *griefs rejoyce*:
Riddles showing:
Time *stands bound*
To cure the Wound;
Mean while Reason's *Balm bestowing*.

2.

Mistres of my Joyes *I am*,
Want them though;
Having (*lo*)
My dear Wish, *am* barr'd *the same*:
Boast with pleasure
That I Own
The Mine alone,
Yet not Grasp the Hoord *and treasure*.

3. *Repose*,

Ripeſt, wealthy Field *poſſeſs,*
Golden-ear'd;
Yea, deter'd
From this Crop, *Pine nevertheleſs:*
Fancy raſes,
Dreams *afford*
Sweet crop and hoord;
Waking *though new* Sorrow *ſeizes.*

This, ſcarcely cloz'd, when ſtrait comes in the ſweet
PLEDORA, wilder-look'd (chang'd *Viſage*, meet
For flying DAPHNE turn'd) *Ah my* ALTHUSE,
Sayd ſhe, *We'r both undone.* Worſt, ſaddeſt newes
Though ſoftly breath'd! *Why?* ſtrait ALTHUSE reply'd,
Startling; her *Laugnag'd* looks ſince much deſcry'd,
Tongue more: *We'r both betrayd* (ſaid ſhe agen)
Loſt, ruin'd Startled more ALTHUSA when,
Speak't plainly out (reply'd) *leave thus tormenting:*
That Nymph, ſayd ſhe, *that Mayd* DUCENZA (fainting)
What, what of her? ALTHUSA ſtrait replyes;
Comes here to morrow early, by Sun-riſe
(Sayd ſhe again) *inrolled Nun of choyce*
ALTHUSA fluſhing ſtrait) *th' admitting Voyce*
Is paſs'd (went further on) *my ſelf but now*
O're-heard th' old Prieſteſs, down by th' Founts, *allow*
Grant all to th' Ancient Mayd, *imployed by'er:*
How ſighing cloze! which tunefull Breath, rays'd higher,
PLEDORAS too, might *Sweeten* ſeem Misfortune.
The *Caſe* ſeem'd wondrous hard, would *doubts* impor-
For firſt, th' whole *Mayden* train obliged were (tune;
To welcome ſtrait (as one) New-comer there
With *Kiſs* ſalute; nor leſt their *Virgin*-cell
Any, but gave to all laſt kind Farwell.
What's more, ſworn *Veſtall* juſt as then (that *Even*)
Dy'd ſodainly; next Morn 'twixt ten, eleven,

Th'

Th' whole *Virgin*-troop were bound t' attend upon
Her mournfull *Corps*, DULCENZA being one,
All duely payr'd; PLEDORA thus, her *Love*
ALTHUSE with joyn'd DULCENZA laſt would prove:
Which *Body* being interr'd, Aſſembled all
Thoſe *Nuns* of *choyce* from thence ith' open *Hall*
(Each ſeated to their proper time) that place
Of *Veſtall* Nun being offer'd firſt (in *grace*)
To th' Senior *Virgin*; who if chanc'd refuſe,
Down lower ſtill, till reach'd PLEDORA, ALTHUSE,
DULCENZA laſt (ALTHUSA next above 'er)
Who thus POLINDOR ſoon muſt needs diſcover
Thorough ALTHUSE; ſince *Lovers* Eagle-eyes
See tenfold, peirce thoſe Vapour-ſprinkled *Skies*
More then SOL's conqu'ring *beams*, would open lay him:
To th' *Prieſteſs* and ORTHERIS both betray him.

This, ſadly told, ALTHUSA cheer'd her ſtrait
With beſt coyn'd looks, and words; *Their gloomy Fate*
Happy in this (alledg'd) *her Mayden vow*
Since almoſt out, full Year expiring now
That very Night. O, but RUFIN (ſhe cry'd)
Too tardy Guardian, *would not there be ſpy'd,*
Nor fetch them thence next day till th' Afternoon.
What though? (reply'd ALTHUSE) *ſince, e're the* Sun
Be rouz'd, awoke, for Flight *their freedome given,*
From Whoſe Back-door cloſe Paſſage (*deign'd by* Heaven)
Did lead to th' Gardens *bolted Poſtern door;*
Whence no long Walk for them to reach TREGOR
Next Burrough-*town*, RUFIN *inform'd from thence:*
Th' old Prieſteſs with her Nuns (*moſt ſtrange pretence*
Forg'd by him for their going) *that mean while*
Feign'd Paper, *left oth' Table, ſhould beguile:*
Nor criminous Plot, *convinc'd that Veſta, ſhe,*
Was now no true but falſe Mock-*deity.*
But if (ſigh'd th' other then) *No more of thoſe*
Preſaging Ifs (ALTHUSE reply'd) *the cloze*

Tranſmit

Transmit to Heaven; Earth and fates though cruell,
Yet, Gods would guard how'rs their dearest Jewell.
Thus, firm-resolv'd, and that whole *Starry* night
Watch'd out, Both in their cloathes, till faint *Dawn* light
Peep'd smiling on them; All how slumbring, close!
Lull'd like *Sleeps* drowsie *Babes*! th' whole ample house
Turn'd Charnell, meer Tomb: eithers *Linnen*-store,
POLINDOR'S *robes*, her *Jewell*-box (no more)
Were nimbly took, and left oth' open *Board*
Large *Paper*, did this feign'd device afford,

Great VESTA *charg'd this present* Night,
By Vision, *we should take wing'd flight*
T' her THRACIAN Temple (*whisp'ring were*
Least word) *so, wait her pleasure there*:
And what those awfull Powers *command*
Frayl Mortalls *must not dare withstand.*
PLEDORA, ALTHUSA.

Then, stealing gently forth *Back-door* oth' room,
All night left open wide (thus, silent dumb
That's bolt appear'd) through small joyn'd *Wilderness*,
Seem'd planted for their flight, Both did address
Their *Ghost*-like steps to th' *Gardens* postern-door
(There seem'd a *Fount* all tears, the solemn *Bow'r*
There quiv'ring Sigh'd, Herbs, *Flowers* drooping round
At parting) from that Door free Passage, ground
To th' mention'd *Plain* beneath; which nicely'st touch
Like softer Gales, coy silvan *Nymphs*, or such,
Payr'd sportive *Goddesses*, when, left their Skies,
O're th' mossie, *Silken* Lawns do wantonize:
Whilst splendid PHŒBES cheek, but lately shining,
Seem'd now *Cloud*-vayl'd as 'twere, in love combining
To shelter wandring *Virtue*, as it flyes:
O may not th' own fayr *Rayes*, FLOSTELLAS *Eyes*,
May not their own most Violet-like Scent
Those *Feet* betray. Thus, pass'd the *Plain*, they bent

Their

Their steps to th'green *Roads*, which, trod lightly through
Both joyfull had to th' Mayden *Grove* Adieu.
So tow'rds TREGOR, great Town four miles off lying,
Far distant from the *Vale*, whence quick *Post* flying,
Should fully inform RUFIN, their *Life*-guard friend,
Whose able *Freeness* would supply to th'end
With generous Maint'nance, sav'd her *Jewels* so;
And make him's *Heir*. Thus, whilst they panting go
(T' whom also their first worthyer *Names* we now,
POLINDOR and FLOSTELLA, shall allow)
Much gentler-pac'd, advanced further on;
Loud *Voyce* amaz'd them both, FLOSTELLA soon
Startling through *fear*, least horrid stop, *Surprize*;
Th'*Heart* quak'd: POLINDOR roul'd fierce, gazing eyes:
Till spy'd (by chance) thick leavy *Fence*, between,
Both pausing *harken'd* there, when strait agen
It loudly spake; to which did answering prove
Shrill *Eccho*, thus:

FLORIS and the ECCHO.

——— FLO. *No wand'rer no*, Mad love
Thy Motto is, pale Death *th' Impressa*;
Ay-me! EC. *Ay-me!* FLO. *Hark, there's thy* CRESSA. EC. *Thy* CRESSA
FLO. *'Tis she.* EC. *'Tis she.* FLO. *My joy the more is:*
O do'st yet pitty thy poor FLORIS? EC. *Poor* FLORIS!
FLO. *Indeed?* EC. *Indeed?* FLO. *Sweet, sweet'st* Love-ditty!
Say't once agen, is't a true Pitty? EC. *Pitty.*
FLO. *Dearest Dear?* EC. *Dear!* FLO. *Thus then renew* Love
My Heart, asswage; CRESSA'S *thy true-love.* EC. *Thy true-love.*
FLO. *False never.* EC. *Never* FLO. *Ceas'd importune*
Then more, she Pitties *thy hard fortune.* EC. *Hard fortune.*
FLO. *Sighes, groans.* EC *Sighes, groans.* FLO. *O gentlest-hearted.*
Ill save those Hands *that first us parted.* EC. *Us parted.*
FLO. *Accurst.* EC. *Accurst.* FLO. *Who did unfold it.*
That I was here? was't hoarce Winds *told it?* EC. Winds *told it.*
FLO. *'Twas kind.* EC. *'Twas kind.* FLO. *O do not pass me*
Dear Ghostess, *sweet; but first imbrace me.* EC. *Imbrace me.*
FLO. *Th' low'st shades?* EC. *Shades.* FLO. *where none shall sever,*
But we shall Love, *twine there for ever.* EC. *For ever.*
FLO. *I come then.* EC. *I come then.*

This

This *Voyce* POLINDOR knew, by th' names above,
For FLORIS *Swain* gentile, whose deareſt *Love*
(Friends croſſing ſtill) through *Feavers* burning rape
Dead * *Corps* become (fayr *Nymph*, though foul miſhap)
Had turn'd him frantick neer; Tru'ſt hearted *Swain!* [* See
Thus (*Twilight*-ghoſt he'd rove the diſtant plain 9. Po-
With loud lamenting *Noyſe*, where gladly ſound em.]
Kind *Fecho* moan him ought, upon that ground
He'd *Parlying* ſtand (deep-charm'd) ſick *Fancy* pleaſing,
As heard fair CRESSAS *Voyce*. Whom, ſcarcely ceaſing,
Our *Pilgrim*-lovers left to's fonder play
With's ayr-born *Miſtreſs*, thus, reſum'd their way,
(Much pitty'd though) till now, Three *Miles* oth' four
Travayl'd, diſpatch'd, both chanc'd to progreſs o're
Fine *Velvet-plain* with flowry crop *Begem'd*;
Thorough whoſe midſt ſmall Chryſtall *River* ſeem'd
To ſport it ſelf about, in wanton *Mazes*:
Trees, Natures *Em'rald*-bowrs, their verdant graces
Joyn'd from both ſides the bank, *Sun-fans* (as 'twere)
To th' *Pearl*-cheek'd dancing *Nymph*; or ſeemed there
To ſtand at gaze, like her intranced *Lovers*.

Cloſe by theſe *Palms* and plumed *Myrtle*-covers
Their *Journey* prov'd ſome while, chief walks delight;
When (lo) the thundring *Noyſe* did both affright
Of *Horſes* hoofs, with ſix tall armed *Men*
(Down went their *Veyles* in haſt) heard balling then
Loud throats, to boot: *Thoſe, thoſe are they*, they ſayd,
Take, nimbly ſeize 'em. O, we'r both betrayd
(Cry'd th' *Aſpine*-trembling Lady) *loſt, undone*:
Sweet'ſt-utter'd words, though breath'd with mournfull tone,
Nigh *ſwounding*. He's become Tempeſtuous too,
Soul-tortur'd, agoniz'd, her ſingle *Wo*
Though deeply'ſt *Stab*'d enrag'd his manly Breſt
(Through ſelf-enlightning *Guilt* both charg'd, confeſt
Prime-diſmall Author on't) endur'd ſuch *Paſſion*
As felt the *Load* of all *Mankinds* vexation,

Th'

Th' whole *Globe* of grief: wants uſefull *Armes*, beſides
Wherewith he might or there have bravely *Dy'd*,
Or cut her *Paſſage* through them; no eſcape
(Leaſt glimps) unleſs by wily force and *Rape*
He could *diſarm* ſome one, ſo gain'd a Sword:
Though all the reſt with murthering *Piſtolls* ſtor'd:
Yet ſeem'd this dangerous *Project* fixt upon,
Freedome, or *Death*; theſe words ſigh'd forth alone,
Dear, hope ſtill. Gallop'd up the *Rout*, they cry'd,
Yeild, or th'art dead; when from's beloved ſide
She's rudely ſeiz'd, Five tumbling ſtrait on him
Like pond'rous falling *Tow'rs*, as thus would ſeem
By th' *Preſs* to execute, ere ſentenc'd ſo:
Their *Leaders* words, *Here's that Male* She, *the Shrow*,
Fine femall Youth; All, *Bind him, bind him* (crying)
Quick, haſt; worſt doom it was, ſeem'd next to *Dying*:
Since being once Bound, his main *Plot's* frivolous,
Sore galled *Heart*, ſad-glancing *Eyes*, ſince thus
Snatch'd from his Chief (how dearly'ſt earned) *Treaſure*,
Neer-graſp'd *Delights*; one Moments plundring ſeizure
Rob'd all; like Gem ſtor'd *Indian* Veſſell, ſplit
Ith' blisfull *Harbours* mouth; or, neerer yet,
Stronger portrait, like one from *Heaven* hurl'd
To th' Hells *Abiſs*. Unvayled both to th' world,
Oth' cooz'ning Fates! This is not He (they cry'd)
Nor is this She; as Bugbears, charms eſpy'd:
Glad ſounds to th' drooping *Priſ'ners*, joyntly thus
Wonder-reviv'd; though (*Mayd*-like timorous)
Shrewd *Qualm* ſtil ſeiz'd the dear FLOSTELLA's breſt,
Whilſt thoſe continu'd on their rambling *Queſt*.
The ground was thus; ere *Dawn* peep'd on the Globe,
Wild, ſharking, handſome *Youth*, through womans Robe
Nights ſhades befriended round, had ſtoln a *Girl*
From her ſtrickt *Guardian* (moſt wealthy Pearl)
Coming acquaintance-like 'bout noon to *Chat*,
As School-fellow, great *Wedding* there till late,

When *flunk* forth (busy'd, dancing all) for flight:
Though follow'd soon that spruce *Hermophrodite*
Stout *Horsemen*, strongly informd they pasd these Downs;
Both wearing too same colour'd *Skarfs*, and *Gowns*,
Like-statur'd Both; whence all this coyl descending:
FLOSTELS close *Panting-fit* not eas'ly ending.

As for DULCENZA though, prime cause that hour
Of all, she came not to the *Vestall* Bow'r;
Though had (indeed) with older *Mayd* combin'd
To sally forth that *Night*, whilst PHŒBE shin'd
Her *Virgin*-guardian; so reach the *Grove*
'Bout break of day: since, toyl'd through *Tyrant*-love,
As worst of *Slaveries* her heart began
To loath it, and the World; 'gainst thoughts of *Man*
That closer *Bow'r*, *Nuns* chast converse, would give
Best charms (she deem'd) prove sweet'st Restorative:
Tost with *Loves* blustring Storms, her *Bark-like* breft
Sought there for *Anchorage*, chief harbour of rest:
Portion by th' Uncle left, which would maintain
Her *Nun* of *choyce*, til sworn oth' *Vestall* train.
Whose Stratagem both *Parents* dear descrying,
They stop'd her course, with Friends best means applying
Mild gentlest *Salves*, to cure those thoughts anew;
MENANDER whilst for *Love* did strongly sue;
Much further'd by her Friends, thereby to tame
Both this last *Mood*, and th' old unhappy *Flame*.
As close SIRENUS su'd, MARPESAS *Lover*.

Thus, much rejoyc'd this blacker *Clouds* blown over
(Though caus'd, as were those *Vestall* frights of late,
Through vain fear, *Lovers* hanting *Ghost*, sad fate)
On walk'd th' enlivened *Payr* to th' further side,
Large spreading *Wood*, where smaller Path espy'd.
When (lo) the *Lady* faintish grown through late
Long watching, journey, frights, cool *Liquor's* bait
Much wish'd, desir'd, they thought awhile to tread
That *Path*, which would perhaps more friendly lead

To

To ſome refreſhing *Cell* or Lodge; much lower
(*Enticed* on) they found, unlatch'd a *Door*:
Whence paſs'd large ſquared *Plot*, ſtrong lofty-fenc'd,
Part ope, part ſhaded ground, 'twas place diſpenc'd
Much *rarity* for th' woods; *Art*, *Nature* where
So link'd combin'd, that well-dreſt *Rudeneſs* there
Both might preſent to th' eye; or ſeem t' expreſs
Pert *Loneneſs*, cheerfull, ſprightly *Solemneſs*:
As that its chief Grace meant, delight, the eaſier
To poize light *Fancy* grave, yeild jocund *Pleaſure*
Sober allay; transform'd to *Solid*, wiſe
Quick *Sanguin*-temper, whilſt dull *Phlegm* dries;
Th' whole plot ſome *Spirit* Philoſophick ſhow'd,
Or as 'twould ſute that working *Soul*; the Mode
Such briefly, as if, with Princes daintier way
Cloy'd, tyr'd, ſlunk'd *Art* had hither ſtole to *Play*.

Anon, much more: croſs'd ſmaller *Green*, ith' Nook
Fine, pritty, larger *Cell* their fancy took;
Which being approach'd, 'twas formed all, cut out
Oth' main entire *Rock*, thunder proof, as ſtout
Th' *Iron* Doors appear'd; the Walls with *Vines* ore-clad,
Reſembling civill *Wildneſs*, penſive, ſad,
Dampt *Pleaſantneſs*; as if the Owner there
Had thought to ſteal ſome *Comfort*, joy (as 'twere)
From th' *World* and his own ſpightfull *Grief*, would ſo
Play th' walking *Ghoſt* (ELIZIUM-plains below
Map'd in this Plot) till, th' *Actour's* part layd by,
Turn reall true *Ghoſt*, fold his armes and *Dye*.

Entring, they met with None, yet all was Neat;
Furniſh'd though Plain, as ſeem'd t' acknowledge yet
Some *Maſter*; *Table*, *Stool*, with *Chayr* and *Bed*,
Trunk, *Linnen*-cheſt, *Time's* Hower-glaſs, *Death's* head:
Wall bench'd, where *Silver Chain-belt*, *Faulchion* hung;
Coorſe *wooden* Plate, uncobweb'd *Books* a throng:
Large *Cubbord* too, where ſuch *Cheeſe*, *Butter*, ſtore
Of cold *Bak'd* meats, as fortnight full (or more)

Would serve their *Host*, *Weeks* plenteous food for Two,
New-lay'd in (constant Party brought it so
Each *Fornight* still, from th'neibouring *Town*, DERVISE)
Close Corner lastly cabin'd *Roots* discries:
Drink too, though pleas'd the Owner *Natures* stray
Fount celler oft. Upon the *Table* lay
Broad Paper, being entitled thus; *The Poor*
HERMONUS *Will*: which thus POLIND read ore.

What e're *here enter'st, know I stood*
Once ASTORIN, *of noblest blood*
High'st fortunes too; *but* Uncle *base*
(*Whose* Name *would fright down* Daylight, *rayse*
Storms, Devils) BRUNDESCAR, *learn'd in all*
Court-*mischiefs, crimes, my* Fathers *fall*
Caus'd through forg'd Treason (*rare Brothers part!*
Worth Hells record) *thus, through damn'd art*
Beg'd all's Lands, got him banish'd far:
Though soon chang'd life *with's* Country-ayre,
Small stock bequeathed me: *though prim'd*
The Cross, my Beggers *curse sublim'd*
This cloze; *That loss much fairer* Prize
Snatch'd from me, a Lady, *in whose eyes*
Blaz'd Beauties *Noon*; *t'whom th'* Indies *poor*,
Th' whole world mere Atome *seem'd, no more.*
Thus then, some Jewels took, I stray'd
Earths Maze *as Pilgrim* (Wind's *comrade*,
Sun's *fellow-travailler*) *that Round*,
T'outrun my dogging Griefs, *or hound*
A Grave *forth*: *Heats, Frosts vex'd by turn*:
Till this Globe-pageant, *lo, grand* Urn
Of all flesh view'd, with weary soles
(*Like fortunes tost* Ball *'tween the* Poles)
My own Shore *I trod*; *now grown Frost-bearded*:
Where spying this Nook of rest, thus guarded
From the Worlds *noyse, I bought it mine*;
Was call'd HARMONUS *still*; SOL's *fine*

Here

Here many a Sommers *progreſs cher'd.*
My Body, *found, ſee kindly interr'd*
In its laſt bed, whoſe Tomb *to th' Cave*
Cloſe joyns; with this ſhort Epitaph:
Who three Worlds *ranged hath, here lies;*
Love's, Sorrow's, *That of* Vanities.
And in return ſlip down that board
Oth' wall, there's twenty pound (Gold-hoord)
Take it, *and th' whole* Freehold *diſpoſe*
As thine; but keep Conditions; cloſe
The poor HARMONUS *in his* Tomb,
As hop'ſt to tread Elizeum.

This read, Both wonder'd more, ſince could diſcry
No *Creature* yet; till in the Root-plot by
(Walk'd forth) did handſome *Tomb* (yet open) view,
Lodg'd in the ſide oth' *Cave*; what ſtranger too,
One lying in't, all-cloath'd, as newly *Dead*:
Moſt reverend Lump of *Age*, whoſe hoary Head,
Beard ſnowy *Alps* appear'd, ſtiff, frozen-limb'd;
Being that HARMONUS *Corps*, the which (it ſeem'd)
(As Both by *Covenant* were ſtrongly ty'd)
Death ſoftly whiſp'ring, had layn down and *Dy'd.*
Which view'd, our Nobleſt *Couple*, after ſome
Kind *Tears*, meet pious duties clos'd the *Tomb*
Of their old *Father* ſtrait; reciv'd as given
This pritty ſmall *Love*-grange a Boon from *Heaven*,
Sweet'ſt ſheltring Fort; although Light-horſe were bound
To *Scour* theſe Parts, that *Veſtall* coaſt oft round.
Calm as the quiet *Sphears*, ſo that a *Girl*
Might wander ſafe, unrifled, bearing Pearl:
So *Cloſe* reſerv'd beſides, no *Shepheard*-ſwains
Hanted this Coaſt, nor trod the Neighbouring *Plains.*
How various (*lo*) *thoſe Myſtick folds of* Fate!
Bleſt happy love *ſucceeds Unfortunate.*
Wood-bordring Woman too there was, did look
To th' *Cell* ſometimes, dead *Palſey* whom then ſtrook.

Thus, entring *Cell* again, ALTHUSA ſtrait
Vaniſh'd for *Sex* to ayre, full manly *State*
POLINDOR reaſſumes (ith' open Cheſt
Found comely *Robe*, which long ſince did inveſt
Young, generous ASTORIN) whilſt ſmil'd FLOSTEL;
Whoſe *Mans* robes, *Faulchion*, that *Chain-belt* ſo well
Bedeck'd his Perſon round, there ſeem'd to move
In one (ſhe thought) both God of *War* and *Love*.
Next, *Cordiall* waters drunk, took good Repaſt
Oth' *Hermits* pleaſing food, which when did waſt
RUFIN would all ſupply; perhaps procur'd
No *Place* by him as yet, thing unaſſur'd
(Nor would he *Wonder* more, but deem ſome Fright
Caus'd this Concealment, as their former *flight*)
Mean while on *Heaven* themſelves, their faith they roul.

This Breakfaſt done, POLINDORS craving *Soul*
Tongue both (ſince toſt as yet ith' Lover's Ocean)
Were 'bout to ask new *Sweets*; though damp'd that *Mo-*
The faint, ore-drooping *Ladies* Appetite *(tion*
To reſt (*Himſelf* but drowſie too, ſcarce right)
Her Watch, ſore frights, and journey thought in reaſon
Bad *Friends* to *Loves* more advantageous ſeaſon:
Thus, th' Iron-door being faſt, ſecurely clos'd,
Both down upon that *Hermits* Bed repos'd
Joynt ſleeping *Partners* thus, their armes intwin'd;
More wealth then in SOL's circuit there confin'd.
Come gentleſt God *of* ſleep, *moſt fayr behold*
Of all thy drowſie Empire, bind, infold
Their yeilding Sences (*ſilken* Cordialls *are*
Thoſe pleaſing Bands) *come, Kiſs this lovely'ſt Payr*
To downy Quiet, *Bathing firſt their* Eyes
In ſlumbers Eſſence, Soul *whilſt waking lies;*
Through Dreams in part thoſe Joyes to come portraying:
No Noyſe cauſe Rapes *upon their* Reſt, *diſmaying.*

Thus, each (bright living *Coorſe*) payd Natures due;
Thus ſlept they, glorious whilſt they ſlept (to view)

Sweet'ſt

Sweet'ſt *Innocences* Twofold *Picture* there:
POLINDOR (cloy'd) if chanc'd to waken ere,
Her *Eye lids* clos'd, would *Wink* again, as he
Woo'd, courted *Sleep*, to bear her company;
Not ſtealing ſofteſt *Kiſs*, leaſt, Guilty ſo
(*Love*-crime howere) of *Sin*, diſturbance ſhow.
Thus ſlumber'd they, till flown through *Signs* of heaven
Many wing'd poſting *Hours*, to fix ith' even
When both *Awoke*. The joy'd POLINDOR now
Moſt blith and freſh (tranſported through that *Vow*
Cloud-like blown o're) with dear Imbracings, kiſſes,
Begun to claim (indeed) *Conjugall* bliſſes:
To which again, how ſweetly'ſt bluſhing, ſhe
(Smiles mixt) reply'd; *My Lord*, *I now am free*
('*Tis true*) *from ſhackling* Vowes *confeſs'd beſide*
By Marriage Yours; *thus*, *ſhall not leaſt provide*
Coy *ſhifts*, *gainſay your Pleaſure*; *yet my* Suit
Would move Once *more* (*part faintiſh ſtill to boot*)
That you would Grant me but three Hours *alone*,
Till ſhady Night, *this* Bed *we ſlumber'd on*,
Might ſhroud my Baſhfulneſs: *my deareſt* Lord,
Shall I obtain this? ſmil'd, each ſugred word.
Which anſwer'd then POLIND; *Thus ſtill you do*
Torment a Lover, Sweet: *If't ſhould be ſo*,
My Lord (ſayd ſhe again) *I've done*; *no more*.
But deareſt, then ſayd he (withall forbore
Scarce ſmiles) *ſhall not that Grant be cenſur'd*, *thought*
Dull coldneſs in my Blood? *or ſtyled ought*
Want *of Affection in me? Loathſome*, *either*:
O no, *my Lord* (ſhe cry'd) *I vow*, *thought neither*,
But rather deem'd your Love, *through wiſh'd complying*
With my Girls *humour thus*: To which replying
Nought more, but ſigh, ſtrait leapt he from the *Bed*,
As from that *Gorgon*, ſnake, *Temptation* fled
(Though much convinc'd indeed by Fancies pow'r,
Her ſpeciall *Mood*, kind daintier *Garb* that hour

In *Bed*, would give Compleateſt ſatisfaction)
When ſhe roſe too: Thus, *Rouz'd* and freſh for action,
Both *Walk'd* forth, pleas'd with their new Proſpect, ayre;
Where we muſt leave awhile this *Hermit*-payr.

Now glance we back upon the *Veſtall* Bow'r,
And what there paſs'd: Next morn, that ſolemn *Hour*
For th' *Veſtall* Nun diſpatch'd, th' Interment-rites
(Next buſineſs being for *Choyce*) whilſt to all Sights
(Though call'd) ALTHUSA and PLEDORA loſt;
Some nimbler *Nymphs* by th' way were hurry'd poſt
To th' Chamber-door; where calmeſt *Silence* found,
Nought *Whiſperings*, they joyntly progreſs'd round
To their Back-door; wide *Yauning* that did ſhow
Two chaſt *Birds* fled, th' Ayre left their *Tenant*, lo.

All wonder'd; when the old *Prieſteſs* comes, eſpies
Oth' boord that *Paper*, reads with all four *eyes*
(Thoſe gliſtring glaz'd *Recruits*) oft roul'd at heaven;
Ill-fac'd devotion 'twas, whilſt joyntly given
No ſmall heed, reverence by th' younger *Crew*,
Flock'd round about her then, as though there blew
Some ſacred *Whirlwind*; juſt like *Charmed* things
She th' old Inchantreſs prov'd. Grief, ſorrow ſtings
Moſt *Mayden* breſts (alas) yea ſo far were
Some junior *Nuns* of choyce, grand *Zelots* there
(Unſworn to th' Place yet) mov'd therewith, tranſported,
That, what through jealous thoughts their *Goddeſs* for-
More *Honors*, favours to that THRACIAN Bow'r (ted
(In part withdrawn from hence) ſo Dear that hour
PLEDORA alſo eſteem'd, ALTHUSA TOO;
Thoſe *Girls* would needs like *Lady*-errants go (cry'd
For th' THRACIAN realm: Till loud th' old *Prieſteſs*
(Joyn'd with more ſetled *Nuns*) *That this imply'd*
(*Well-weigh'd*) *but meer their own fantaſtick* Dream,
No heav'n-born Viſion: *Next*, *informed them*,
How Fond *theſe thoughts*, *ſince* VESTAS Deity
Fill'd all her Bow'rs *alike*; *nor could they ſpy*,

For

For pleaſures choyce Map, *ſuch tranſcendent Piece*;
Like Virgin-*manſion though they travayl'd* Greece;
Whoſe Foundreſs with the laſting glory dy'd
Of Queen *and* Mayd; *now doubtleſs Stellify'd.*
So, progreſs'd ore the whole; which, ſince ſo much
Concerns FLOSTELLAS *Blood*, deſcent, we'l touch.
This Princeſs, *Queen*, great heir to th' CIPRIAN *Crown*
Times paſt was born, whoſe *Scepter* with renown
Oft *Femalls* ſway'd, enjoy'd; PERSANDRA nam'd:
One *Siſter* more there was, by nature claim'd
Her part ith' royall *Blood*, royall record,
BERCINTHE this: But vile uſurping *Lord*
Oth' Blood, call'd PHORBAN, *Stain* to th' Kingly race
(Though huge in Factions pow'r and Wealth did blaze)
Reach'd at the *Throne*; &, having ſlain through *Treaſon*
Their gallant'ſt *Father* firſt (choice fitteſt ſeaſon)
PERSANDRA then 'bout year and quarter old,
Soon graſp'd the *Crown*; that Circle of thorny *Gold*,
Royall *Head*-guive: though next in bloody chaſe
Her Life appear'd, this *Bloſſome* nip'd (alas)
By frofty *Death*, muſt raiſe advance his *Spring*.
Which Miſchief juſtly fear'd (ſince Brooding thing
Vile *Treaſon* found, one *Crime* but ſpawns another)
By th' wretch'd and moſt indulgent *Queen*, her Mother,
CLARVESIA call'd; ſhe ſuddenly convays
This elder Femall *Comfort* of her dayes,
Chief princely CYPRIAN branch from *Tyrants* Sword
(Th' half deareſt *Remnant* of her murther'd *Lord*)
Nurſe privie too't, to moſt tranſcendent *Peer*,
Styl'd good LORELE. What bowels yernings there,
Tears, mixed *Sighes!* what claſping folds and *Kiſſes!*
How call'd ſhe back again her parting Bliſſes,
Wept ſobreſt new *Farwells!* till, at the laſt,
Cry'd, *Take't away*; though follow'd then in haſt
To th' Threſhold, Door, how *Kiſs'd*, imbrac'd it there!
Forth then *Nurſe* ſlily ſtole, as Voyage 'twere!

For

For th' ayre that Evening, with her *Infant*-gem
To woody *Plain* adjoyn'd, where ſtayd for them
Both *Coach* and ſix tall Horſes from LORELE;
Which comely'ſt *Matron* bare, known Party well
To him (ſince prov'd his Keepers *Wife* indeed)
Who, gently cheering it, with truſty ſpeed
Receiv'd that *Royall* charge, by joynt accord:
Informed though, 'twas *Orphan*, kin to th' *Lord*:
So, towards ſtrait her ſhady *Lodge* ſhe flyes
Far off *remote*; where full Commands, ſupplies
Were giv'n her by LORELE, for choyceſt trayning,
Though now new-ſtamp'd, CHLORINDAS *Name* retai-
Nurſe back to th' *Caſtle* agen (as was deſir'd) (ning.
Unſeen, ſecure, through Gloomy walks retir'd;
Where, fitly joyn'd her *Fellow*-nurſe, that *Night*
Small mournfull *Coffin* (lo) by Torches light
Was carry'd forth, as though the *Babe* had dy'd
Of ſome ſtrange *Peſt*, by th' royall *Mothers* ſide:
The *Queen* much heightning all through grief, *ſick*-browd,
Lock'd up upon't; thus, ſpeedy'ſt *Grave* allow'd:
Whoſe faithfull'ſt *Nurſe* ſoon after (plot unknown)
To th' mention'd Lodge, and little *Lady's* gone:
Next Morn, her *Infant*-ſiſter, laſt eye-ſore
To th' wakefull *Tyrant*, was pack'd down to Shore,
With ſecond Storm of diſmall *Sighes* and *Tears*,
Woes ſecond part; like *Mothers* yernings, fears,
Cloſe foldings, kiſſes, ſecret heart-bemoanings,
Since thus giv'n up to th' *Wind* & *Wave*; what groanings,
Vowes, prayers made! that ſweeteſt Innocence
Might (charm'd *Sea-tyrants* too) eſcape from thence.
Thus, down the Havens ſtream with tendreſt *Nurſe*
She's *Lanched* forth, as though ſome ſhorter courſe
(For ayering, health) to country *Grange* below;
Where GRÆCIAN *Merchant*, being order'd ſo
By th' *Lord* LORELE his friend, took both aboard
For ARCADY; where *Brother* to that *Lord*

(Lines

(Lines ſent) as then become chief Favourite,
Her faithfull *Guardian* prov'd, ſhe his *Delight*:
Call'd CHLORIFLEUR: which Infant not returning,
'Twas noys'd, conceiv'd, ſome *Pirat*-theeves (that morning
Did ſcour in truth thoſe *Watry* Roads) had drown'd.
As for this Laſt, from rich ARCADIN bound
Knd *Sayles* and winds glad *Newes* tranſported oft
To th' *Lord* LORELE; yea, ſweet'ſt *Epiſtles* brought
(So ſoon as CHLORIFLEUR's ſmall daintyer hand
Could *Limb* but letters forth, ſmall *Pen* command)
Wrapt up in his; her *Mothers* high'ſt degree
But *Baroneſs*, inform'd, call'd MELIDE:
Nor knew that Merchant more (leaſt blab'd, deſcry'd)
But that ſome noble *Orphan* 'twas, Ally'd.
As for CHLORINDA though, Fates, milder grown,
Gave her oft private *Views*, in clouds unknown
(*Stoln joyes* delightfull too, moſt dear to thought)
Since viſiting by fits that *Lady* oft
Of good LORELE as friend (SICAMBE nam'd)
Whole Month ſometimes (whoſe Councel not diſclaim'd)
They two would frequently to th' *Park* repair
Mile's diſtance off, as though for th' Evening *ayre*
(Choice gallant *Proſpect* 'twas beſide) well Coach'd;
Which having pranced round, their *Lodge* approach'd,
They'd enter ſtill for eaſefull *Bait*, the Queen
Her ſmall CHLORINDA thus (brought alwaies in
By th' *Nurſe*, as for SICAMBES onely view)
Fondlily'ſt enjoy'd. Firſt glance on it, 'tis true,
Juſt croſs the *Court* ſhe ſpy'd it *Didling* go,
Whence inmoſt bowels ſeem'd to roul; but O,
The *Mothers* tendreſt Garb and meltings ore
Her harmleſs *Babe* (*Nurſe* ſtanding by, no more)
What Joy-grief-medley there! what tears and ſmiles!
Show'r, mixed *Sunſhine*! how embrac'd the whiles,
Hug'd, kiſs'd it oft! when claſping her agen
The gentle *Babe*, now ſober-temper'd, then

Smiling

Smiling as much, till *Wept* (poor heart) at last
For solemn Company; full sorrows blast
When *Sighed* forth the dear ore-charged *Mother*:
What *Bablings* (last) begun from t'one to th' other,
'Twas pritty rare Sight, caused thence to rise
Sad pleasure ith' *Beholders* dewed eyes.
She *Wept*, yet weeping though she blesses *Heaven*,
Since lives and safties both at once were given
To her poor *Orphan*-brood; what's more, so *Kind*,
That T'one of them's ith' *Armes* just then intwin'd.
The *Girl* as elder grew, discerning more,
Reverse the *Queen* her cautious *Passions* wore,
Turn'd inward; strove by secret art to smoother;
Though when must play the fondly indulgent *Mother*,
Such *Buddings* seen of *Wit*, and choice perfection,
As well as Beauty, growth, then, sad reflection
On th' murther'd *Father*, injur'd *Childs* estate,
She'd *whisper* gentle *Sighes*; or, turning strait,
Weep forth kind hasty Show'r (as 'twere) by stealth,
Oft in some corner dropt the *Liquid* wealth,
Those molten *Pearls*: then, having cleer'd the *Skie*,
Toy'd, Chatting game renew'd, till th' busie eye
Of sweet CHORINDA mark'd at length, perceiv'd:
Who ask'd her *Nurse* (though whimperingly griev'd)
What was the Cause that Lady *wept for so.*
Nurse told; *Her murther'd Lord inforc'd that* Wo;
Two little Daughters *also lately dead,*
Th' one much resembling her, which likewise bred
Strange Love, *affection to her.* Sayd the Child;
I know not, but methinks (then sweetly smil'd)
I love her (Nurse) *far more then she loves me,*
Nor can I rest least satisfy'd, till she
New hugs *me, till she* kisses *me anew*;
Fain would I dwell with her. The good DORU,
Y'are not yet old nor big enough, replies.
Ah, sayd the Child again with beaming eyes,

But

But I could talk with her, and find her Play
Howere, I hope: Thus pass'd that part oth' day.
Though, growing bigger yet, th' enlarged *Queen*
Her self would say, whilst kiss'd embrac'd between,
Your Mother (pritty one) *intruth was crown'd*
Dear *to me, Sister-like, th' especiall ground*
You share this kinder Love; *although you do*
Revive *to th' thoughts my bury'd* Daughter *too*
Most like the First (*twain once this Womb producing*)
Thus, Love *with Sorrow both at once infusing*.
To which reply'd that royall Bud (anon)
With pleasing'st grace; *Would heaven that she alone*
(Madam) *survived yet, that I might prove*
Her humble Handmayd. Showring tears of love
In smiles, *No sweet* (reply'd CLARVESIA then)
You'd Mayd of honour prove perhaps to th' Queen. (ted
'Bout eight years old, to th' *Lord's* own house transplan-
(As neer of *Blood*) she was, which Court-like vanted,
Since made this Princely'st *Jewels* Cabinet;
Now seem'd CLARVESIAS Joy almost compleat.
Thus, growing on, at full Ten years (no more)
Choice *Aprils* early *Blooms* her Cheeks they wore:
Till, mounted up to th' gallant pitch, Fifteen,
Grown *Woman*-ripe as then, true Princess, *Queen*
Blaz'd in her sunny eye, *Breath'd* from her breast,
Both *Coyn'd* as 'twere for empire; *Beauties* crest
Her brow presents, with *Honours* glorious Throne:
When strait her *Mystick* Birth's discover'd, shown
In private room, LORELE, CLARVESIA by
(Fit'st time) But O the various *Extasie*,
Bosome-intrancements, folds that very hour!
Smiles, kisses, tears! Joy shew'd its soveraign pow'r
In th' One, at first; Joy, wonder in the Other;
Grief shortly both in *Daughter* though and *Mother*
Prov'd equall rule, through th' envious wrongs of Fate.
The *Virtue*, worthy'st *Passion* shewn in that

Prime

Prime *Scean* of nature (Reader) fancy may,
Much nimbler then my *Pen*, to th' full *Portray*.
And now the good LORELE begun to groan,
Till saw PERSANDRA deck her Fathers *Throne*;
His *Soul* grown *Pregnant*, big (as 'twere) did prove
With loyall thoughts of equity and love
Tow'rd so bright *Innocence*: as meetly just,
To th' *Queen* erelong, some greater *Peers* of trust
Unclasp'd his inmost *Breast* (took solemn *Oath*)
Then, private *Views* of her, conversings both
Afforded them; so Prince-like those esteem'd,
All *Wept*, they *wept*; at once transported seem'd
Their eyes and eares, Ingaged too their *Hearts*.
Wise *Agents* felt (as 'twere) by secret arts
The Peoples pulse (propound, *What if alive*
Their Princess, Queen? found quick and strong, they drive
Most boldly and undaunted on, took field;
Next following *Year* that barbrous *Tyrant* kill'd
In Battail, sunk through ease and weakning pleasure:
Won's proud *Metropolis*, chief hoord of treasure,
Three parts oth' Kingdomes four, whilst still the rest
(Some *Haven*-towns) his sturdy *Heir* possest.
Thus raign'd PERSANDRA as the Cyprian *Sun*,
Till PHŒBUS too his yearly course had run;
What time the worthy'st *Queen* CLARUESIA dies,
Gave up her *Soul* to heaven, whose drousie eyes
(Their lids fair *Curtains* to this worldly *Light*)
Both *Daughters* clos'd in death; her Young'st delight
Late come from ARCADY, where gallant *Lord*
Espoused had: she, back return'd aboard
(Of whom more shall be sayd anon) Behold,
CLARUESIA being set, dark *Clouds* unfold.
That *Tyrant's* haughty *Heir*, most Lion-stout
As suttle, boldly stak'd at one last bout
His utmost *All*; took field, pitch'd *Battail* tries;
Through churlish *Fates*, or humane treacheries

Shatter'd

Shatter'd ere long, disjoynted all her *Pow'r*:
PERSANDRA flying to *Port*-town, that hour:
Whence with a monstrous *Mass* of treasure, there
Lay'd up 'gainst thundring Storm, of late (the Peer
LORELE her *Guardian*) trusts to foaming *Seas*,
Since Land unkindest prov'd; through gentlest these
Soon reach'd th' *Arcadian* shelter, thither came:
Purchas'd this goodly Place, this *Grove* of fame,
Tall *Temple* (lastly) *Mansion*-bow'r admir'd
Gave up to VESTAS honour, use; retir'd,
Weary of earths soon-fading *Tinsell* glory,
As VESTAL *Nun* she clos'd her Royall Story.
Here *Sister*, here train'd up, did *Morn*-like rise
Th' unequall'd Joy and wonder of all eyes,
Monopolizer of all *Manly* hearts
As *womans* beauty, *Courtier* turn'd (choyce parts)
Crown'd there She-miracle, was *Styl'd* alone
Lovely, excelling: whether being gone,
Plac'd 'bout the *Queen*, she took a mighty *Lord*
Love's *Pris'ner*, joyned both by chast accord;
From whence ARPLASTUS and FLOSTELLA sprung:
And thus true *Royall* heir the *Ladies* sung,
As from BERCINTHE to that CYPRIAN Crown.
Thus to PERSANDRA (her *Aunt* far off) renown
To th' femall *Sex*, had rays'd as 'twere this *Place*
(In part) through gentlest Providentiall grace
For her expos'd *Neice*, as shelter, duty
To lost forsaken *Virtue*, wandring *Beauty*.

POLIN-

POLINDOR, AND FLOSTELLA.

The THIRD BOOK.

THe *Reader* now does ſeem (methinks) t' accuſe
And charge with heavy *Guilt* my baſhfull *Muſe*,
Since his, with poor POLINDORS Longing ſit
Leſs *Pitty'd* by me, unrelieved yet:
Th' Hour's neer at hand, as though betimes befriended
Nights ſhades the *Brideſgroom's* wiſh; whoſe Supper en-
Both walking forth for ſecond bout, awhile; (ded,
POLINDOR ſtrait with pleaſing *Task* and ſmile,
Undreſt thoſe *Flowry* banks (which ſeem'd grown *proud*
Their fragrant *Treſſes* th' honour were allow'd
To ſerve flow'rs beauteous *Queen*) th' unſpoyled place
Rich-ſtor'd with them: Whence, with triumphant grace,
He guarded in th' All-tempting *Bride*, at dore
Kiſs-welcome given her. Then's ranſack'd ore
That Linnen-cheſt, where dainty'ſt *Perſian* ſheets,
With whom for ſilken braveneſs ſprucely ſits
Green *Sattin* Quilt, by th' *Hermit* brought from IND;
Their Bridall *Bed's* diſpatch'd, the joy'd POLIND
Chief Agent there, ſtill truly'ſt ſtyl'd *Brideſ*-groom,
Next, ſtrow'd with *Paunſeys* round th' adorned Room,
Pinks, *Violets*; *Roſe*-deck'd the lovely *Bed*;
Laſt, nimble Brideſ-mayd turn'd (ith *Bower* well-bred)

In

In part *undreſs'd* her, brisk t' uncobweb ſo
That choyceſt caſed *Pearl*: diſclouded (lo)
Like Shot Star ſtrait into her Bed ſhe glides:
Then he, as though ſome Harneſs gaul'd his ſides,
Stiff, burly Male, ſtrait vaniſh'd forth his cloaths,
Which like to Tinder, *Vapours*, lightly blowes
Off from him; ſeiz'd his gallant *Egle's* prey,
That divine *Jelly*, ſweet'ſt AMBROSIA:
Lock'd in her armes like *Earthly* Sun and Moon,
Or rather *ſtyle* them Male and Female *Sun*:
Whoſe Beauties bleſt his *Optick* ſence (through dear
Officious *Twilight*) partly glim'ring there
Much like the *Morn*, with ſweet and ſparkling *Graces*;
So twinckle *Diamons* in gloomy places;
Tranſporting Fancy more through th' active *Eye*,
Touch, both at once, whence doubled *extaſie*.
Both now prepar'd to practiſe, reall faſhion
(What late but *Promis'd*, vow'd) *Self*-reſignation;
Their true love coupling *Souls* conjoyned too
As well as Bodies modellizing ſo
In one *Compound*, all humane *excellence*.
POLINDOR's ready now to reap from thence,
For all Loves *Toyls*, the blisfull *Harveſt* treaſure;
Yea, reap in One bound up all Bridall *Pleaſure*
Sweet'ſt ere enjoy'd, *ſumm'd* up in her Alone:
Where leave them to thoſe Myſtick joyes, unknown;
Too *High* for any elſe to know, or dare
To comprehend, unleſs th' *Immortall* Payr
Loves *Goddeſs*, VENUS, with her amorous *Son*,
Which mov'd theſe *Fires*; to thoſe be th' honour done:
None elſe Preſume to reach their *Height*, leaſt be
Confounded through *Diſpayr'd* felicity.
Next, leave them Both for ſlumbring, ſoft *Repoſes*,
Till th' early *Morn* her pleaſing *ſmiles* diſcloſes;
Whoſe Dreams may thoſe advance, yet heighten more,
Seem *Viſions* of paſt *Sweets*, enjoy'd before.

And now, AURORA her blushing *Cheek* reveals
Through th' Chrystall-arched *Porch*, like our FLOSTELS
Saluting *Handmayd*, strow'd the Morning *Skie*
With Roses, Violets (which seem'd to th' eye
Grand Bridall *Roof*) as to her speciall *Honour*;
Shades fume like fled, that *Sun* might gaze upon'er,
Doing last homage, beg reflection from
Her *Royall* beams; when waken'd the *Brides-groom*:
And view'd his *Bride* (still lovely'st) sleeping there
Couch'd like the *Day*, all beauty thus (as 'twere)
Interr'd in slumbers; gentlest spicy *Gale*
Whilst breathed forth, came Whispring from the *Vale*
Of *Temple* (as 'twere) her *Paradisian* Brest.
Then slunk he down for tedious hour's feign'd rest;
She's *sleeping* still: when, stoln soft ayery *Kisse*
(How dainty, nice) with cast-up eyes for this
To *Heav'n* skulk'd down for second *Winking* fit.
Then, softly rouz'd, seal'd gentler Kiss, seal'd yet
Kind second, *Eager* third; Sleep *Larum* Brooks
No more, th' Awoke; dreſt with such new-coyn'd *Look*
Of pritty'st, bashfull *Wonder* just then seeming
(*Strange-sweet* withall) as part transform'd, or *dream-*
Then vayl'd within his *Conscious* Bosome strait *(ing;*
Smiles, *blushes* both, found best protection, that:
Rare-scean! whilst smil'd th' ore-joy'd POLIND, grown
Whole Natures *Treasury* at once to shrowd. *(Proud*,
Wood-chanters, wishing Bridall *Joy* (as 'twere)
Chirp'd forth their shril Goodmorrowes, pearched there
Quite round the *Bow'r*; whilst *Satyrs* nimbly danc'd.
Th'are up Both now, and ready both; advanc'd
VENUS ADONIS-like (since walking leasure)
Close-arm'd, intwin'd, to take their *Morning* pleasure.

And here, by parcell-fits, we shall portray
Limb forth the place; That mention'd Ground, which lay
Before the *Cell*, was formed large *Long-square*;
Ith' midst like formed *Pond* there stood, most fair,

Glass-

Glaſs-cheek'd, as if well pleaſed grown (to th' eye)
Since no Rough-manner'd *Wind* could enter nigh
To hoyſe and vex her *Stream*. Here often would
POLINDOR *Angling ſit*, ore-reach'd, controul'd
With fair falſe bait (grand cheating-game oth' *World*)
Th' ore-haſty, credulous *Fiſh*, who greedy hurl'd
Takes himſelf *Priſ'ner* there: the unkind deceit
FLOSTELLA ſmiled at, *Such ſtranger Feat* (Bank
(Sayes) *caught her Heart*; whilſt on the embroyder'd
Sits gathering Flow'rs, whoſe ayery moved *Rank*
Seem'd *Bowing* crave her hand, *Pant* ſweetly (as 'twere)
Till from th' coorſe under-ſoyl tranſplanted were
T'her *Breſts* fair *Eden*. Theſe ſhe ſmiling ſhowes,
And draws oft by the lov'd POLINDOR's Noſe,
T'afford him fragrant part, would to and fro
Play th' *Wanton* with his *Smell*; who does beſtow
Kind *Kiſs*, for thanks, upon the hand did wave them,
Pronouncing, '*Twas her ſweeteſt* Touch *that gave them*
Thoſe choyce perfumed Breaths, pow'r' bove their own:
When ſhe would Box his faulty Cheeks anon,
And ſay, *He mock'd her*. Throws in toſſing ſport
Fiſh at him, pearly ſcal'd, which could not hurt
Becauſe ſhe *darted* them; though now and then,
Through wilfull purpos'd *Error*, ſeiz'd agen
Their former moyſt *Abodes*, her pitty freeing
That poor inthralled *Wretch*: the which he ſeeing,
Strait pritty *Anger* feigns, when Careleſs ſhe
(*Croſs*) throws in more; then would POLINDOR be
Reveng'd upon her *Lips*, and thoſe muſt do
For th' *Hands* wiſh'd penance oft. Next th' *Angle* (lo)
Was reach'd preſented to'er, when harmleſs ſhe
Seem'd loath to *Learn* th' unpleaſing *Treachery*:
Yet practis'd ſhe, at each unskilfull miſs
The *Forfait* was confirm'd a *Treble Kiſs*;
Who now, more ignorant, ſtill miſſed more,
As *meant* to make ſuch kind *Love*-forfeits ſtore:

Indeed, how could the *Lady* chuſe? for why,
Th' enamour'd *Fiſh* (moſt part) ſtill gazing lye
On the fair *Angler*, toyiſh grown, forget
To bite the ſimple Worm, their *Pearl*-eyes ſet
On dainty'ſt *Lips*: what wonder, theſe *Love*-ſhaken?
The *Maſter*-angler (long before) was taken.
Round this long-ſquared Pond fair *Bank* was rays'd,
Like low green *Tarras*, ſides thereof being prays'd
Through well-ſet ſhady *Trees*, yet order'd ſo,
As that each *Third* did beauteous *Fruit-tree* grow;
The which to th' reſt like *Gem* enamell'd ſhow'd:
Th'whole Clump might well reſemble an *Orchard*-wood;
'Twas various, *Sweet*, whoſe toothſome fruits not wanted
Tempting beholders eyes and taſt, like painted
Gay *Curtizans*; how plump! though *Virgin*-brows
Seemed yet forc'd to wear, on th' loaden boughs
Kiſs'd but by PHŒBUS *Beams* (none hither ſwarving)
It look'd like *Natures* Cloſet of preſerving:
Unleſs thoſe wandring *Fayries* now and then,
Borrow'd ſome *Diſh*, to ſerve their dapper *Queen*
Her *Big*-grown longing, *Cherry* or ſo; great Pear,
Plump Apricock would furniſh th' whole *Court* cheat
(Thoſe niceſt *Elviſh* ſtomacks) oft 'twas found,
Where their ſmall Feet had danc'd ſome *Antick* Round.
Lo, here's our blisfull *Couples* choſen Walk,
Where they oft progreſt round intwin'd, would talk
Of their firſt froſty *Moods*, ore coy diſdain
(Though ſeverall cauſes heighten'd much the *Vein*)
LOVE's *pardon* ask'd; devoutly'ſt Sacrifize
How many Ambroſiack *Kiſſes* 'fore his eyes!
Thoſe *Love's* ſmall *Offerings*! would freely then
Pluck dangling Fruits, then walk'd, and then agen
Pluck'd more; when (ſportive) out of wanton play,
Th' heart-plundring *Amoriſt* would ſteal away
Some *Cherry* from her Cherry-mouth, does ſo
Cozen her for der *Taſt*; then would make ſhow

To

To offer one more choyce, but then again
Deludes her whiteſt *Hand* reach'd forth in vain;
Thus, mocks his heav'nly *Fayr*; who, to requite,
When he would (ſober) give, in pritty ſpight
Would (*Sullen*) none; When he muſt make her *Eat*,
So, kindly gratify'd that *Taſt* which yet
Had ſo *Abus'd*. Both cloy'd, the *Youth* would ſeek
(Compar'd) to ſhame the *Cherry* by her cheek;
And next, thoſe purely'ſt bluſhing *Corans* hold
Nigh to'er, *Smiled* when, th' whole Bunch controld
By her freſh Lip: laſt flouting buſineſs, jeſts
Upon the ſilken *Peach*, felt with her *Breſts*
Not ſoft, not ſleek at all: here boaſting ſhows
Heav'n-plant, or Tree of *Paradice* to thoſe.

On either ſide this Bank, green velvet *Flat*,
Whoſe midſt bore *Thickets* ſmaller maze; 'twixt that
And th' *Bank* Full thorough-view, broad *ſpace* deſign'd
(Four quarters thus) though link'd to th' *Fence* behind:
Form juſt Half-Ovall fram'd; ith' further part
Lodg'd Silvan rocky *Fount*, where Nature, *Art*
Conjoyn'd, both Founders ſeem'd, but wild, ore-grown
Small carved *Wood-nymphs* nak'd (though) cleerly ſhone
By th' *Streams* beneath, with wind-diſhevell'd *Hayr*:
On th' top skulk'd leacherous *Satyrs* ſeem'd to ſtare,
Acteon like, their horns and hoofs deſcry'd;
Though no Coy-brow'd *Diana* there eſpy'd.

Off from their open Flat, too wanton rayes
Whilſt *Sol* on fair FLOSTELLA darts, diſplayes,
T' avoid his hot unpleaſing *Courtſhip*, hither
She'd fly for *Leavy* skreen; where both together,
Cloſe-couch'd by th' Moſſie *Rock*, took pleaſure there
To ſee their *Fount* weep forth it ſelf (as 'twere)
With kind of bubling moans: *Such for thy ſake*
Was I once (ſayd the Lord POLIND) *did make*
Thoſe teary Plaints. Th'heav'n-lov'd FLOSTELLA when
Reply'd; *What pitty ſh' had not Treaſur'd then*

Those drops for Neck-pearl, wrist! When gentlest he
Must kiss for her kind Flout, again, as she
Box'd him before. Then would she *sing*, rejoyce
POLINDOR's glad *Eare* with th' enchanting *Voyce*;
At which all's glad, seem'd *Soul'd*, inspir'd anone,
Stones, *Statues*, *Trees*; th' ORPHÆAN *Lyre* out-gone;
Th'ayr's *Road* hush'd, yea, though blustring storms had fild
Th' whole empty Round, 't had those *Ayr-bedlams* still'd
Onely their *Fountain* seem'd yet weeping more,
As *Voyce* on's pearly-streamed *Nymph* it bore.

When young POLINDOR strait (grown wanton now)
Mock-passions quaintly fram'd, with angry brow
Threaten'd that Voyce (as 'twere) that *Syren*-tongue,
Whom charged with *Soul-rapes* design: ere long
Quarrell'd with th' *Eye*, that guilty'st check'd, upbraids
With *Black-art*, dangerous Wild-fire, *Look*-granades;
Challeng'd LOVE's throned self, that there did sit,
Though in his heart ask'd humble *Pardon* yet.
Her ruby *Lips*, as Heart-blood *stain'd*, accuses,
No smaller Crime, when suttlest Vengeance uses;
As though their *Crimson* die would force agen,
Kiss-smother them: Th' admir'd FLOSTELLA when,
Would sportingly quit *Score*, most prit'ly Arraign
Each of his *Guilty* Features ore again:
Yet still their mortall-seeming Difference ends
At *kissing*-grapple, both made closest *Friends*.

Here in these gloomy *Shades* (with th' other) oft
They *Din'd*, they *Supp'd*; their warbling *Minstrels* brought
Those plum'd-coat Songsters, chanting *Nightingale*,
Shrill *Blackbird*, jolly *Thrush*: which should prevail
In favour, straining, round their organ-throats:
Whose *Base* supply'd the *Fountains* bubling noats:
POLINDOR *Butler* seem'd (Cooke useless showes,
Since cold food, Summer) Lips for *Sweet-meat* cloze.

At either end oth' *Bank* ith Flat, between
That and the fence (good spaces left) was seen

(A cross)

(A-cross) short closer *Walk*; each verdant side
Stood comly'st planted *Row*, those being beside
All Trees of shade, select, though various found;
Palms, *Myrtles*, *Cipress*, thus prov'd shade Compound:
Yet, taught their ranged-order too, so *growing*,
That every *Third's* the same, like formed showing.
Hither would walk sometimes the fair FLOSTEL,
'Midst *Noon-day*-blazes, from th' Adjoyning *Cell*
Or Tarras-mount (whilst, pressing thus the *Grass*,
'Twould rising seem to *Strut* again, as 'twas
Proud kiss'd her *Foot*) the lowly place Sun-proof:
Both pleas'd for change beneath that *Bow'ry* roof;
There oft spent th' *Evening* too, POLINDOR's head
Couch'd on her dainty'st Lap; when she would brede
His *silken* longer *Locks*, then joyntly hold
All close to's Head in some conceited *Fold*,
Much like her own, the faces prospect seen,
Cryes out; *How well her self the* Man *had been*,
But he the Woman! who with mirth replies,
So one the Man *become*, *blest Destinies*!
Then, all her former, busie, pleasing Pains
She soon undoes agen, nor *Smile* refrains;
Th' enlarged *Hair* leap'd from her hand so quick
To sportive *Curls* anew, like wanton *Trick*,
As 'twould again be play'd with: Stroaking when,
She'd *Curl*, *uncurl* by turns; would now and then
Give him light gentler Twich, though then must *Kiss*
In kind *amends*, as 'twere: and as for this
Bow'd down her Nimble *Head*, POLINDOR thought
The *Skies* had fallen to th' earth, and two *Stars* shot:
So heav'nly seem'd that *Face*, those sparkling *Eyes*
So bright, so *Suddain* (lastly) the Surprize.
Love-stories then they'd tell; some smaller store
FLOSTELLA had, though *Truths*, and conn'd before
Knew squeamish *Vestalls*; these the *Lady* told
With such choyce winning count'nance, did unfold

With so kind *Sympathy* (to please) as though
Her self that Lover were, did sadly'st blow
Those *Sighes* from her: so *musically* stream'd
Each Passion forth, so true, POLINDOR seem'd
Now faln in *Love* again, transported so,
Forgetfull, he again could *Sigh* and Woo.
When (last) they'd chant their own, whose briefer *Story*,
Conjoyn'd with others, well might claim a glory
In CUPIDS *Chronicle* (they thought) so full
Of winding rare chance, pritty *Miracle*:
With which POLINDOR's Tongue and fondling *Eare*
Seem'd so well pleas'd, by fits, *Soul* lull'd as 'twere
(Her *Breſt* the downy Pillow) glides it now
Into that *World* of *Slumber*, knowes not how:
Which seen FLOSTELLA ſtrait with *Charm*-like Song
Bound his *Sence* faſter (double bands) nor long
Sung ſweeteſt *Cherubin*) thus prime *Baloo*,
But gentleſt Self, that might companion ſhow
To her dear *Lord* POLINDOR, ſlumbring bowes.
Who (conſtant *Youth*) as Love's victorious *Vowes*
Should conquer ſleep and Death, dreams of his Fayr
FLOSTELLA; thinks h' had loſt his ſoveraign *Star*
Sometimes, through *Cloud*; his Dove-mate vaniſht gone:
Thence graſp her precious *Waſt*, by which alone
Wak'd both himſelf and her: Who ſober *Smil'd*,
To view her Darling-lord ſo thought beguil'd,
Fancy-fool'd (as ſhe deem'd) much joy'd to ſee
His vehement *Love*: far more rejoyced he,
She found ſo ſafe, ſecure; and tells her o're
His ominous *Dream*, part-known to her before.
Thus liv'd they like that firſt moſt bleſſed *Payr*
Of Innocence, th' whole *World* did joyntly ſhare
In this ſmall corner, parcell, ſhar'd at leaſt
Love's rich ſtor'd *Indian* world ('twas wedding *Feaſt*
Of full and freeſt ſweet now) envy'd none,
Since they thought th'y *Ingroſſed* all Alone.

Here

Here that prime Payr of loving *Shepheardeſſes*
Reviſit we; 'Twas thus; *Friends* oft addreſſes,
Kind ſtrongly'ſt pleaded Suits, being over-paſt
Seav'n or eight daies, ſuch *Influentiall* taſt
Found with DULCENZA, lo (glad, lucky'ſt ſeaſon!)
That *Fancy* vayl'd (at length) in part to *Reaſon*,
Gave yeilding way; ſh' had eyes and ears agen
For ſolid *Counſayl*, dreaming though till then.
So that not onely gain'd to her acceſs
Thoſe frequent Amorous *Love*-embaſſages,
MENANDER'S *Lines*; regarded, courting *Lute*,
Which gave t' her windowes oft ſweet Morn-ſalute;
But likewiſe *Viſits* too (though meanly grac't)
With moody'ſt tempers, lowring *Looks* ore-caſt:
Such ſtormy *Guſts* blew from the Lord POLIND
(Thoſe higheſt gallant *Alps*) clouding her mind
And *face* to boot with doubtfull'ſt *Weather* oft:
Though elſe, from th' inmoſt *heart*, diſdaining nought
MENANDER'S perſon, parts, nor his eſtate,
Who woo'd her *Coyneſs* at the painfull'ſt rate
Of *humble* and withall enduring *Love*.
As cloſe gentile SIRENUS too did move
His mild MARPESAS breſt, though found the *Siege*
More happy far, whoſe often priviledge
Kind *Summer*-looks, with few gain'd ſweeteſt *Kiſſes*.
Firſt-fruits; thoſe earneſt to ſucceeding bliſſes;
Poſſeſſing thence (ere long) th' hearts *Magazine*:
Plow'd with more proſp'rous *Gales* that foamy Brine
Oth' Lovers *Ocean*, towards PERU,
That coaſt of *Gold*, whilſt bluſtring *Tempeſts* blew
MENANDER'S Bark; being thus: MARPESAS breſt
Leſs *troubled* through vain *Hopes*, deſires, unreſt
(More calmly free) could better eſtimate
True, worthy *Love*, ſince found her *Own* ſo late
Slighted, refus'd. Thus (Reader) wings our Pen,
With haſt, to th' noble *Hermit*-payr agen.

And

And now their ſweeteſt *Week* was progreſs'd o're;
Fort nigh unvittayl'd grown, but thinneſt ſtore
'Gainſt Famine-ſiege, and *Storm*, unleſs ſupplies
From poor HERMONUS *Ghoſt*, or ſhowring *Skies*.
POLINDOR, loth to range TREGORS great Town
As *Catarer*, leaſt mark'd; and th' hired *Clown*
That brought the meat might blab; nor was the place
So *ſafe*, remote for longer time (alas)
Scan'd ſecond *Thoughts*: 'twas voted, joyntly agreed
T' inform RUFIN, their Cordiall friend, with ſpeed.
No *Meſſenger* though to be got, procur'd;
Nor, were there one, was th' noble *Youth* aſſur'd
For point of *Truſt*, himſelf muſt Agent prove;
Four miles and half the way: though tendreſt *Love*
Bred *Thoughts* of foul diſlike, diaſtrous grown
So long to leave the dear FLOSTEL alone:
Though knew that rocky *Cell* defenſive made
To wonder quiet'ſt Coaſt and calm; as ſayd.
Nor was the *Lady* damped much, or caught
Through *Selviſh* fears; the dear POLINDOR's thought
Moſt troubled her. Thus then, that very *Night*.
'Twas *Fixt*, reſolv'd: which being moſt Star-bright,
Deck'd with the fainter *Silver* of the *Moon*,
Th' old *Hermits* meaner Coat and Faulchion on
(Found falſe Beard there by chance) by ten's beſt hour,
He *Kiſſes* ſeald on his Belov'd, whole *ſhow'r*;
With which their *Souls* exchang'd, transferred are:
She wrung his parting Hand, then, dropt a fair
Tear on't (*Love's* juycy ſpirits) *Charm* 'gainſt ill;
Heaven-preſervative; whoſe Chryſtall *Still*,
Her fair *Eye*, how he gently kiſs'd agen,
Sighe's kindeſt breath repay'd! Unlocked when
The door, which lock'd again; then ſtrait to *Heaven*
Eyes ſolemn caſt, as if to their charge given
(Thoſe bright-e'yd *Starry* Watch) his deareſt *All*;
As thus had ſayd, *O guard from Wretched Thrall*

Yours,

Tours, mine, the wealthy Exchequer of the World;
Key thrown within to her, he's dart-like hurl'd
Towards their *Shepheards* vale. Way, not unknown,
Since had to th' *Woods* ſpread gallant Borders gone
With's great-horſe oft; yet ſtray'd the *Pilgrim* too:
Rouz'd up good old acquaintance with thoſe few
Kind *Marks*, for *Mute* informers; here his *Haſt*
Rebuk'd, chid there his ſlowneſs though, till paſt
Two longer Hours, his *Uncle* up he rouzes.
RUFIN inform'd of all, no moment looſes;
Bids, Cheer up, cries in mirth, *They lov'd bold feats*;
To tread Love-mazes ſtill; *Recruit with meats*
He could their Fortreſs *ſtrait, but (as deſir'd)*
Had gotten long ſince place more cloſe, retir'd
For both to Sojourn *in*: *fine ſhady'ſt* Grange,
Choyce-bow'r, Elizium-like. Thus, forth they range
Like two Night-ſpirits, on their tedious way,
Leaſt ſhould be over-took by th' *Morning-ray*.
How prone young Lovers often ſeem (alas)
To tread on troublous Cliffs, *and icy Waies*,
Shun'd ſafer-beaten Grounds! the Road *refuſe*
For doubtfull By-paths! *often Circles chuſe*
Prefer before the ſhort directer Line!
As here theſe ſeem'd, with Veſtall *Groves deſign*:
How love to Task *their painfull Selves! as though*
Loves *precious Sweets ſhould more tranſcendent grow*
Through hardſhip, Danger! or (intruth) as LOVE
So huge, ſo prime a Godhead *were, 'twould prove*
Lord *over fate*; *check Miſchiefs ſurely fry!*
Or (laſtly) as if conceiv'd ſo Rare, ſo high
Th' exalted Love-life, *that it muſt controul*
Lower *vulgar wayes, deſpiſe the earthy* Moal!
Though freakiſh humour'd Fortune *oft from thence*
Makes ſportive Game *on heedleſs Innocence.*
But here our Pen again to th' mateleſs Dove,
Sweet'ſt beſt FLOSTELLA-turns; whoſe deareſt *Love*,

Thought

Thought absent long, sad qualmish *Dream* besides
Of Tombs, with *Ghost*-masque, up she rouzes, glides
To th' window strait: *Moon*, *Stars* did glistering there
Obsequious Hand-mayds shine; *Shades* seem'd to wear
Mild, solemn *Browes*, her tallest Guard as 'twas;
But nought so lovely did adorn the place
As her POLINDOR's view: *My dearest Dear,*
O why so long? she cries. When nimbly here
Pale doubt, desire, to th' Iron-door transport her,
She *peep'd* once, twice through th' hole, but nought did
Like that beloved *Shape*: when, back retir'd, (court her
Faln on her saddest Couch, there strait respir'd
(First) od'rous *Sigh* from her; then, richest *Tear*
Strain'd sweetly forth; and then th' *Armes* folded were
As *Moan'd* her drooping *Heart*. She mus'd, computes
His Journeys measure first; time fitly suits
For th' *Uncles* rising too, then, for's return;
Last, counting th' hours by th' *Watch*, begun to *Mourn*
(Her double *Scoar* cast nimbly up) as though
The *Time* too long for th' labour, Task did show:
Love too the *Agent* turn'd. Thus *(short *Alas*
Sigh'd forth) to th' Window prov'd her second race;
Where faintly looking, *What not yet? so bright?*
Ay-me! withall she cry'd: when dismall'st Sight,
That Earth or *Hell* could belch forth, strook her *Eyes*.
She view'd that worthy'st *Youth*, whom she did prize
(Th'own Heart inform'd) next *Heaven*, brought between
Two, *Corps*-like, slain, cross th' open part oth' Green;
Born full-length, *stript* to's very Shirt (the *Moon*
Whilst *Gazing* seem'd as sad Spectator on,
Bright'st shining) crimson'd *Shirt*, with spots distain'd,
Like bleeding *Hearts* as 'twere; whilst hung disdain'd
Th' affrighted dangling *Curls*: upon his breast
Smooth *Taf'ty*-role with pendant *flap* did rest,
Bright *Faulchion* neer: his Arme held forth to view
(O dire!) broad gartring *Ribbon*, well she knew,

Conferr'd

Conferr'd on him firſt day ith' *Veſtall* wood,
And worn ſtill wreathed round: whoſe *Corps* beſtow'd
Ith' planted *Shade*, thoſe Men were vaniſh'd, gone.
This Object view'd, *O Horrour, ſcourge unknown!*
Heart's *trembling gaſps! O my Souls Hell* (ſhe cries)
Sight, fight, enough to blaſt Heav'ns purer eyes,
And Damp *their ſparkling* Fires! *O tenfold death!*
Ah Wo! Wo! Wo! why do I fondly breath,
The world, my ſelf Undone? *farwell, farwell*
All Faith, Worth, lovely'ſt Grace, what could Excell;
Joyes, *fly for ever; gones my deareſt All,*
And I'm no more. The Rocks reſounding wall
Groan'd here her mournfull *Eccho*; Gem-like ſtream
Of ſhowred *Tears*, with *Hayrs* torn wealth, did ſeem
Laviſh'd on th' duſty ground; thoſe whiteſt *Hands*
Both wrung, as though, *Fates* ſweeteſt countermands,
They would *Charm* back their Orders rage, ore pow'r
Work ſo prodigious: ſtrangely *Ecclips'd* that hour
Bright beauties *World* appear'd. *I come, I come*
(Sayd ſhe) *ere long to ſhare* Love's *martyrdome,*
Dear, deareſt Youth, *to taſt laſt frozen* Kiſs
So dye upon thee (*once my living Bliſs*)
Dear Corps *I come.* Here with what eager *Paſſion*
Key's ſought and found! when furious inſpiration
As though (wild *Prieſteſs*-like) her limbs poſſeſſing,
She ſlung to th' Iron Door, her fair *Hands* preſſing
Th' ore-churliſh *Bolt*; hard troublous grapple 'twas;
Being perform'd, forth hurry'd ſhe, wing'd pace,
Loud-voyc'd, *Ah my* POLIND! when ſuddenly
Five Cut-throat *Villains* ruſh'd upon her, nigh
Bruis'd with their rudeſt armes ſweet'ſt *Innocence*,
Heav'n in its type; true *Dreams* both proving thence.
At which ſcarce ſtartled (lo) ſince theſe conceiving
Thoſe ugly *Butchers*, providence *hope* giving
They'd ſoon diſpatch her too; fierce Grief's *Extream*
Stifling her naturall *Fear*, ſince dy'd with him

All

All further *Lifes-joy*; yet, to th' Soul confounded,
They ſtop'd her loving *Courſe*, theſe words ſhe ſounded
From dolefull-paſſion'd breſt. *Come, welcome you*
My dear Lord's *murtherers, ſince I ſhall* Sue
For that Death, *freely thank you, which ſo late*
You forced upon him; though (Fiend-like *hate!*)
Don't Kill *me double*: Range *this ſmaller Cell,*
Whilſt I but ſnatching take laſt poor Farwell,
Then ſtrike, *ſtrike home; I ſhall confeſs y'are* Men.
Here, urg'd to ſhew with Faulchion nak'd and keen,
What, where the *Prize*; that being inform'd as ſoon,
(Since all but Chaff, her dear POLINDOR gone)
One *Roague*, leſs iron-breſted, rudely leads
To th' fatall-curtain'd *Shade*, whoſe ſullen Beds
Seem'd unto her *Ghoſts* talk'd of Stygian *Wood*;
Couch of all *Ill*. That place of true loves blood
(*Corps* both) beheld, now blacker *Sables* lending.
She took her ſwift *Career*, her flight, though ſending
Sad'ſt mournfull *Voyce* before, and on his breſt
Falls like ſhot gliſtring Meteor. *O thou beſt*
Of Men, *but late* (*true Lovers honour, glory*)
But now of Ghoſts (ſayd ſhe) *though diſmall Story*
Where worſt of Fates inrol'd! I'm come, I'm come,
My Dear (faſt graſping her Joyes fancy'd *Tomb*,
His body, neck) *thy wretch'd, thy wretch'd* FLOSTELLA
(*O Sound, compos'd of miſchiefs*) *thus to pay*
My laſt Farwell; *then, break my loving* Heart:
Ah cold! cold! Kiſs *of Death!* (ſmall ſodain ſtart
Withall, ſhe cries; *Quick, haſt*; that Villain crying)
Death's froſt, alas! Then, blood-ſteep'd wounds eſpying.
Ah! Crimſon Founts, *that you had cleerly flow'd*
(Sayd ſhe) *from my Heart; various ſluicy* Road!
Sad'ſt Ports (*as 'twere*) *whence richeſt* Soul *conway'd*
O, had we not both One? *why tardy ſtay'd*
My hapleſs Half *behind? tru'ſt butchery!*
Twice, twice (*almoſt*) *thou* Swooning *dy'dſt for me,*

Now

Now Dead *indeed. O monumentall ſtif!*
No voyce? Souls *breathed whiſper? loathſome* Life!
Th'art torment, curſe unto me: You, ſo late
Cruell, now kind *become; as your ſtern Hate*
Divorc'd *us here on* Earth; *ſo (friendly) now*
Joyn us again in Heaven; *thus, I bow:*
O Kill *me over my dead Lord, and* Love.
Here, ſtoop'd for death, when, as ſome *Dream* did prove,
Amaz'd ſhe ſtarted up, ſtrong thoughts implying
Twas not POLINDOR's Corps. *O you All-eying,*
All-knowing Pow'rs, *am I awake?* (ſhe cries)
Or are you pleaſed thus t'abuſe mine eyes
With ſoothing, painted Viſion? *is not this*
My Dear? POLINDOR? *hah? ſuch cordiall Bliſs*
Own poor FLOSTELLA? *whence that* Taf'ty-role,
Broad Ribbond, Faulchion *then? my anguiſh'd Soul!*
It is not he; torn heart, 'tis not POLIND:
Ah! liv'ſt thou, breath'ſt *thou yet? ſome gentler Wind,*
Angel *inform my doubts. O righteous heaven,*
Fain would I now eſcape the Stroak, *but even*
For thy ſweet ſake: *ſtill doomfull threats of* Fate,
Horrours inviron me (th' unhappy Brat
Caſt out unto all Ill) Night, Death *ſurround;*
Whilſt Loſt *to thee, to mine own Soul, and drown'd*
In gulph of Sorrowes: *O, fain would I* Live,
(My choycely eſteem'd) ſince, thoſe Heart wounds *they*
Thou't Bleed *through them to death; my Tragedy (give,*
Muſt brooding cauſe thine, *Both alas muſt* Dye.
Here ſeiz'd all Five on her: This was in truth
That gentile *Swain,* call'd FLORIS (comely'ſt *Youth*)
That Midnight-wanderer, by th' *Veſtall* Grove
Talk'd it ſo late with th' *Eccho*, his dead *Love*
Lamenting unto *Ghoſts* and grieſly ſhade,
Where hop'd to find her ſtill, ere yet convay'd
To th' low'ſt *Elizium*: now doubly *ſlain,*
In mind and body both; though comfort, gain

That

That last, whose *Hearts* wound seem'd to cure his *heart*,
Lanc'd *Grief's* imposthume thus (most blessed smart)
And *Fates* were kind in it, since *Life* might show
His burden, torment: *Doom* much honour'd too;
Since *Mourned*, Wept (what higher solemnizing)
By GREECES glory, boast: Thus prov'd the thing.
These Cut-throat *Roagues*, far-straglers, most of whom
Were once that false BRUNDESCAK's Men, the scum
Of that base *Villains* fry (whom his *Moor-slave*,
Vext through his torturings at length, grown brave
Through *Fury*, chanc't to murther, *Stab*, when lying
In's *Summer*-house (though mark'd howe're for dying,
Since should have been that Even as *Traytor* seiz'd)
These Ruffian-villains, for long time profess'd
Grim *Landlords* of the *Road*, now growing poor,
Sought hunted for, slunk hither th' *Ev'n* before;
Meaning next day, some *Port* marine attain'd,
To turn *Sea*-robbers all, th' unfriendly *Land*
Less favouring them. Thus, greedy of prize and blood
Scouting along they saw where took the *Wood*
Young FLORIS, out of reach; more silent then
More *Mute*, by fits; thought-bury'd (Wretch of men!)
Seeking new distant Quarters, dismall *Shades*
Dark as his cloudy'd *Brest*: Each roundly invades
That same *Path*, dog'd the Lover, soft as *Ayr*
(Still big with *Sullen* thoughts, Profound dispayr)
For *Booty*: though conceiv'd, some *Lodge* close by
Might mend their single *Prize*. Till now, drawn nigh,
He entring just within the door oth' *Green*
All leapt upon him, where (swords, hearts too keen)
Thrust forth by *Stabs* his noysless, musing Soul
Through bleeding *Doors*: the *Corps* then softly stole
(Born fullest length 'twixt two) yet somewhat lower
Cross-green, ith' *Ladies* view, whilst his Brest bore
That *Rol'd* cap, *Faulchion* both; there hasty lay'd,
Whilst carry'd him to th' next entombing *Shade*.

As,

As for that *Robe*, with dangling flap, 'twas ſtill
Worn by thoſe Shepheard-*ſwains* of birth gentile,
As choyce diſtinct *Badge*; ſuch ſtill wore POLIND;
Although had left (indeed) his own behind
For th' *Hermits* meanet *Hat*, chang'd juſt at door
When going forth, though leſs obſerv'd by her:
That naked *Pawlchion* one oth' *Theeves* did claim;
And that *Arm-ribbon* (worn) kind Favour came
Long ſince from his Belov'd, CRESSA the fair.
Through all theſe *Marks*, his comelyer youth, his hair,
Stature, time, place concurring; ſadder *Dreams*,
Love-fears too, 'twas POLINDOR's *Corps* ſhe deems:
Hid more awhile through double *Night*, her paſſion,
And that dark *Shade* to boot. Thus, haſty faſhion
Their *Corps* thrown down, one ſpying ſtrait the *Cell*
(More booty promis'd whence) conceiving well
This for true *Owner*; falling back, they *All*
Wheel'd more about (unſeen) to th' blind ſide wall
By th' ſhaded *Pond*; till, juſt the door ope paſſing,
All ſeiz'd her *Priſ'ner* thus, to th' Souls amazing.

The *Cell* thus rifled, cleer'd, they hal'd her ſtrait
Along with them, threatning *Deaths* diſmall fate
If ought refus'd; Who, though her horrid *Fear*
(Sweet'ſt *Soul!*) prov'd living *Death*, choſe rather there
Thus to be drag'd by them in ſlower faſhion,
Since hoping thence more *Time* for preſervation:
What piteous glancings back to th' bliſfull *Cell!*
How *Sigh'd* to all her *Joyes* in that, farwell!
Thus, paſſing 'midſts that black and ugly'ſt *Crew*,
Th' firſt, pure, created *Light*, when breaking through
Chaos, ſhe ſeem'd; or in ſome moving *Cloud*
Wrapt *Lightning*-flaſh: then't ſhew'd, as if that croud
Of Nights brats had pluck'd down the ſilver *Moon*
(Which then prov'd hid, obſcur'd) that *Darkneſs* ſoon
Might choak th' whole *Earth*; as though they'd maſſacre
All *Excellence*, what's counted perfect, rare.

Dismall death's *Progress* 'twas, when drowsie *Heaven*,
Justice, both tranced seem'd; and Rapine even
Govern'd the *World*. One while her *Tongue* implores
Th' arch-villains, then th' Heav'ns highest Pow'rs adores;
Both *Equall*-deaf; she look'd upon *Trees*, *Stars*,
Whilst t' one, but *shreen'd* their Ruffians, t' other dares
Hold *Light* to th' barborous work; whose *Lamps* yet burning
Should rather (their *Skie*-sockets over-turning)
Fall on their heads; Nought seem'd with hopes to flatter;
All's quiet, lull'd, as *Hell* had brib'd whole *Nature*
To one grand *Villany*. Thus, reach'd the Path,
That trod some smaller while (though with less faith)
They chang'd their *Course* into the right-hand *Wood*
(Her *Plaints* then doubling) one oth' *Cut-throat* brood
Sounding small *Whistle* strait, to which Another
Answer'd for sign again (being sixt sworn *Brother*
Did tend their *Wardrobe* with their prize, far off)
That neerly'st follow'd they, where, safe enough,
They might first *Ravish* her, then, slaughtering kill;
'Twas *Second*-course to th' last, daintier blood still.
That month too PLUTO, God of wealth and *prize*,
They us'd to please with fair *She*-sacrifice
(Mayd, Widow, Wife, no matter which, so one)
Now far more strict, *Devout*, more bloody grown;
That PLUTO might, since dangerous fears at hand,
Safe *Guard*, protect them, whilst were yet on *Land*.

Ah, poor POLINDOR! *little do'st thou know*
Th' whole smarting Worlds, *but most thy fatall* Blow:
Does no kind Gale *sigh, whisper't in thine eare?*
No Thunder *roar it out? nor* Earthquake *bear*
The trembling newes? *(such monstrous Prodigies*
Would suite such monstrous foul Acts) *do not* Skies
Blaze it in starry *text? or's leytring, sleeping*
Thy Guardian-*angel now? rather, blood weeping,*
Gasps not thine own Heart *forth their errand? crying,*
Fatality! *all worth, all beauty's* Dying.

Had'st

Had'ſt thou but kept the Key! *but 'twas love's* Fault,
That over-haſty made, forgetfull that;
Though (truly) if loſt, or forc'd *from thee* Death's *ſtroak*
If ſeiz'd by th' way, then had ſhe ſtav'd ith' Rock,
Thy Death *for falſely mourn'd, but hapleſs Thou*
(Part chang'd) may'ſt Mourn *hers juſtly, truely'ſt now.*
Poor Wretch! *too late (alas) and yet too ſoon*
Thou com'ſt at once, to find thy ſelf Undone.

Thoſe luſty Travaylers, with eager haſt,
Attain'd to th' bulky *Wood* at length, and paſs'd
Along the right ſide, ſcouting; when a *Noyſe*,
Moſt *Faint* ſurpriſed them, and ſaddiſh voyce
That ſeem'd to boot: POLINDOR's bowels roul'd,
As if's own *Fleſh*, ſome *Spirit* did unfold
Twas his FLOSTELLAs *Tongue*: When, neerer going,
Moſt *Like* it prov'd, the very ſame *Voyce* ſhowing;
Dire, diſmall too become: *Worſt deſtiny!*
Haſt nobleſt Youth. FLOSTELLA *'tis, 'tis* She
As gaſping *Men* do ſnatch at *Souls* (as 'twere)
When on their wing, ſo ſeem'd his greedy eare
Strait at this precious *Voyce*; it ſeem'd the *Knell*
To all perfection, laſt dying Peal
To th' *Univerſe*. Strait both their nimble paces
Were doubled, yet withall each lightly traces,
Leaſt *Noyſe* diſpatch'd her ſoon; now heard they more,
It brokenly (ſtrength ſpent) call'd on POLINDOR--
LINDOR--DOR; as reſolv'd that *Name* ſhould ſweet
Her dying laſt *Breath*, and convey in it,
Hug forth her gentle *Soul*; one *Medley* almoſt
That name, ſighes, groans become; till now, all's ſoft!
Sad, dreadfull ſt *Silence* following, whiſt of *Death*
Thence ſhow'd, through fateſt gaſps, expiring breath.
When *Tiger*-like ruſh'd in, there ſtrait appear'd
To th' nimble glance, ſmall rude *Turf*-altar rear'd;
With *Flow'rs*, bright *Faulchion* glitt'ring on't; th' one ſide
Dim *Taper* ſickly burn'd, oth' other ſpy'd

Long, proſtrate, Womans *Corps* (lower half) diſplay'd
On th' ſadly enriched ground: whoſe *Sight* portray'd
Some new done *Sacrifice*, Snatch'd joyntly there
(By chance) two *Targets* up, which ſcatter'd were
On th' idle ſoyl, POLINDOR made the Firſt
(Partly unwares) to Vomit forth th' accurſt
Foul *Soul* (moſt active, ſtrong, of ſpirit undaunted
Love-fir'd to boot) then, churliſh Second graunted
Deaths, hells joyn'd *Paſs-ſports*; whilſt RUFIN the Third
Sent to fright *Ghoſts*: POLINDORS hungry Sword
(Wriſt ſcratch'd) unkennell'd *Soul* oth' ſturdy Fourth:
Next, with RUFIN (found cloſely'ſt grappled, worth
Timely aide) diſpatch'd the damned Fifth; Sixth fled:
Then, running to th' *Worlds* wonder (once) earth ſpread,
Half-nak'd FLOSTEL, he found her *Corps*-like lying;
Cheeks rufull'ſt-pale, *Death's* Scutcheon, more then dying.

At which turn'd raging, furious, *Hour of doom!*
Strange, horrid'ſt Spectacle, that Midnights *Womb*
Ere ſwell'd with; cries: call'd on her faireſt *Clay*,
Cry'd, 'Twas POLINDOR call'd. Each needfull way
Mean while RUFIN, long skilfull'ſt Artiſt, us'd;
Beg'd heavens *Ayd*, hot, powerfull'ſt *Spirits* infus'd
For th' brain (glaſs born about him). ſince appear'd
Yet no *Deaths* wound, nor bruiſe; moſt ſtrangling fear'd
(And ſtrangled ſtill thoſe *Off-ſprings* prov'd, it ſeems,
To *Pluto*, quart'ring next their proſtrate Limbs)
Rub'd, bow'd her body oft. *Ah horrour!* (crying
Th' ore-whelm'd POLINDOR here) *you never-dying*
Powirs, O blaſt me too, my Life, *ſince take*
My Souls Joy *comfort from me*; *rack! Souls* Rack!
All Worth, ſweet's vaniſh'd. Throughly bath'd RUFIN
Her Breſt with ſoveraign Cordiall *Juyce* ('twas ſin
Conceiv'd, when found without it) chaf'd her bow'd
Whilſt th' *Other*, though, grand chance cold *Water* allow'd
(*Theeves* pitcher by) ſome drops were thrown upon her
Dire task: POLINDOR, ſtill, ſtill calling on her,

Lou

Loud'ſt voyce, FLOSTELLA, *dear* FLOSTELLA; *O,*
Why tread'ſt thou this vile earthly Maſs *below?*
Its Gem, *choyce treaſure gone, ſhe ſoar'd above!*
Sweet'ſt, faireſt Soul! when now, diſcern'd to move;
He calling ſtill, FLOSTELLA, *Deareſt:* Rare
Th' whole proſpect, ſight t' have ſeen that *World* of fair,
Of ſweet, and lovely as 'twere new-created,
New beauteous-*Soul'd*; each wonder, grace reſtated
In *Cheeks, Lips*, gallant'ſt Forhead; thoſe *Sun-eyes*
Break forth their *Morning-lids*, while th' eaſtern Skies
SOL brake as 'twere to view't, juſt then; though glanced
That *Day-break* but from theſe, POLINDOR fancy'd
(His day of joyes at leaſt) moſt freſh and warm
Ere long ſhe growes: *Heav'ns* goodneſs, and that *Charm*
POLINDOR's *Voyce* have crown'd, rebleſt the *World.*
When ſtrait into her deareſt boſome hurl'd,
With ſtricteſt *Folds*, with warm but eager *Kiſſes*
He new endanger'd her; 'midſt which Love-bliſſes
Both ſeem'd awhile *Intranc'd*, their mutuall kind
Souls whiſpring thus ſad *Tales* (as 'twere) intwin'd,
Moaning each other. How through diſmall fear,
Spent Spirits (loathſome *Rape* and *Death* ſo neer)
That *Swooning* ſeiz'd, one gaſping Rogue confeſt;
Ore-heard by glad POLINDOR: There did reſt
Th' whole Booty, prize, with hundred pounds beſide
Oth' *Theeves* in gold (that lately was *Blood-dy'd*)
Rang'd by RUFIN; who both with voyce awaking,
POLINDOR (lo) firſt ſilence breaks, Love making
His *Joyes* thus ſweetly'ſt known. *And, O you Skies,*
You Pow'rs *of laſting Daylight, do theſe* eyes
Behold ſent back my deareſt Dear (*as 'twere*)
From ſhades of Death? *from your own bliſfull Sphear*
Rather, where meant ſome Star-beſtudded Throne:
Bleſt Flight, *return! Theſe alſo th'* Honour *done*
(*Theſe Hands*) *to bleed ſome purple for her ſake!*
Some drops! *thereby redeeming her from* Wrack,

From double Death *of Ravishment and slaughter*
(As she twice reskew'd me) th' unequall'd Daughter
Of all your glory, praise! O mercy ador'd!
When she, again; *And has kind* Heav'n *restor'd*
As 'twere from Field *of ghosts, my dearest* Gem?
So long lamented in that dismall Dream
As Dead, *though in the* Shape *of wretch'd another?*
My life's-guard, Champion too conjoyn'd to th' other
(Whose blood might Kisses *stanch! to beauteous skare*
Tears *balm improve! th' hurts bound with mine own* Hair)
Blest change of Fate! *how precious sweets Reprive!*
Now onely do I Live, *since thou Alive!*
Take thy Swords conquer'd Prize, *and be that kind*
Trance *thank'd, which made me to thy* Danger *blind.*
Thus holds he all Earths lovely'st wealth re-given;
Chief providentiall *Favour* deign'd, next *Heaven.*
Whilst round the Place, wak'd with her former Groans,
Fight, *Break of day* to boot, their warbling tones
Chirp'd loudly forth those *Wood*-inhabitants
(Prime *Morning*-consort) each how frolick vaunts
Their joy, their skill; seem'd thus *Congratulate*
To both at once, FLOSTELLS revived fate;
With *Reuniting* of this worthy Payr;
Thus, stream'd with Caroll'd mirth both *Wood* and *Ayr*
So strangely pow'rfull, influentiall proves
True noble *Love*, that *Brutes* themselves it moves.
And here, most jealous grown the fair FLOSTEL,
Through late unhappy *Fright* oth' lonely *Cell*
(Though *Singular* event, strange wonder 'twas)
Nor seem'd so distant, safe, secure the *Place*
As wish'd, indeed; 'twas voyced o're and o're
For th' dainty'st private *Grange*: next Town TREGOT
Would *Coach* them for their Voyage fitly too:
Thus, Both intwin'd, they softly'st travers'd through
Those twinkling *Shades* to th' bord'ring *Medows* side:
RUFIN their *Porter* grown, love's God their guide.

When

When ſtrait, as Burthen to that former *Song*,
Sad *Voyce* amaz'd them both, conceiv'd a throng
Of bitter Sighes, and ſobs, complainings, wo
(As th' froward *Morn* were proudly brooding too
Her *Viperous* miſchiefs) ſeem'd as th' *Heart* 'twould break,
Death thus foreſtall'd, contemn'd; that manner wreak
Vengeance on *Fate*. Which ſtrange tune, perfect *mourning*
Drawn neer, they Womans *Garb* diſcry'd, and turning
Her head about, who ſhould (alas) this be
But poor ARDINA, th' *Nurſe*, unhappy ſhe!
Who, having reach'd that *Veſtall* manſion, late
O're *Night*, with ſtrange events oblig'd to wait
On her beloved *Lady* there: anon
Inform'd by all, that ſhe was wander'd, gone
For *Thracias* Kingdome, none knew where (though moſt
She feard (indeed) through deſperate *Sorrow* loſt)
Loſt in her own *Mind*, *Way* to boot, through paſſion,
Sh' had roam'd it thus all night in dolefull faſhion.
Who cleerly view'd, FLOSTELLA, ſtoln behind,
Cry'd (graſping) *Take thy Miſtreſs*; when th' ore-kind
Tranſported Wretch was neer unto *Joy-ſwoon*,
How hug'd, how kiſs'd her! wept! nor could be ſoon
Convinc't (intrath) but 'twas her Ladies *Ghoſt*:
Though when inform'd, as *Spouſe* by her ingroſt
That fine, compleat, young *Lord* (to boot) O then,
Had not the *Lady* timely'ſt kiſs'd it in,
Her *Soul* had doubtleſs leapt forth, took *Vagary*
As had her body late. Thus, mean breſts carry
Sound trueſt *Hearts* oft-times; till now, reſtor'd
Full to her ſelf, tongue breath did joyntly accord
To ſpeak their weighty *News*, though late at ſtrife.
COMMANDRA, great ARPLASTUS proudeſt *Wife*,
Having for all that wanton ſeaſon paſt
Held *true* to him (if Whoriſh *Lover*, unchaſt
Worth nobleſt *Style* of truth) ſcarce added now
Nine full months more, when ſacred *Marriage*-vow

More strongly oblig'd her too't, begins to rave
Through sordid new *Lusts*; which (although she gave
Slight *Honours* check sometimes) within few daies
Burst forth most furious *Flame*, whose wanton *blaze*
Sought but convenience: good Choyce in loving,
As had ARPLASTUS done before, approving.
Thus, rarely'st *Innocence*, once being stain'd,
Found purg'd and wash'd white; *Virtue* lost, regain'd.

Besides, this *Blew* th' hot wanton Forge, a *Son*
(To towring'st honours, fortunes th' heir alone)
Most greedy of; and doubting much her *Lord*,
Since no *Sign*, *Blossome* yet (th' unchast Accord
Those former six years too) she'l change condition,
Diet, try more: so serve both *Lust*, *Ambition*.
The Object, *Person* prov'd gentile and fine,
CYPRIAN by birth; not *Natures* mean Design
For face and limb, spruce-modell'd, handsome *Peice*
(Her Graces *Usher*, so) conjoyn'd to this
Prime voyce, rare Musick's *art*: whom her close *Favour*,
Amorous enough before, had now taught braver
Bold *Feats*, exploits; since *Looks* can paint desires
(Each *Touch* grown kind and Mystick) blaze *heart-fires*.

Thus, now some fortnight past, ARPLASTUS rod
To far-fam'd *Hunting* match, 'twas spacious *Wood*
Ten miles from home; where meant some following
To rest with bord'ring *friend*, 'mid sport-delights. (night
But so it chanc'd, that busie Morn, a *Fray*
(Sport's rougher *Wrong-side* oft) at bleeding bay
Set th' *Hunting*-masters, men themselves turn'd Curs:
Some bauling Dog or *Mistress* th' angry stirs
Ingendring first; from words they grew to wounds:
Smart *Siding*, parties follow'd, till their *Hounds*
At length most *Morall* seem'd, 'twas turn'd to Chase
Or fray of silvan Bores: which bloody place,
Foul *Clashings* wisely ARPLASTUS left, withdrew.
And being inform'd, his *Friend* was wander'd too

Far

Far off, with's totall train (th' intruding *Plague*, *Death*, his Joynt-tenants left) as *Witch* or Hag
Had croſt with ill luck, back he gallopt home,
Vext, heated; *Noon* much over-paſt being come,
Wife forth, he walk'd directly (ſoftly'ſt pacing)
Towards that cooleſt *Grot*, SOL's beams out-facing:
Where with's own Key that outward *Door* oth' ground
Unlocked firſt, to th' Summer-houſe chief bound.
Drawn neer, ſome gentler *Sattins* ruſsle ſcar'd (heard
(Such, *Wind*, *Leaves* whiſpring noyſe) joyn'd *Him*; ore-
Theſe, twice, thrice o're; when *Darting* ſtrait his eye
Through th' empty Lockhole there (Soul-blaſted nigh,
Turn'd wondring *Statue*) ſtrange *Luſt-antick* rack'd
That way his *Heart*: COMANDRA ith' very Act
With her own formall Cringer, *Conge*-man,
'Twixt whom *Himſelf* ſeem'd merely butcher'd, Slain:
His firſt *Luſts* wages, this. When grown all *fir'd*
(Suddain thoughts too, through her damn'd art expir'd
Sweet'ſt, beſt ORANTHES *Life*) the baudy Door
His own Key open'd ſtrait; then, griping th' Whoor,
Keen *Dagger* coupled cloſely with her *Heart*,
Till hug'd her *Saul* from thence; cool, new *Love*-dart:
The *Man* eſcaping: Thus has righteous Heaven
Payd poor ORANTHES *Ghoſt*, at once made even
Sad, double *Scoar*. This diſmall dalliance ended,
He ſtorm-like hurry'd back, ere long attended
To's Chamber, *Bed*, where violent *Feaver* burn'd;
Through rage and th' former heat; his Body turn'd
All *Furnace*, torrid-zoan: th' incenſed *Blood*
Sulphureous boyling *ſtreams*, whilſt Guts they ſhew'd
Rolls of match, fit'd: Thus, th' *Oyl* conſum'd, exhauſted
(Juyce, Spirits gone) *Life's* Lamp ſoon languiſh'd, waſted.

What time, ARDINA, bed confined too
Through ſickneſs (nor great haſt) defer'd to ſhew
Her deareſt *Lady* ought (whom promiſe ty'd
Ne're to take Veſtall *Vow*, till ſpecify'd,

Firſt

First known to her) now were th' whole *Funrals* o're:
Though this for *Cordiall* joyn'd, ARPLASTUS wore
Good *Father's* parting heart; and, dying *Kind*
(His lands turn'd o're in truſt) did ſtrongly ſt bind
Her *Uncle* ANSELVIN, late from *Seas* return'd
(Though long believ'd for dead, deplored, mourn'd)
To give up all upon his *Daughters* claim,
Which *Nobly ſt* offer'd, ere ARDINA came.

Such was th' Event: the ſweet'ſt FLOSTELLA hears
Her Fathers *death* with ſobreſt filiall *Tears*,
Kind *Funrall*-ſhow'rs: moſt melting, moſt ſoft-hearted:
Till all muſt comfort her, Alleadg'd, ſh' had *ſmarted*
Much through his *Fondneſs*; reading wiſely thence
Rare, ſignall *Acts* of divine Providence.

And now that *Prince* of day had (pow'rfull) rays'd
The *World* from nights dark *Chaos*, Mountains blaz'd
And Woods, with golden *Brows*, fine golden *Treſſes*
(*Tranc'd* Earth awak'd, when Men made their egreſſes
For work, for paſtimes) whilſt thoſe *Winged* Quires
Chanted their *Morn*-devotions to SOL's fires:
How ſeem'd to pride himſelf in *Beamings* round,
Whilſt view'd his *Half-worlds* Lordſhip, globy ground.

Here ſtrait RUFIN rouz'd himſelf for TREGOR,
Mile off, t' hire ſpeedy *Coach* from thence, for more
Conveyance, health; their feeble *Lady* tyr'd;
Whoſe *Body*, *Mind* to boot (though ſo admir'd,
Angellick-pure) ore-powr'd, now drooping ſhew'd
Too much ſad Frayſty (alas) of *Fleſh* and *blood*.
When empty *Coach*, four horſes, whirl'd apace
Cloſe by them for TREGOR (which very place
All aym'd at) to fetch ſome *Gallants* thence;
Him ſtrait they *Fee'd*, more quick convenience.

Arriving there, the *Lady* ſafe was ſhrouded
In cloſe Out-cottage ſtrait (ſo's loſt, ore-clouded
Bright *Cinthia* oft; ſo ſkulk'd in earthen *Cell*
Gems lodge: ſo couched (laſtly) ith' ſimpler Shell

Does

Does th' orient *Pearl* appear) though ſpruce and *neat*:
When choyceſt *Cordials* ſought with buſie ſweat,
Procur'd by skill'd RUSIN (life-ayds, ſupports)
Thence to *Recruit* in Natures weaken'd *Forts*
Their dear ſpent Spirits, th' *Ayr* that morning-hour
Quicken'd by *art*, through influentiall pow'r
Of certain Strow'd *Herbs*, *Plants*, whilſt ſweetly riſe
(Fuming tow'rd Heav'n in kind of Sacrifice)
Rich *Odorous* clouds, to cheer, refreſh her Brain:
Laſt, drowſie Juyce receiv'd, by *Sleep* does raign
O're her infeebled *World*, th' offenſive Light,
Noyſe baniſh'd round, all's turn'd to *Ocean* of night:
The *God* of ſlumbers (*Amnion* grown) imbracing
Her lull'd *Senſe*, twenty-hours, diſquiets chaſing.
Thus, that next Morn, freſh, ceavayl-proof ſhe *Wakes*
Seldome *Heav'n* moanfull *Virtue* long forſakes.
Though know, that day before (as meet) RUSIN
Transferr'd unto her *Uncle* theirs deſign
By nimble *Poſt*, that they would viſit him
This ſecond *Night*, leaſt elſe ſurprized ſeem
(ANSELVIN whom by Name we ſtyl'd of late)
When, going back, he chanc'd congratulate
Old *Merchant* friend of his; poſſeſt by whom
Four curious TYRIAN *Robes* (that were became
His late Sea-prize) for Male and Female thoſe,
From thence for PERSIAN *Prence* and *Princeſs* choſe:
Though Two moſt richly gorgeous found, eſteem'd
(Whereof anon) Two, rich, but ſlighter-trim'd;
Choyce Garb, much in th' ARCADIAN *Court* allow'd.
That ſlighteſt Manly Robe, which ſeem'd leſs proud,
Was purple *Sattain* Suit, looſe formed Coat,
Long-button'd both with ſilver *Flowr's*, fine-wrought;
But her's *Aurora*-ſattin, ſhone, th' adorning
Bright *Silver* trayls, for *Lace*. Theſe ſecond morning
Were fully view'd, and bought by th' noble *Payr*;
How primely fit! th' *Occaſion* too ſo rare!

Since

Since publick Objects growing now, more ey'd
Gaz'd at, for *Sun-like* rank, eſtate beſide.
Thoſe meaner-trim'd, much Nobler then their own,
Freſh too, for *Travayl*-garb were then put on.
Th' *Hoſt* well diſcharg'd, with whom that *Hundred* pound
Oth' Theeves was left; proclaimed which if found
None th' *Owner*, 'twas decreed for th' hungry *Poor*.
Thus All, well-coach'd to th' with, by early hour
Set prancing forth, the *Morn* whilſt ſmiling ſhow'd;
Seem'd glad FLOSTELLA thus was come abroad
(Proud t' *Uſher* her) which being withdrawn, ore-paſt;
Bright PHOEBUS driving now his *Steeds*, with haſt,
Down th' *Aera'd* weſtern road, with *Charret* blazing
(As though kind Harbinger) their light wheels grazing
Thoſe pleaſant flowry *Plains*; ere-long (beguil'd
Through over-haſt) they paſs'd ſmall *Forreſt*, wild,
Unuſed track: yet onwards ſtill they ſtray'd,
All's Chanting, verdant, *ſweet*: When th'are diſmay'd
Soft *Groanings*, cries (ſcarce heard) like ſome tormented,
Stroaks louder much: when further lo's preſented,
Through ſmaller *Glade*, this horrid *Sight* to view
(Nor blaz'd much Danger n't) 'twas onely Crew
Of five or ſix *Hags*, muffled, all ſurrounding
Naked *Man* bound; with *Whipcord*-ſcourges wounding
Or Burchen Rods. Both hands were cloſely knit
To *Tree's* ſtrong upper *Branch*, whilſt ſhackled feet
Faſt ty'd to th' ſtumps below; thus, all expos'd
Th' whole *Body* ſtood, full diſmall *Mark*; though clos'd
His glove-ſtop'd mouth, thence ſtifling louder *Moan*.
Drawn neer, his *Body* gor'd with blood, like one
Entire ſore ſeem'd to view; or as, the *Skin*
New *Shifted*, fley'd, 't had for ſome Shambles been:
Moſt hideous Lump, grown doubly *Nak'd*, yet ſtill
Thoſe Bayted round his fleſh like anvill, ſteel
(Th' unmatch'd *Hell-beadles*) as they'd conjure out
His vagrant Soul: oft crying thus th' whole *Rout*;

Dog,

Dog, Villain, we are Furies *come to plague*
Thy vile flesh. Busy'd thus, one purſie *Hag*
Spying RUFIN, All turn'd to wondring gaze;
He ſeem'd half-charmed too, joy'd heaven 'twas
To th' tortur'd *VVretch* this ſmaller truce, whoſe *Groan,*
Look double pitty crav'd. When, ask'd anon
The cauſe of all; *Twas he* (thoſe Hags reply)
Had done theſe cruell Theſts, theſe Rapes hard by
(*Purſe-leech, Fleſh-devill*) Providence *thus bound him;*
And they were Furies *ſent from Fate, to wound him.*

RUFIN ſtar'd more; POLINDOR with FLOSTEL (*Hood* down) approach'd them, *May-game,* maſque of Th'whole Sight appear'd: Til now, his freer tongue (*Hell* Releas'd, *No Theef* (he loud exclaim'd) *they wrong;* *'Twas he was rob'd bound.* When th' whole Antick fry With ſtrange Signes rounded them, more mutteringly Diſclos'd the *Riddle* ſtrait, why all was done: That STORGUIS 'twas, that vile BRUNDESCARS *Son,* ASTORIN's downfall (whom by face RUFIN Well knew) who, proving th' Fathers *Heir* in *ſin,* Worſe Villain, had blood-ſuck'd (as 'twere by pow'r Moſt of their *Husbands* chief eſtates, that hour Lay'd *Gaſping*; raviſh'd too three of their *Daughters* (This had he likewiſe heard) thoſe *Virgin* ſlaughters Added to th' firſt; as then kept one his Whore: Thus, *Neighing* on, till tempted yet one more To her Fames *death*; cloſe *Pander*-letters wooe, That ſhe would meet that Noon ith' *Cave* below, Where ſhould find *Golden* ſhow'rs. This, wiſely ſcan'd, The *Mayd* to th' Mother ſhew'd, whoſe cunning hand Wrote back from her, ſhe'd wait on him, if ſo He'd come by ſtealth: when ſtrait th' whole injur'd row, Thoſe *Wives* and Mothers met; their *Husbands* lay Lodg'd in that *Cave,* diſguis'd, like men of *Prey* (Forg'd plot) where ſeiz'd, then left him nak'd and bound: Thoſe gone, theſe (Muffled, Arm'd) did thus ſurround

Like

Like *Stygian* Furies, ſent to fall upon him:
So, wrought in part their griev'd heart *Vengeance* on him,
Nor knew he whence the Wrong: thoſe men conceiv'd
Meer Robbers, *Theeves*, while th' Hags ſouls *Guilt* believ'd
Plain *Furies* come from Hell. The whole Juſtice ſhow'd;
Whoſe treacherous *Father* ended too in blood.
This ſaid, whilſt they th' Arch, puniſh'd *Rogue* unbind,
Thoſe *Hags* were vaniſh'd all, and gone like *Wind*.
STORGUS they left at next *Wood*-bordring Cell,
Though ſcarce could lye nor ſit (in truth) to ſteal
Short *Napping-fit*; POLINDOR well from hence
Leſſon'd, by th' way, 'gainſt *Rapine*, *Violence*.

Thus, prancing forwards, All betimes (ere night)
Approach'd that ſecond *Eden* of delight,
FLOSTELLAS ſtately'ſt *Home*; where round the place
Bow'rs, Meadowes, Groves, as with new *Summers* face
(*Freſh-dreſt*, as 'twere, through new rare influences)
Welcome their *Miſtreſs* ſeem'd: from *Leavy* fences
Birds chant their prayſe in Hymenean ſong,
Each Buſh turn'd jolly quire; whilſt *Flowry* throng
Low-bended as 'twere, *Curſey*-homage ſhowing
(*Gale*-mov'd) their Paſture-way with *perfumes* ſtrowing;
Skies ſmiling round; *Weſt*, Morn-like bluſhing, fair,
Bride-cheek'd, as ſtrove FLOSTELLAS ſelf to *Payr*;
Whence *Sun* did ſeem to *Dart* in amorous Blaze
VVelcome, goodnight to both: Thus, on they paſs.
VVhen, neer her *Manſion*, forth th' adjoyning *Thick*
Small *Ruſtick* troop appear'd, cloath'd, furniſh'd like
Harveſts ſons Daughters; ſprucely'ſt trim'd to the *Eye*;
Men *Sickles* bore, toſt, flouriſh'd ſprightfully,
Whilſt Women *Rakes*; their gallant *Hats* of ſtraw,
Joyn'd Flowry brooch to each: All deck'd they ſaw
With wreath'd *Wheat*-girdles round. But know the *Twain*
Which led both *Sex*, as eithers Soveraign
(Fine, jolly payr) were theſe; the *God* of *Wine*,
BACCHUS, whoſe curled head, ſwoln waſt intwine

Grapes

Grapes Gem-like *clusters*; in whose hand there show'd
Glass-bottle of Grapes pure and sprightly *Blood*.
His mate CORNS *Goddess*, CERES, quaintly'st crown'd
With *Gold-eard* sprigs, like *Circle* did surround
Her waist too, Basket th' had, adorn'd *enrich'd*
With *Fruits* gay wealth: Both these (by turns) beseech'd
The *Lady* taste this from their fuller store,
In country-rhimes; small Earnest 'twas of more;
What *Corn* and *Wine* to both should yearly abound,
Fruits of the blisfull *Womb*, as well as ground.
Which *Guift* most kindly took, with *Richest* smile,
That sweet'st of Women (back repay'd the while)
From her *Town*-tenants, who conjoyn'd had made
This rude *Masque*: Dance forsooth (for cloze) they had
Till whisper'd by RUFIN, their dance was yet
Less suited to her *Mind*, that merry *Fit*
Was layd aside: Now th' open Gates they view.
Where noble ANSELVIN, with some *Remnant*-few
Her *Fathers* good old Servants, ranged stands;
Who, doubly joy'd (indeed) those slavish *Bands*
Of vile COMANDRA shatter'd broke, beside,
Sweet'st face of their *Young Lady* (long lost) ey'd;
All burst forth into sober, downright *Crying*:
Loud'st *Welcome*, that, words empty ayre out-tying.
Lighted, ANSELVIN closely strait intwin'd
His lovely'st *Neice*, as Steward all resign'd;
Whereof (her Eye first sweetly'st cast to *Heaven*;
Then, Gratefull'st pearly *Tear* as off 'ring given)
With kindest Lip-heart-welcome, frankly she
POLINDOR *Master* makes; as Noblest he
Had crown'd her his hearts *Mistress*, long before.
Thus, proved *All* her own still, never more.
See what Heav'ns can produce, how blisfull Morrow
Pregnant with *Joyes*, as sable Night with *sorrow*!
We shall not (Reader) here that Evenings talk,
Actions recount, each pleasant *Garden*-walk,

How

How view'd by both; those stately'st Founts and Mases;
There th' *Lady* shew'd, COMANDRAS first kind *Blazes*,
Toyings burst forth; her Young ORDELLAN there
Courted with *Masques* both gazing eye and eare:
There pointed she to th' *Bow'r*, where first *Love*-potion
Held forth to her, that Candy'd amorous motion
There had she traced oft with Folded armes,
Fixt eyes on *Earth* and *Heaven*, those cunning *Charms*
Of hers, those spleenfull Spights (at length) t' oppose;
How *Sigh'd*, *mus'd*, *wept*! There, for conclusion, shows
That doubly amorous and fatall *Grot*
(Fatall to th' *Whoor*) nor lastly was forgot
That dancing *Antick* stage, the adjoyning *Grove*;
Oft whilst POLINDOR did with th' armes of Love
Intwine his *Spouse*, how breathing forth *Soul* even
In *Joyes* to her, and thankfull *Praise* to heaven!
Next morn, this *Epithalm* (next th' Ayery quire)
Saluted both, well sung to th' Roman *Lyre*;
Spark of ANSELVIN's love, poetick fire.

SONG.

I.

Choyce Planet-pair, *by Heavens design'd*
(*Those old surpassing*)
For Conjunction, *live combin'd*
(*Through whose imbracing*
Worth *survives*,
Perfection *lives*)
Star-race *on us bestowing*;
Whilst to skies amazement gives,
Each SOL *or* VENUS *showing*.
Mix rayes, *Eye-beams joyn in looks*,
As Hearts *in kisses*,
Nights joyes; *True love-coupling sucks*
Forth Souls *in blisses*:
Bath thy flames
Young Sun, *she shames*

THETIS

THETIS, *Loves dearer* Ocean;
Thou't rise more glorious, all Joy claims
Her Touch, Ice *then takes motion*

3.

Flesh and blood's AMBROSIA *th' hast,*
Earth's Dainty, *treasure*;
Fat home well thou mayst her wast,
But nere thy Pleasure;
Fram'd she is
For Extasies,
Unions high'st sweet; excelling:
Love's Indies, World, *dear'st* All's *in this,*
Man's longings paralelling.

Give her thy All agen;
Coyn Beauties, Virtues, *till your Ten*
Twenty-fold selves deck th' Orb terrene.

Mean while ORTHERIS (bury'd man to all
These *weighty* great things) Pensive treads the *Vale,*
Through former harsher *Stars,* those late unkind;
Though chiefly tost within his various mind
This late strange *Dream,* or mystick *Vision.*
He seemed couch'd upon some *Rock,* alone (ing
(While's wandring *Sheep* beneath) whose crest or'e-peer-
Vast' troubled *Sea*; Winds loudly chas'd, *Waves* rearing
To fight against the skies; *Skies* storm'd agen
With *Cataracts*; 'midst which tumulteous *Scean,*
Foul discord, fairest *Vessell* seemed tost,
Bandy'd to *Ruin* quite, where sunk and lost
The *Lord* POLIND. When *Sea* more swelling high
Conceiv'd in his own Breast, th' *heart* wracking nigh
All turn'd, oth' suddain, dainty'st calm and whist
Like lull'd *Babes,* smooth as cheeks of *Virgins* kis't
Soft *Gale* the wrincled *Main*: delicious season!
When floating *Temple,* lo (thing strange to reason)

Came towards him upon the Sun-guilt *Wave*;
Whose Tarras'd open front *Masque*-prospect gave
Of *Gods* and *Goddesses*, there stately enthron'd:
At whose feet (though) choyce *Favourites* there own'd,
Young *Man* and *Mayd* appear'd, resplendent shining,
Close-arm'd, with Nuptiall *wreaths* and *robes* combining,
Shap'd like POLINDOR just FLOLTELLA fair.
Formost rod *Nymphs* on *Dolphin*-backs, which bare
Flow'r-baskets, others sweetly'st *Harp'd*, as though
Still'd thence th' *Ayrs* broils, & charm'd mad Depths be-
To *Sleep*, with their Marine harmonious *Noyses* (low
Till reaching now the *Rock*, all mounted, Voyces
Harps joyn'd; those formost Nymphs still strowing round
Rose, *Violets*, till turn'd to VENUS ground;
Love's Bridall *Shore*. These handmayds follow'd soon
That beam-encompass'd Cluster (each as *Sun*
Rouz'd from the *Flood*) with godlike, ayery paces:
Drawn neer, APOLLO first advanc'd, forth traces,
POLINDOR in his hand, whom gently does
Present to th' Duke ORTHERIS, speaking thus.

Here Retir'd Lord, *take thy brave*
Gem-son *from the Watry Grave*;
Born in HYMENS Temple *to thee*,
With such favours Gods *do woo thee*:
Take him too as dropt from Skie,
Through whom, nere thy Fame *shall dye*.

Then step'd forth PALLAS with th' unequall'd *Mayd*,
Who seem'd *divinely* Blazing too, and sayd,

Thy Pearl-daughter *from the Tomb*
Take again, as from Deaths Womb;
Chang'd though Name and Face, thou hast
Daughter *still, more lovely grac't*;
Choyceſt blessing Heav'n *could give*,
In whom KALASP, DORISBE *live*.

Then HYMEN marriage-god, and stately'st she
Births Goddess, JUNO, march'd forth solemnly;
Joyn'd both their *Hands*, whose words did thus agree:

New

None theſe Hands Hearts *dare to ſever;*
Grow your Joyes unnumber'd, ever.
This ſayd, All vaniſh'd round, though leaving there
That young joyn'd *Couple* (favour ſtill) howere:
When ſtrait ORTHERIS ſleeps *Bands* wildly broke
(Or were't ſome *Trance*) through wonder, joy awoke.
Here, riding poſt, RUFIN the ſtrange *Event*
Broke wiſely to him; though, by joynt Conſent,
Maſquing that dangerous *Nuns* plot, deſign;
As though meer *Fear* did all that while confine
To ſome dark place, the cloſely eſpouſed *Payr*:
ORTHERIS when, as born anew the rare
POLINDOR, lent from *Death* to life, rejoyces;
Approv'd beſides his Nobleſt beſt of *Choyces*:
Her *Father* too, whilſt both were Young, deſign'd
His *Brother*-travayler, both neerly twin'd
In ſtricteſt forraign League; oft *Friendſhip* proving
Endeared more through dangers, ſtronger-loving:
Yea, whilſt an *Infant* was, had kiſs'd beſide,
Oft *Dandled* in his armes the lovely *Bride.*
Nor heighten'd leaſt that rareſt *Trance*, or Dream,
Wherein th' *Immortall* troop of Gods did ſtream
Full ſhow'rs of bleſſings on him; told RUFIN,
Thus, threatning *Viſit* (lo) though fondly ſeen
Th' ill-look'd *World* once agen, till view'd his fair
Reviv'd DORISBE in her (much brighter *Star*)
Quick winged *Poſt* was ſtrait diſpatch'd, to tell
What time preciſe: which nobleſt *Promiſe* well
The *Duke* perform'd, ſixth day for th' Journey chuſing;
Arriv'd; whoſe preſence *Joy* through all diffuſing.
Next day was kept their ſolemn Bridall *Feaſt*,
Huge, pompous-garniſh'd; many a *Lordly* gueſt,
Knight, *Lady* there, whoſe gallant joyned port
Shone with the *Luſtre* of ſome *Princes* Court:
All things moſt gorgeous left, for houſhold-ſtate,
To th' ready hand, by prov'd COMANDRA late.

Forth came the *Bridesgroom* and the lovely'ſt *Bride*,
Clayming all eyes, all hearts to boot; diſcry'd
The moſt Accompliſh'd moſt tranſcendent *Payr*
Throughout the *World*; great *Heavens* wiſdome, care
Ador'd, in ſo well Forming, Matching them:
Each of their *Sex* conceiv'd th' amazing *Gem*:
Whilſt *Wept* ſome kinder Hearts withall, to view
That ſweeteſt wonder; *Pray'd* for bleſſings too.
His *Suit* and *Coat* (long that, large-ſhap'd to th' eye)
Skies colour'd *Sattin* prov'd, rich glorious Die:
Skirt, ſides, and ſleeves to th' *Coat*, broad-border'd round
With dainty'ſt *Fruits* appear'd; choyce *Silk* for ground,
Whoſe heights bright *Silver*, beamy *Gold*, t' expreſs
That *Gliſtring* Orchard of th' HESPERIDES;
Or th' artfull Needles *Summer*-portraiture:
Prime myſtick work (by TYRIAN Youths) and pure.
There ſhone th' impurpled *Grape*, *Pomegranate*, *Cherry*,
Peach, *Orange*, *Pear*; with *Plum*, ſmall *Coran-berry*:
Though juſt on th' back, rich blazing *Sun* did ſeem
To gild thoſe *Fruits*, through ſmilings ripen'd them.
Its *Breſt* long-button'd down (for faſhion, mould)
With ſtretch'd-out *Faulkons* ſeem'd, of *Silk* and *Gold*,
Beaks pureſt *Silver*, which thruſt forth to Bill.
Th' whole *Suit* with ſmaller trayls adorn'd, like skill
Much richneſs ſhew'd; whoſe Buttons *Pearls* did wear.
His Sattin *Buskins* laſtly, o're-flown as 'twere
With ſilver-ſtreamed *Founts*, moſt ſweetly *ſhin'd*:
Two loweſt *Elements* th' whole work deſign'd:
Became that Perſon in compleateſt ſort;
Though *Blaz'd* their trueſt *Phœbus*, he that wor't.
Hers, fair green *Sattin Robe*; the loweſt part
Or *Skirts* whereof, moſt richly deck'd by Art
With ſtately'ſt, lofty trayls of growing *Flow'rs*;
Silk, *Silver*, heightning *Gold*; thin pearly Show'rs
Weeping on them from ſcatter'd *Clouds* above,
Like *Mays* diſtilling *Gems*: There ſeem'd to rove

The

The loyt'ring *Fly*, that ſtout laborious *Bee*;
How truely'ſt ſuck'd! whilſt higher men might ſee
Small winged *Birds*, choyce ayery generation.
Thoſe *Flow'rs* beneath ſeem'd part oth' firſt *Creation*,
So primely fair; where th' gliſtring *Lilly*, *Roſe*,
Gillyflow'r, *Tulip* joyn'd, did ſeem diſcloſe
More Sun-born beauties far, more *Radiant* cheeks
Then painted *Garden* beds (there ſweetly pecks
Small *Pannſey* too) All which might *Fragrant* from
That influentiall bodies *Touch* become,
Like *Natures* brood: 'twas needleſs *Springtide* draught;
By curious TYRIAN *Virgins* onely wrought;
Whoſe *Goddeſs* CHLORIS crown'd might ſeem FLOS-
Her *Sleeves* did through Carnation *Die* excell; (TEL-
With gorgeous ſilver *Caulwork* cover'd o're,
As though *Lights* gliſtring Orbs they (twin-like) bore:
While th' pureſt Neck, with *Di'mons* flaming higher,
Limb'd forth that unknown Element of *Fire*.
Laſtly, Azure ſilken *Veſt*, skarf-form'd to th'eye
(Worn ſo) *Star*-pouder'd like Heav'ns Canopie,
Boaſted their Needles ſpark'ling *Firmament*:
Thoſe *Flow'r Earths* under-glory might preſent:
Which Mantles ſhoulder deck'd reſplendent *Moon*,
Though ſhe chief *Cinthia* ſhin'd, which had it on:
For (*Reader*) know what Garb ſoe're was worn,
FLOSTELLA ſtill did *Braveneſs*-ſelf adorn.

That tedious Noon-kept Triumph of the *Taſt*,
Their *Dinner* ore (moſt full, gaudy'ſt repaſt
Would tire out *Natures* eating force, undo
Strong'ſt appetite, cloy wanton fancy too)
Rare *Muſick*-ſtrains, with *Voyce*-quires, banquetings;
All ſtrait for th' ample *Park* prepar'd, took wings
For *Hunting*-ſport: the Lord POLINDOR where,
FLOSTELLAS ſelf, with other *Ladies* there
Brave mounted rod; moſt gallant view on Land.
His *Horſe* was white, by skilfull *Nature* ſtain'd

With blushing *Spots*; so glossie, shone, so cleer,
That skin'd in *Sattin* all (when stroaked, neer
Like-silken) appear'd; whose moving *Nostrills*, *Eyes*
Bred ardent *Flames*, for shape all Rarities.
Trod th' *Ayr* so mounting, proud, as if some *One*
Oth' Suns wing'd *Courfers* were; dispos'd for none
But th' *Star* bright milky *Road*: or (lastly) as knew
His own and Riders matchless *Beauty* too
(Both so excelling) whom the brave POLIND
Best manag'd, *Rul'd*, as (skilfull) back'd the *Wind*:
Horse, *Man*, (indeed) so joyntly motion'd showing,
They prov'd as 'twere one Piece, together growing.
Her's, lovely'st *Dappl'd*-gray, prime thing, for *Beast*
All *Delicacy* seem'd (whom often prest
That proud COMANDRA) his wavy *Mane*, unbound,
Like *Nymphs* loos'd *Morning*-tresses, kiss'd the ground,
How glass-bright fair, choyce, beauteous-limb'd, as it
For *Rose-bed* onely; silken *Couch* were fit!
Light-motion'd too, for th' heel, but shewing more
Fine awfull *Reverence*, as conscious bore
Some sacred Goddess; least its dainty'st *Load*
Th' hard *Earth* should chance t' *Offend*, how nicely'st
With Sea-green *Velvet*-saddle was he deck'd, (trod,
Wrought o're with Silver *Waves*, by art bespeck'd
Like foaming *Froath*, where glistring *Dolphins* shone,
Rich-skal'd as 'twere; both Dolphins, Waves thereon
Moving, just as the wanton *Palfrey* mov'd.
Her Stirrop, Bit, Guilt silver both approv'd.
Next these, *Skie colour'd* Velvet *Charret* (late
COMANDRAS glory, pride) Imbroider'd that (ded
To th' height, *Purl* fring'd, Six milk-white *Horse* atten-
Stag being run down, and those last *Fun'rals* ended
With shrillest Horns, th' arch Hunts-man's tunefull *Peal*
Rocks, *Woods* conjoyn'd in mournfull Ecchos still;
Repast of various *Chreams* (that evening-hour
By *Masque like* Silvans brought) long cover'd *Bow'r*
Repleniss'd

Repleniſh'd, mixt with *Fruits* and choyceſt *Wines*:
Whilſt from thoſe lofty Tops more ayre-confines
(Skulk'd 'mongſt the boughs) cleer *Cornets* muſick ſound,
Rare ſportive *Strains* for th' eare; hils, woods rebound.
Then pranced both with Duke ORTHERIS home
Ith' *Chariot*, ſtore oth' train *Night*-gueſts become.
Their much too formall *Supper* being paſt,
Nights Curtains ſpread, and all Spectators plac'd
For artfull *Banquet* of the eare and eye,
Set, Court-like *Maſque* began; prime rarity;
ANSELVIN's work; whoſe view through torches *beams*
More *heighten'd* ſeem'd, with *Ladies* ſparkling gems.

MASQUE.

Large Curtain drawn, theſe Sceans *their art did boaſt*:
Firſt, Wilderneſs, *which ſhaken ſeem'd and toſt*
Through ſtormy Hail; *Banks, Rocks were hoary'd o're*
(*Tru'ſt* Clime *of horrour found*) Hobgoblings *ſtore*
Whence boyſtrous Antique *danc'd*; *thereby expreſt*
Wild Furies, *troublers of the* World: *nor ceaſt*,
Till enter'd thoſe, Winds, *flaſhy Lightning, Thunder.*

That next did Calmeſt Proſpect *prove* (*to wonder*)
Two lovely'ſt Mounts, *where verdant* Laurels *grew*,
Bays, proud victorious Palms; *moſt beauteous View*
Of Honours *Temple garniſhing to th' One*,
Whilſt on that other Virtues *ſweetly ſhone*;
Part-ſhaded *both*: *betwixt thoſe Mounts diſcry'd*
Smooth, ſlumbring Sea, *Two* Ships *at anchor ride*:
'Bout whom, th' whole Watry Surface gliſter ſeeming (*ing*
(*With* Rocks) *through* TITAN's *Golden* Blaze, *rich beam*-
Prieſt (*laſtly*) *from thoſe* Temples *came*, *which bare*
This ſhort Embaſſage to our Bridall Payr.

That *Six* young *Knights* from pow'rful THRACIAN
Sent to preſent the Lord POLINDOR late (State,
That *Crown*, as due from's royall *Anceſters*
(Driven from thence by *Fate* of bloody Wars)

Six Ladies too, from fruitfull CYPRUS Land
Imploy'd, with *Crown* at fair FLOSTELS command
(Whose *Right* it was, PERSANDRAS Heir disclos'd)
Their *Barks* through envious *Furies*, Storms oppos'd,
Bright Honour, Virtues *Temple* yet (at last)
Both *Meeting* gain'd; toyls, dangers overpast:
Where wondring found that All were *Agents* sent
To one *Joynd* Princely *Pair* (most strange event
As happy) now turn'd Fellow-servants prov'd:
Which *Nuptialls* being heard, transported, mov'd
Through th' fair example, those in *Love* united;
Espousing too: would shortly Attend: *Recited.*
When from those loftly'st Temples *heav'nly Quire*
Of Priests *appear'd*, Rose-*crown'd*; *to th' sweeteſt Lyre*
Sung forth choyce Epithalm, as one full Blessing
On this grand Bridall, *Those to boot expressing.*

The Song *was thus.*

1.

Storms and *Furies* vanish'd prove,
Heav'n hath those to *Hell* confounded;
Lo, sweet'st-smiling Calm for *Love*,
All's with *Gales* of Joy surrounded:
Chirpers sing,
Lovers, *Flow'rs* make double Spring,

2.

One transcendent *Sun*-like Pair
Hath produc'd six Pair of *Lovers*;
Honour, virtues *Buds* they are,
Each those Great ones Stamp discovers:
Thus, *Divine*
Influential *Pair* does shine.

All *Delights*
Crown your Daies, your dearest Nights,
Blessing sprung from Marryage-rites.

Hen

Here, Water-*nymphs* (*Founts from that* Sea *expreſſing*)
With wavy-ſtained Robes, *purl'd Tinſell-dreſſing*
Danc'd ſtream-like forth; *beſprinkled round the* Room
With choyce Sweet-waters, *Fragrant thence become.*
Third Scean *and laſt* Springs *beauteous face aſſum'd*,
Banks dreſt with lovely'ſt Flow'rs, *with* Trees *beplum'd*;
Bright Founts *like Ropes of Pearl, thoſe banks ore-ſtraying*,
Or Chryſtall Chains, *Gems*; *danc'd* (*as 'twere*) a Maying:
Whilſt chirping Birds, with various-tuned Noats,
Heard, Chant *it from thoſe Wilder Champaign* Grots.
Ith' furtheſt end Delicious Arbour *ſhowing*,
God HYMEN's Bow'r, *ſtill Roſie-freſh, new blowing*:
From whence their Maſquers *came, Six comely* Payr;
Carnation *Sattin Robes, with Wreaths moſt fair*
(*Flow'r-deck'd*) *like* Lovers; *Rich, beſpangled trimming*;
Danc'd graceſull up, their formoſt Couple *ſeeming*
Th' whole World *for gallant Perſonage t' excell*,
Rate onely Two, POLINDOR *and* FLOSTEL:
The Duke ORTHERIS Face *whilſt changing oft*
Looks, colour both; *moſt various-paſſion'd* Draught.
Their Dance *perform'd*, *All Faces turn'd to th' ſide*,
Where ſeated ſhone the Bridgroom *and the* Bride,
Low-bowing all; *when ſtrait their middle-payr*
March *ſlowly forth, and with* Obaiſance *fair*,
Preſented, rang'd their Crown *at eithers feet*,
So back returning to their place: *That ſweet*
Harmonious Quire (*mean-while*) *of Prieſtly faſhion*,
Joyn'd, warbled round their Twofold Coronation.

The Song *was thus.*

1.

Great and ſoveraign *Pair* for beauty,
Virtue, as for Princely *Birth*,
T' whom of duty
Stoops all *Excellence* on earth;
See what Fates reſerve in ſtore
For you *More*.

Theſe

2.

These bright *Crowns*, joynt homage showing
From Two faithfull *Lands*, embrace;
Presents owing
Your *High* worths as *Royall* race:
With their Persons, each imparts
Rule o're th' *Hearts*.

Thus be twined
Scepters like your Selves, combined;
Nor be You, those *Crowns*, outshined.

'Twas rare, their Sences *seemed to intrance*;
Song *being clos'd, All rouz'd for second* Dance:
Where choyce Sounds *took their eare, there active eye*
Choyce Motion, Beauty, choyceſt Bravery.

Dance likewise done, That Formost *Couple* strait
Advanc'd to th' upper end, where fitly'st sate (*Father*
The *Duke* ORTHERE; Kneel'd, crying, *Our Lord and*
When, Startled he, ore-whelm'd confounded rather
(Breath fail'd) cries, *Who art thou com'st with that* Name,
And shape both, thus to torture me? I am,
My Lord (sayd she) *your Daughter. Hah? my Daugh-*
(Sayd he agen) *such once I had*; *When caught her* (ter?
By th' lovely'st trembling Hand (more grasping) neer,
Least cheated with some Shade: Your Daughter (here
Sayd she) DORISBE. *Vanish'd Ghosts walk then*
(Sayd he) *dead Corps she prov'd, when but* Fifteen;
Bury'd. Supposed dead, my Lord, inter'd
(Sayd she again) *but Heav'ns----What was't I heard*
(Sayd she) *supposed dead? Am I awake?*
No doubt, my Lord, (sayd she) *O do not take*
(Sayd he) *th' Advantage of that comely'st* Face,
Voyce, gentle Girl, *to swell my Griefs* (*alas*)
Make me more Wretch'd. When, weeping (lo) soon after,
Smiles mixt, *Heav'n knowes* (sayd she) *I am your Daughter*
Which

Which truth affirm'd POLINDOR, ſtanding by.
When ſnatching her in's graſping armes, more nigh
To th' panting heart, joyn'd kiſſes; *Th'art* (ſayd he)
My Girl, my lov'd DORISBE; *very ſhe*;
Th'art ſhe indeed. When th' Lady kneeling new,
And this my Spouſe, my Lord (ſayd ſhe, to view
Shewing THERSAMES) *for which, though virtuous Prize,*
I beg your pardon. Th'haſt it Daughter, riſe
(Sayd he) *the Man ſeems worthy'ſt of eſteem:*
Mean while, Spectators did transformed ſeem.

When travers'd ſlowly up from *Door* oth' room
A *Lady*, thinly'ſt *Vayl'd*, to proper whom
Fine, gallant Pers'nage; Habit plain and neat;
Beſt-carryag'd too; who drawing neer the ſeat,
Claſping ORTHERIS round, in haſt, cry'd out,
My deareſt Lord! when now, paſt jealous doubt
'Twas all but Dream, turn'd ſtaring; *Who art thou*
(Sayd he again) *com'ſt to torment me now?*
Voyc'd, ſhaped thus? I am (replyed ſhe)
Your Spouſe and Wife. My wife? transformed he
Reply'd in haſt, all wonder) ſhe agen,
Your Wife KALASPE. *How thoſe Fates mock men*
To death (ſayd he, ſtrait gazing through her Hood)
Hah? ſomewhat here diſturbs my frantick blood
(Went on) *afflicts me; ſure 'tis gen'rall Night*
Of Doom, dead waken round: Dear, deareſt Spright,
She was long ſince by th' Rock *torn, batter'd, ſlain;*
I ſaw her mournfull Ghoſt. Sore bruiſed, tane
For dead, my Lord, (ſayd ſhe) *but Heav'ns ſupply'd--*
Go, th'art her lovelyer Ghoſt. (he ſuddain cry'd)
And this, Ghoſts Feild, *that gloomy* ELIZIUM:
All's dead. No ſhade, my Lord (ſayd ſhe) *become*
(Wept, throwing off her Vayl) *Diſown your poor*
Though true KALASPE, *thus? ſtrange broding hour*
Of Miracles! ſayd he (ſoul-rapt, love-flaming)
Caught, graſp'd her, kiſſes her; then ſtrait exclaiming;

Nay

Nay now th'art she indeed, my best KALASPE!
That Dying Hour's *at hand (behold) last* Gasp,
And Heav'ns *ordain through monstrous favour, I*
Must burst to Death in joyfull Extasie:
Gods, *ayde my* Reason, *least your Kindest load*
Ore-whelm, confound this frailer Flesh and blood.
Here Mother, Daughter straict, most fondly flew
Unto each others *Brest*, as rais'd anew
From th' lowly *Tomb*; since deem'd each other *Dead*;
Such postures, looks, that grand *Joy* might be se'd
Half-trac'd like *Sorrow*; tears, smiles, *Med-ley*-kind:
Th'*Heart* so ore-fraught, ore-powr'd. Much-joy'd *Po-*
Then bowing came, and then th' All-sweet *Flostel* (*lind*
Embrac'd her, *Mother* own'd (whose *Face* t' excell
Yet *seem'd*; choyce lovely'st wonder, were't not by
That young unequall'd *Pair*) their gen'rall *Eye*
Acting the *Silent* rest, full Passion *flowes*
In sobrest *Weeping* round, for pause and cloze.
Whilst some Spectators thought their former show
No *Masque*, but Dream or *Vision*, ending so.
Th' ore-rapt ORTHERIS, here, could scarce believe
He *Waked* yet, till both their *Story* give;
What wondrous waies obtain'd this Mystick *Blessing*;
Those briefly'st each (then growing late) expressing:
Though in DORISBES story were *conceal'd*
Some cautious truths, *Truth* though, what e're reveal'd:
Whose fuller *Map* we shall hold forth to view;
Though Both of them wrapt up most briefly too.
First for KALASPES short, though various *Fate*,
Who was thrown down that dismall *Rock*, through hate
Of vile LURGANOR (as long since was told)
By *Huntesmen* scar'd, when (lo) that uncontrol'd,
High'st Providence so check'd the threatning stroke
That, leavy *Branch*, grown forth 'bout 'midst oth' *Rock*,
Imbrac'd her dainty'st *Limbs*; did gently so
Dandle them down to th' sprouting *Branch*, below,

Which

Which kindly'ſt *Kiſs'd* them too: Though cruell *Crag*
Oth' Rock, receiving next, might ſadly brag
Of pureſt *Blood*; which rudely'ſt arm'd did throw'er
For ſecond heavy'ſt *Greeting*, down much lower
To th'*Champaign*-ground: where Lump of ſenceleſs *Clay*
(Though fair to boot) Blood-purpled, bruis'd ſhe lay.
Chief *Lord* oth' Hunting *Train* (as hap'ly chanc'd)
Came ſtrait-waies Riding by, with Pitty glanc'd
On th' mournfull *Object*; *Pers'nage* there eſpy'd
Pure-form'd, rich-jewel'd, gorgeous-cloath'd (beſide)
Which ſpoke her *Nobleſt*-rank'd; nor fully yet
Diſpairing *Life*, convey'd that *Corps* ſo ſweet
By gentleſt *Litter* to his worthy *Friend's*
(Some half-mile off) whom for important ends
Late viſited, his honour'd nightly *Gueſt*.
And, being known *Himſelf* moſt learned Breſt,
Choyce-skil'd as well as noble (through th' All-wiſe
Conjoyn'd, All-pow'rfull *Surgeon* of the *Skies*)
Caus'd *Motion* in ſhort time, and next (ere long)
Rouz'd partly *Sence*; yea, faint *Life-ſpirits* ſprung,
Small vigour in ſome few propitious daies:
Though ſtill ſo low, weak voyc'd, *Weak-brain'd* (alas)
She could not leaſt make known her ſelf; nor came
Leaſt *Noyſe* ſo far enquiry of ſuch a *Dame*.
When, being ſummon'd Home through weighty Affairs,
Mind ſadly loth to leave her there to *Stars*
Moſt doubtfull, ſince *Junes* warmer ayre could brook
(As then) ſhort way, ſoft Litters *Couch*, he took
Her *Perſon* along with him, whoſe Roof could boaſt
The worlds prime rareſt *Surgeon* (whence ingroſt
His *Skill*) though crazy grown, too old to ride:
Had bound himſelf by ſuddain *Vow*, beſide,
Never to paſs beyond that watry Bay (way
(*Seas branch* ſome three miles broad) which, being their
They ſmoothly croſt; now ne're t' embrace the *Shore*:
When *Pirats* ſeis'd their *Bark*; to melt, implore

Fond

Fond vain attempt those Cut-throats of the *Flood*,
Brothers of winds and waves, more friendly good
From swimming found the strangely *enfranchis'd* Lord:
When, going chiefly to cast overboard
KALASPE as *Corps*, faint burdenous Bulk; espying
(Rich Sunshine *Jewell*-box on th' Table lying
(Grand *Fees* for cure) their *Master* tendrer-hearted,
First spar'd her Life, then skilfull'st hand imparted
(Prime *Surgeon*) tow'rds her Health; with thoughts (in fine)
That she might prove his handsome *Concubine*.
Thus, all of them soon reach'd the TYRIAN shore
(Full-sayl'd) *Full-booty'd* too) strait turning o're
Their severall Pris'ners, sold for *Slaves* about
Like *Market*-beasts (indeed) unhappy rout!
KALASPE though was nicely'st kept at *Home* (come
(Choyce-*Pearl*) till healthfull'st, lovely'st grown; o're-
Through whose sweet-pleading *Tears* (at length, as favor)
To th' TYRIAN *Queen*, rewarded though, he gave her;
Who lov'd much *Græcians*, beauty much extol'd,
Ere long as Chief 'mongst all her *Train* inrol'd.
Thus liv'd she *Favour'd* there, most lov'd, admir'd
For *four* years space; though Pensive, sad; o're-tir'd
(Indeed) through eager, Courtly *Suitors* still:
ORTHERIS though concluded *Dead* (worst ill!)
Seen fouly Mangled, Falling, Prostrate lye:
Till *Merchant*-friend of hers, from ARCADY
(Who chanc'd to spy her out) at *Court* arriving
Inform'd her that ORTHERIS still was living;
Live-bury'd though through *Grief*; DORISBE turn'd
Long since a *Ghost*, whom she most truely *mourn'd*.
Thus, longing now for th' worthy'st Husband, Home
(Whose *Lady*-queen, Deaths *Bond-mayd* then become,
Fully free'd her) that Merchant ship'd her hither;
Last, to SARMARA brought (neer hand) where either
Weary'd *Repos'd*, till, noys'd POLINDOR's *Feast*,
Thus stole she up, unknown intruding *Gueſt*.

At

As for that vile LURGANOR, with's belov'd
Damn'd rout, by *Sea* fit ſops for *Whales* they prov'd.
Next, fair DORISBES wondrous Fortune view;
Whoſe Mother being ſurpris'd by th' rambling *Crew*
(As hard) her *Father* too moſt ſad-confin'd
To's pleaſant *Lodge*; gor'd both in body, mind;
She ſtrait to th' Counteſs, her great-Lady *Aunt*
(Chief Town, SARMARA) came; might juſtly vaunt
Then 'bout *Fifteen* ripe *Beauty* moſt excelling;
Moſt ſweet: ſweet'ſt Nature alſo paralelling.
Her *Aunt* and ſhe (month after) on ſollemn day
Gracing JOVE's *Temple* both, as then, to pay
Publick devotions there; her Gallant *Spouſe*
Moſt brave THERSAMES ſaw her, humbly bows
T' Imperiall *Love*: that JOVE-ſpous'd *Deity*
She ſeem'd alone, great'ſt JUNO from on high
Come down, to whom all *Hearts* due ſacrifice.
Whom *view'd* with what moſt dear regards! diſcries
What ſpeaking *Flames* (as 'twere) of honour, love,
Soul-pantings there! ſince *Souls* do clearly move
Ith' eyes bright ſplendid *Orbs*, and th' under-cheek:
Looks ſued vow'd; Looks Burned thence, as quick
Froze too, when th' *Blood* retir'd from face to th' *Heart*,
Which Wooing geſtures, being on her part
Fully obſerv'd, whilſt Gaz'd the reſt (his prime
Accompliſh'd *Form*, rich courtly *Garb*) betime
Were anſwer'd back by th' *Lady* thus, ſo rare,
Fine, modeſt *Sweetneſs* ſhone, that thence *Diſpair* (too;
Might well ſeem check'd; though *check'd* Preſumption
Th' hallow'd Rites done, THERSAMES needs muſt
His radiant *Morning*-ſtar to th' very Set; (view
Trac'd her to th' door, ſome cautious diſtance yet;
Where ſeeming *Blind*, as then h' had loſt *Day-light*,
Soul both with her, there ſally'd forth in ſight
Spruce, middle-ag'd *Phyſick*-doctor, nam'd FORENZ:
Old *Friend* of his, firſt by his *Grandſires* means

Brought

Brought up from *Clouts*, maintain'd of Almes; preferr'd
By's *Father* too, to whom long since appear'd
Owing for's Life; choyce *Doctor* thought, esteem'd
By th' *Counteſs* aunt, whoſe constant *Lodger* seem'd:
Her Girl his Patient then, *Darling* belov'd.
Whom marching fitly'ſt by, as prompted, mov'd
By pow'rfull *Fate*. THERSAMES gladly embrac'd
(Th' whole thing by th' *Lady* ſpy'd by chance, who caſt
Glance from above) ſtrait drew him roundly on
To by-nook, cloyſter'd *Place*; where both alone,
Inquir'd of him who that Young *Lady* was.
FORENZ inform'd him ſtrait, ith' ſecond place
Who th' *Guardian*-aunt. THERSAMES ſtrongly pray'd,
That, priviledge through his procurement, *ayde*,
Entring, he might ſalute that Soveraign *part*
Of *Natures* wonder, breathing forth his heart
By th' Tongue, as *Blaz'd* it lately by his Eyes.
FORENZ, grown penſive, ſad, wiſh'd him be wiſe;
New-minds him of her great'ſt illuſtrious *Birth*,
Huge, dazeling *Fortunes* too; her *Aunt* th' whole earth
Not match'd for towring'ſt mind, almoſt, beſide
Known loftly'ſt Aymes for her: Inform'd, what *Tide*
Of *Big*-rank'd Suitors there, though mention'd one
Grand, mighty *Lord*, moſt urg'd by th' *Aunt* alone
(Whom yet conceiv'd ſhe loath'd) for damping *cloze*.
How ſtrictly auſtere her *Aunt*; Mayds, Daughters, thoſe
Still *Scout*, like following her: no way did ſeem
T' obtain the *Prize*, but by ſtrange Stratagem.
THERSAMES when reply'd; *O, deareſt Friend*
Support me, or I ſink ingulph'd; but lend
Your Influence all ayde; in Loſing her
I'm wholly Loſt, *whoſe Reaſon*, Life (*dear Sir*)
Bound up in her become: O make me able
To graſp, Enjoy, *or know I'm* miſerable.
The *Doctor* ſtartled, knowing well his high
Obliging, double *Scoar*, ſtrong friendly Tye

Connex'd

Connex'd to boot; *Intreats him pause that* Even,
Self-conquest practise, try; by th' hour of Seaven
Next Morn (*howere*) *he'd wait on him again.*
Home goes FORENZ with shrewdly puzzl'd brain,
Sadly task'd thoughts, should this *Love-fit* endure,
By what safe *Means* both sturdy Work and Cure
T' effect at once, prime *Cordial* since fruition:
First ground-work though in this Abstruse condition,
The *Ladies* conquest seem'd, her *Love* t' ore-come;
Fair hopes whereof, that choyceſt Natures *Bloom*,
Her sweeteſt *Goodness*: next, most gallant Shape,
Of young THERSAME. Court-garb (whilst seem'd as
To *loath* that rude-form'd *Lords* embrace) severe, (*Rape*
Strict, sowrest *Aunt*: Her friendly'st aspect there
Regard tow'rds him, whose *Patient*, when arriv'd
There first, became; *Sick*-grown through un-repriev'd
Dear *Mothers* loss, weak *Father's* body, mind:
Though, won her Love, dark cloudy'st *Maze* behind:
Since guarded so, to th' secret Closset even,
Leaſt (*Praying*) thence should flutter up to *Heaven*,
Dandl'd 'twixt some enamour'd *Angel's* armes;
How to convey her thence, no *Magick*, charms.
Sore mused he that visits debt next Morn
Discharg'd, perform'd, he finds in Bed forlorn,
Perplext THERSAMES; *Stormy*-soul'd; his Blood
Turn'd feaverish, strange, dolefull'st *Lovers* mood:
Crying, *O* FORENZ, *support*; *redeem me from*
Loves earthly Hell, *this burning friezing* Doom. (RENZ
When, grasping him in's armes, through-pierc'd Fo-
Cry'd; *cheer up boldly, worthy'st* Youth, *from hence*
Bind me th' Oar'd Slave *to serve thy Loving* passion;
Though sunk my Life *ith' boysterous Navigation:*
Bid rise, and rouse withall his Amorous brains,
Write unto her in th' most endearing *Strains*
Of *honour, Love*; that *Temples* place expresse
Where view'd her first, what Bodies cloaths, *Souls* dress

(Kind *Gestures* looks) he wore, displayd as then:
Three hours consum'd, he'd call on him agen.

THERSAMES pen'd his worthy'ſt *Thoughts*, as writ
In ardent *Flames* for Ink, high'ſt Paſſion, Wit;
So purely harmonious *Sounds*, ſo Muſicall
Love-ſtile (indeed) 'twould Savage-breſt inthrall:
How limb'd his *Paſſions* forth, her heav'nly *Beauty!*
Th' *Heart* ſent inclos'd as Sacrifice of duty.

FORENZ, returning back, joyn'd underneath
Much alſo, ſhewn his *Friend*; as pow'rfull *Wreath*
To crown belief: *Wherein his Pen conjur'd*
Her ſtrongeſt Faith *to all he wrote*; *Aſſur'd*
Firſt of's gentileſt Birth (*though highly'ſt rays'd*
Their Anceſtors) *his Ports, good* Nature *blaz'd*
(*Known to him from the Womb*) *his Full and free*
Eſtate *to boot, diſcover'd punctually*:
Love *laſt confirm'd, whoſe* Agonies *diſcry'd*;
Breathing through Hope, *elſe ſure the Youth had* dy'd:
Gods *th' awfull Witneſs then* Invoak'd *to all,*
Whoſe Pow'rs he feard, ador'd. But leaſt befall
Nice doubts oth' Party *ought, he Beg'd thus far,*
That ſhe'd next Morn, in perſon grace Be-ſtar
Some Window; *Ten conceiv'd moſt vacant Hour*;
When, in ſuch former Cloaths, *that gallant* Flow'r
Of Youth *ſhould paſs by, fixed Hand oth' breſt.*
Whom if ſhe would with Favour *crown, make Bleſt*
By ſecret Flight, *as both ſhould ſafely* Ordain;
Then beg'd, beſeech'd, next Morn *to that again*
('*Bout* Ten) *plac'd neer her ſickly'ſt Couſins* Bed,
Walls darker ſide (*as us'd*) *he entered,*
She'd ſtroak (*for* ſign) *with gentleſt* Hand *her eye*;
Then thruſt ith' Boſome ſtrait; drawing more nigh,
Take lower under's Cloak (*by nimble ſlight*)
Small Glaſs *from's wary reach'd-out* Hand, *but light*;
Cas'd round with Paper *all, which ſtrait convay*
T' her faithfull'ſt Cabinet from th' eyes of Day.

Thus

Though sadly's sa'd, if Doom'd beyond repeal
This worthy's *Youth for* Death, *she'd these conceal.*

FORENZ, love-furnish'd thus, about eleven
Enter'd his *Patients* room, where bounteous *Heaven*
Had set DORISBE, being newly's come
(As *Kindly* us'd) walls darker *side*; on whom
Most wistly Glancing, whilst she sweetly *Blush'd*
(Prepar'd for some *Design*) he softlier push'd
Into her gentle hand (quick'st under-slight)
That *Paper* which the *Lady* took: from sight
Wrapt up, as though fore-warn'd oth' *Amorous* plot;
T' her *Closets* councel-board, ere long, she got
(Mayd following) and, clos'd her *Door*, began
With new-blown *Roses* there (alas, too plain)
To read her *Lines*; when shortly *Milky's* white
Seem'd t' over-flow those beds of *Roses* quite,
Sweet's-pale. She read (choyce scroul with love *Begem'd*,
Word-pearls) th' eyes *Gilding* it, how oft! though
No doubt at all, who th' Lovesick *Person* was, (stream'd
Yet, mildly's ere *Tens* hour, the Windows glass
She pleas'd t' *Adorn*; through which, being *Chrystal*-
Full-view'd, did like to th' fair AURORA shine (*line*,
Through th' eastern *Casements*; standing reading there,
Neer large broke *Pane* (which seem'd *Complyance* bear)
Maid working by. Th' approv'd THERSAMES came;
Most *Sun-like* pers'nage, cloathed all in *Flame*,
Gold, beauty, love; his *Goddess* soon espies,
Whom (undiscern'd) ador'd, with fixed eyes
On her, then *Heav'n*; his *Hand* across the brest:
So, passing slowly on, such looks at least,
Mild *Sweetness* from those Window-*clouds* distilling,
As blaz'd her forth no *Tigre* brood, nor killing.

Sight being past, much more this second day
The sweet DORISBE *Mus'd*, does sober weigh
All things; besides that foul offensive *Lord*,
Tart, strictest *Aunt*, her *Servant* seemed stor'd

For *Birth*, estate to boot t' her humble *Mind*;
His parts and goodness gliftring much, though shin'd
His lovely'st *Person* with *Planetick* blaze.
To her own Fancies wish; unmatch'd: the Face
Body (indeed *Compound* Enamouring.
His *Love* last heighten'd all, whose noblest *Spring*
Sublime and *High*, since beg'd her *Self* alone.
These weigh'd, she *Sigh'd*; when, wondring at that one,
Sigh'd three times o're: perceiv'd too plainly there
That she was growing now *Unself'd* (as 'twere)
Non-hearted, thrall'd; giv'n up unto Another;
Which strange surmounting *Fits*, whilst strove to *smother*
Saucy'st encreas'd; more Mus'd, the more she *Lov'd*:
Th' own *Heart* (alas) since kind *Revoltress* prov'd,
For absent, poor THERSAMES strongly pleading,
Thus, sick through *Fancy*-qualms, this new *Love* breeding
She yeilded her self up, for govern'd by
Great *Love*, well-known FORENZ, and *Destiny*.

Next prosperous *Morn*, at th' hour and place requir'd,
She gave to joy'd FORENZ (as wish'd, desir'd)
Those dear sweet *Signs*; drawing neer, with gentlest *Hand*
Receiv'd that mention'd *Glass*; which, closely gain'd,
Conceald some while, to th' *Closset* lightly trip'd
(Mayd following) spring-lock'd her door, unstrip'd
That precious *Glass*; found *Paper*-cased o're;
Wherein FORENZ did strongly'st thus implore.
As first, that she would trust more boldly, Su'd,
Heav'n *and his faithfull* Care, *resolve*, *conclude*
For secret Flight; *sought stoln embrace alone*;
Which should such Wonderous easie Waies *be done*,
Sure, safe (*as he'd next* Morn *by lines discover*,
Giv'n neer her Cousins Bed, Plot *strangely above'er*)
Th' whole World *should nere pursue*, *their* Joyes *debar*:
THERSAMES *goodly'st* Seat, *Estate as far*
(*Resides*) *remov'd*, *as reach'd th'* ARCADIAN Bound.
Mean while, beseech'd her drink that most renownd

Choyce

Choyce Cordiall *sent, th' Worlds onely Soveraign;*
'Twould mint new Spirits, steel both Heart *and* Brain
For th' crown'd Exploit *at hand (some's meaner Pow'r*
Sh' had try'd, approv'd) but beg'd t' observe her Hour:
Eight next Morn, by her Watch, *th' attendant Mayd*
Sent down for Drink, *then step to th'* Closet (*prayd*)
Close by her, toss it off: the empty Glass
Thrown forth at Window, *strait amongst the grass*
(*Wild* Plot *beneath*) *whereby confirmed, lo,*
That she had drunk't, he'd watchfull Seize *it so*
(*Least Spy'd, that* Glass *bred thoughts of some combining*)
So strait to th' naked Bed *her self resigning:*
'Twould suddain short refreshing Slumber *breed:*
Though beg'd, conjur'd, as lov'd *their Lives* (*indeed*)
Those Papers *both should over night be* burn'd;
Their Plot thence being Entomb'd, *to cinders turn'd.*
'Twas thus far Manag'd well, faint hope t' invight;
Next, young THERSAMES *Heart* he cheer'd (as right)
Him *Cordiallized*; who seemed to endure
Strange bandyes betwixt *Heav'n* and *Hell*; procure
Two large false *Beards* enjoyned him anon,
Till's utmost Lovers Task be shortly known.
Next following *Morn* by eight, the rarely sweet
DORISBE (every point perform'd as meet)
Mayd being sent down for *Drink*, and th'hidden *Gloves*,
Carous'd her *Potion* off; then nimbly moves
To th' *Bed* again; where, warmly couch'd, ere long
Cold frozen *Vapours* seem'd at once to throng
Her sadly ore-clouded *Brain*, benum'd, congeal'd:
Limbs stretch'd, Sence stifled, gone whilst clozing *seald*
Black, dismall *Night* those *Jewels* of her eyes;
Some softer groans; *O death* (no more) she cryes:
Stiff, pale, like Death's more pure-complexion'd *Queen*:
Dire *Cordiall*; dolefull'st *Slumber* ere was seen.
The *Mayd* returning now, less quick of foot,
With suddain start, and loud out-cryes to boot,

Call'd up her *Countess*-Aunt; the *Doctor* then
(Sweet'st, lovely'st *Corps* beheld, choyce Picture, *Scean*
Of humane fraylty) when the damp'd FORENZ
Grown pensive, *sad*, startling (th' Head turned thence,
Breſt struck withall) cry'd, *Fearfull'ſt* Symtomes *show'd*
'Twas that new killing Peſtilence, which trod
With ſuddain Death; *advis'd her* Aunt (*howere*)
She ſhould till ten at Night lye couched there,
Shrouded *alone, which would* Reſolve *how ſtrong*
That Band of Death; *though then affirm'd 'twere Wrong*
To th' Living, *not to Coffin her*, Inter:
Becauſe that inward Venome, *lodg'd in her,*
Would Fume-like *breath forth by that hour*, exhale:
Which th' *Aunt* approv'd, ſcarce ſeen to melt, bewail
(Stout, frosty-temper'd breſt) though worthy'ſt *Neice*
Might claim all *Tears*, th' whole *Fun'rall*-tide of *Greece*.

And thus, ere long, the ſweetly delicate
(Though corps) DORISBE ſhrouded was, *Death's* mate;
Whoſe *Shrouding*-cloath beneath her Chin did paſs
(Such th' uſe) broad *Bongrace* onely o're her *Face*
Shelving, as ſlept: her Head moſt *Nightly* dreſt.
When one oth' *Shrouders* (Laundreſs, greedy beaſt)
Rich *Di'mon*-rings upon her fingers ſpying,
Which through much *Care* (alas) ore-night (*leſs eying*)
Sh' had kept on, vow'd thoſe coſtly *Gems* t' obtain:
Though *Cuſtome* made ſuch dangerous ſeiſure, gain
Foul Crime, call'd robbing th' *Dead*: what ever *Gem*
(*Death* ſuddain chanc'd) being ſtill interr'd with them,
If worn upon their naked *Corps*: ſo ſwaies
Fancy in Cuſtomes oft, more fondly ſtrayes.

FORENZ; the meaſure having well eſpy'd
For th' *Coffin*, charg'd THERSAMES ſtrait provide
The like; fair-claſp'd, part filled next with *Mold*
(Nor urging reaſon why) his *Watch* when told
That *Midnights* hour of twelve, transform'd diſguis'd
With's ſtranger *Beard* and Cloak, ſome meaner-priz'd

Th'

Th' other Beard worn by him) from's pleaſant *Place*,
That lonely *Garden*-cabin, wary trace
(Fine, wall-joyn'd Summer-room) ſince having *Dore*
To th' open *Feilds*, which large-ſpread *Fields* before
The Counteſs Gardens *Poſtern* fitly'ſt lay;
Wood-cops adjoynd: thither be ſure convay
That *Coffin*, there conceal'd, *cloſe-ſculking* lye
Till whiſtles Sign perform'd; then, loaded hye
To th' *Garden*-door (worſt paſt) where he'd attend him:
That ſoveraign *Night* his long'd-for *Joyes* ſhould ſend
Ten being come at night, full fourteen hours, (him:
No ſign appear'd ith' *Corps* of living Pow'rs:
The Lady therefore *Coffin'd* then in haſt
Slight *Fun'rall*-form, though diſmall *Torches* caſt
Sad, mournfull flames, ſome *Weeping* Houſhold eyes
(Since was conceiv'd prime Bud of Rarities,
Belov'd, admir'd by all) ſuch running *State*,
Was done to th' arched *Vault* conveighed ſtrait
(In *Shades*) moſt neer their *Gardens* poſtern-dore:
Where by her *Uncle's* ſlumbring Corps (no more)
Lodg'd in thoſe dolefull Chambers of the *Dead*.

Ere one oth' *Clock* ſomewhile (O *Night* of dread!
Mark'd diſmall hour!) that Whooriſh *Jade*, fore-nam'd,
(*Laundreſs* ith' houſe) whoſe heart long ſince inflam'd
Thoſe *Di'mon*-rings, left in her *Ruffian*-wooer
By thieviſh ſtealth, through th' Gardens *Poſtern*-door
(Trick plotted ſo from *Noon*) for load conveighing
Fair *Coffin* ſtuff'd with earth (as charg'd obeying
His Wenches rules) well-claſp'd, DORISBES ſize:
Whom boldly led ſhort cloſeſt way to th' *Prize*:
Enter'd that ſhaded *Vault*, where, leaving's own,
DORISBES precious *Coffin* (throughly known)
Hoys'd up in's armes, jog'd roundly forth at *Dore*
(Soft-lock'd again) which crafty'ſt further bore
From th'common *Path* (that *Cops* too neer, diſpleaſing)
To poor, old, broken *Cot*: where ſhoulders eaſing

Doubly *Rich* load, indeed) with's Tools began
To break, unclasp; resolv'd those *Rings* to gain,
Or crop their *Fingers* if they sullen stuck.
Her *Corps* ordained then, for th' neighbouring *Brook*
(Dainty'ſt Fiſh-food) though Molten *Chryſtall* Tomb,
Still *Weeping* o're her bones, 'twould thus become.
That Wench but newly gone, through *Shades* about;
Cautious FORENZ, whose *Chamber* like some Scout
Open'd to th' *Garden*, bleſt, propitious chance
(Thinking indeed h' had weigh'd each Circumstance)
Stole with's dark *Lanthorn* down(though walking *mus'd*
Oft late) to th' *Poſtern*-door, where found as us'd
That's ready Key, left chiefly for his eaſe;
That might by th' early *Dawn* (if so did pleaſe).
Go forth, return, 'bout Life and Deaths *Affairs*,
Door being ope, he *whiſtled* ſtrait, then ſtares
Upon that neighbouring *Cops* with forged *Beard*;
When forth the rous'd THERZAMES ſtrait appear'd
With's *Coffin* all diſguis'd, and forward pac'd
To th' Garden-door; from whence moſt ſoftly *trac'd*
Behind his leading Chief (FORENZ as trod
Some diſmall *Maze* of death) to th' ſad *Abode*
Oth' dead, the *Vault*; ſtrait gazing wildly round,
Where ſweet'ſt, belov'd DORISBE might be found:
Ghoſt nigh become. *So, nimbly, down with that*
(Low cry'd FORENZ) *and help to take up ſtrait*
Your Miſtreſs; pointing forth to th' *Coffin* then:
Ay-me! forlorn! (*the poor* THERSAMES when)
And have I found at length dead Miſtreſs? cryes.
No, no (ſayd th' other) *whilſt ſhe lives*; *be Wiſe*;
Quick, take her up. Ah ſweeteſt, deareſt Soul
(Sayd he) *my jealous Boading Heart! Controul*
Thoſe fonder thoughts (the ſtout FORENZ reply'd)
Away with her. Thus, hoys'd by eithers ſide
Their new falſe *Coffin's* born (the *Garden*-door
Soft cloſed, lock'd) their Cloaks thrown ſpreading o're

(Strange

(Strange *Fates* abuſe!) till, entred now the *Feilds*,
Path's juſtly fear'd; more comfort ſtraying yeilds,
Wheeling about; THERRAMES mournfull *Heart*
Panting Death's ſolemn *March*, their Fun'rall-part
Bore ſighing *Lungs*: till paſſing joyntly by
(Unwares) th' old broken *Shepherds Cot*, moſt nigh;
Th' arch-guilty *Roague*, ſtrait going to *Divorce*
(Juſt then) thoſe precious Fingers (diſmall curſe!)
From th'dainty'ſt *hand*, ſince could not from thoſe *Rings*;
Theſe judg'd Purſuer-like; forth madly flings
With horrour, *Prize* and *Body* left behind:
Part-view'd through th' open Wall, as glimring ſhind:
So that FORENZ with's Lanthorn glanced in,
Where true DORISBE (lo, ſad *Corps*) was ſeen.
Good heaven's (cry'd out FORENZ) *we're mock'd, abus'd;*
Here lies DORISBE. *Fates and death!* (Soul-bruis'd
THERSAMES cry'd) *alas! and is this ſhe?*
Dear, trueſt Corps now, butcher'd, ſlain! ſayd he;
Graſp'd, kiſſed her. *No, no ſhe breaths, ſhe lives*
(Sayd next FORENZ, though ſtrangely Amaz'd, miſgives
Whilſt th' honeſt Heart) *'tis onely deeper Trance*
I caſt her in; *be cheer'd*: with eagreſt glance
Scouting th' whole body round, though then eſpy'd
Nor wound, nor ſeeming bruiſe: at laſt deſcry'd
Thoſe *Rings*; skin rippl'd 'bout them, broke: *Behold*
Griev'd Youth (ſayd he) *thoſe tempting Gems and* Gold
That caus'd this grand Deluſion; *quick, convay*
Her body hence: whilſt he; *Dear, deareſt clay,*
I ſhall not long ſurvive thy Sweetneſs (cry'd)
Nor mine own Joy. *Sh' has not leaſt Bruiſe* (reply'd
FORENZ) *no more*; *that ſoveraign* Potion *oft*
I've us'd; *quick, bear her hence.* Thus cloſing ſoft
Her *Coffins* top, more ayre (though nimbly then
Their own ſtuff'd *Coffin* broke, through ready mean
Oth' fled Roagues borrow'd tools, leaſt being found
Caus'd jealous *Wonder*; pouring th' *Earth* on ground

Planks

Planks took along) with quick though wary'ſt paces
Towards that *Garden*-cabin either traces.
Being ſafe Arriv'd, their dainty'ſt *Corps* anew
Was in th' warm Bed inter'd: *Ah diſmall view*!
Deaths perfect draught! The poor THERSAMES cry'd;
Still mourning, weeping o're. *With faith confide*
In Heav'n and Art (ſaid rarely'ſt skil'd FORENZ)
She ſleeps alone; *by Three, thy greedy Sence*
Pleaſe with DORISBE *and all her charming* Graces.
O Heavens (ſaid he again) *what Rack ſurpaſſes*
My torturing fears? ſo long? that needs not neither
(Reply'd FORENZ) *this cold* Froſt, *cloudy weather*,
Deaths fog, my Art much ſooner can diſpell;
So, clear th' all-fair, all-lovely Clime. *From Hell*
O then redeem poor me (THERSAMES cry'd)
As her from rapefull Death; *whoſe Darling, pride*
Long ſince become: *ſcarce, ſcarcely he'l let her go.*
Here powerfull'ſt Unguents, cordialls ſtrait did ſhow
Th' admir'd FORENZ; how bath'd her *Temples, Breaſt*!
Rub'd, chaf'd, her then: Nor loyt'ring prov'd the leaſt
THERSAMES, labouring for ſecond *Life*
(Stoln mournfull *Kiſſes* oft) 'twas eager ſtrife
Which ſhould exceed: Till now, ſome half an hour
Thus ſpent, diſſolv'd; their *Seat* each living *Pow'r*
(Awak'd) reſum'd; ſhe moving, warm became;
Both *Cheeks* and *Lips* thin-bloſſom'd o're: All *Flame*
THERSAMES when, *ſhe lives, ſhe lives* (he cry'd)
She moves; *all Beauty, Virtue elſe had dy'd*
With my Heart *alſo*: graſp'd her, *Kiſſes* then
Snatching ſuch ravenous-wiſe (true Lovers Scean)
As though would that *Life's* ſweet'ſt Advantage take
(Dear, deareſt *Flaſh*) leaſt ſoon the *Corps* forſake:
Or, fear'd her Modeſty, would thus improve
That living *Dream* for's hunger-ſtarved *Love*:
Kiſſes (indeed) whoſe kindeſt *Larum* more
Might waken at that ſweeteſt Rubie-dore.

When,

When, gently rouzing now, fresh, gallant *Spring*
Flowr'd on her *Cheeks* and *Lips*, forth seem'd to bring
Entomb'd loft Ravishments; Those radiant *Eyes*,
Lifes *Day-break*, as the worlds, their Chrystall Skies
Shone forth unclos'd. *O Heavens* (then said she)
Where am I? in What World? Madam, you be
In th' old one; safe, secure: FORENZ reply'd.
Are you not Ghosts then? shadowes? strait she cry'd.
No Ghosts but men; soon answer'd they: *Indeed*
(Sayd she again)) *that ghostly Vale, if Freed,*
I travers'd pass'd but now; *what you*, FORENZ?
Pray, where's THERSAMES? Rapt, transported whence
Since seem'd that pure Angellick Tongue to sound
His *Name* in favour forth, that instant crown'd
Lord of th' whole World) *Dear Madam, here* he cry'd)
Kneeling withall submisfull by your side
For Pardon, *if his Love have least offended.*
Alas! sayd she (therewith th' eyes gently bended,
Choyce blush) *I thought not you had been so neer*
Rise Sir, you ha't: which spoke translated here
To heav'n, those snowy Hands she kiss'd, then leap'd
T' her sweetest Lips. *Sure I have soundly slept*
(Sayd she) *to night. Full fourteen hours*; reply'd
FORENZ. *Strange*! *wondrous*! *hark, my Aunt* (she cry'd)
My Mayd comes (gazing) *Heavens bless me* (then)
How strange my Chamber's alter'd! Smiling when
Th' ore-joy'd FORENZ; *Madam, y're now ith' Armes*
And Bed of young THERSAMES, *pow'rfull* Charms
'Gainst Bugbear-Spies; *remote*: *Is't possible?*
Sayd she agen. *Most certain truth, to th' full*:
Answer'd FORENZ. *Sweet Madam, let not that*
Displease you (joyn'd low-bowing THERSAMES strait)
Loves over-sawcy Crime. It doth not, Sir
(Sayd she) *but yet the Manner how does stir*
My Souls amazement. Madam, you were drown'd
In deepest Trance, by th' potion (sayd profound

FORENZ

FORENZ) *thought* Dead; *next, by elev'n at night*
Coffin'd, *in th' Vault interr'd; ere morning* Light
Stoln thence by us, false Coffin *left ith' room*:
Though after told her out th' whole ſtory's ſum.
Bleſs me (ſayd ſhe) *and was I Voted, thought*
Dead corps (nigh fainting) *Coffin'd too? ith' Vault*
Dolefull inter'd? My lifes dear Life you were
THERSAMES ſayd. *Dead, or alive, whatere*
Methought (ſayd ſhe) *thoſe Feilds, that gloomy* Wood
I trac'd, where wander'd thinneſt Ghoſts; *'twas good*
You Vayl'd *your diſmall Project ſo from th' eye,*
Scarce had I ventur'd on't. Nor truly had I,
Beſt Lady, *leaſt inform'd* (THERSAMES ſe'd)
Expos'd you thus; though through Diſpairing dead.
Come ſimple Pusees (cry'd the unmatch'd FORENZ)
Y'are both in Natures Schools; by powerfull means
Of this Device, you now may follow Home.
This brave Youth *to his country, travail, roam*
(If pleaſe) th' whole World, ſince marſhall'd 'mongſt the
My Self *too ſafe, ſecure, unqueſtioned.* (Dead,

When ſweetly'ſt ſhe, with bluſhing ſmile diſplayd
Down-glance, *The* Gods *indeed have Both convay'd*
Strangely'ſt together thus (*th' All-powerfull,* Wiſe)
What ever elſe their joyn'd Divinities
Have fix'd, Ordain'd? *'Tis in your ſoveraign* Pow'r
Dear gentleſt Madam (cry'd THERSAME) *this hour*
Next Voyce *of Heav'n, to cloze up all for me*
In bleſſedneſs. When, ſweetly'ſt breathing ſhe
Again, *Since Heav'ns and You have manag'd it*
Thus far (ſtupendious Work *ineed) thought fit,*
I yeild, *reſign me.* Crown'd, exalted when,
Dear Madam, pleaſe but to confirm it then
(Sayd he) *to th' Touch, with ſweeteſt ſealing* Kiſs:
Whoſe favour deign'd, he reap'd that ſingle *Bliſs*
Full ten times o're. When, richly'ſt bluſhing ſhe,
You cannot blame (I hope) *my Modeſtie.*

Mean

Mean while (went on) *Your ſelves ſince forc'd to thoſe*
Strange naked Paſtures. On our humble Knees
Beſt Madam (cry'd THERSAMES) *we ſhould rather*
Implore your pardon for't. As Beard-grown Father
To both (ſayd then FORENZ) *Come, come deſpiſe*
Such ſqueamiſh Toyes, poor ſimple Niceties
'Twixt Love-*conjoyned breſts; whom for a ſpace*
I now muſt leave intwin'd: ſore words: *Alas!*
And will you leave me thus then? (ſtrait reply'd
DORISBE drooping, ſad. *Lo, there's* (he cryd)
Your worthy'ſt Guardian, one that dares no wrong,
Will prize your Perſon, Fame (*believe't*) *among*
Things ſacred: truſt that nobleſt Character
I wrote of him. When ſtrait petition'd her
THERSAMES too, for gracious Confidence
For why, that *Night* (howere) fain would FORENZ
Be thought within; *Key* left ith' poſtern found;
From whence to's Chamber cloſe and ſhaded ground:
Should early too, next morn, ſome phyſicall
Receits to th' young ſick *Couſin* give withall.
By Seav'n he would not fayl t' attend her there,
When they'd provide for needful'ſt things to *wear*:
Prieſt laſt ſhould be procur'd, for joyning fit.

Mean while with what *Delights*, how various ſweet
Kiſſes diſcourſe, th' enamour'd Youthfull *Pair*
Melted thoſe *Sugred* hours! things new and rare,
Dainties as yet to both! much more *Sublim'd*
Throngh paſt fears, tortures, jealouſies (though prim'd
Love-ſweets become, when with both *Armes* and *Lips*
Th' Heart moves, kind ſympathiſing temper keeps,
United *Soules* when ſeem t' embrace and *kiſs*)
All modeſt, chaſt: *Nights* gentle ſhades their bliſs
Firſt (conſcious) ſhrouding; then, the fainter *Dawn*
Peep'd glimmering *Witneſs* through, till Charret-drawn
Forth rod the golden *Day*; through ſundry choyce
Of *Seaſons* variating more their *Joyes*:

Whilſt

Whilst hug'd THERSAMES thus (transported, prov'd)
Some *Angell* in death-smock, or *Burial-shroud*:
Strange, mistick-fine possession of her there
Giv'n in't own *Bed*, from courteous *Fate* as 'twere.
His *Man* (besides) ith' Country then, to view
Some neerest *Friends*; thus, nought oth' *Coffin* knew.
By sev'n return'd FORENZ, when 'twas agreed,
THERSAMES (since less known) should bring with speed
Some *Silk Gowns* ready made, for th' present use;
With *Linnen*; all things needfull else, and *Spruce*:
Which task how gladly embrac'd! in no long time
Brought *Choyce* of all: one fit-siz'd *Gown*, the prime
DORISBE chose; unseen, though view'd them there
Ith' Bed-chamber; nor would FORENZ appear.
Thus, being *Bride*-like drest, ere long their hands
Priest closely link'd in Hymenean *Bands*;
The *Lady* veyl'd; THERSAMES with FORENZ
Disguis'd in those false Beards: less danger thence.
Next blisfull *Night* was payd ith' *Garden* bow'r
Wedding-joyes totall Sum, loves *Golden* show'r:
Dear, sweet'st DORISBE now (contemning harms)
New-trans'd and bury'd in her *Lovers* armes.
Those Coffins blaz'd themselves with Fun'rall fire.
Short time she stayd in *Town* for cloathes, attire;
Till, furnish'd like THERSAMES *Wife*, FORENZ
Saw them SARMARA leave; new coach'd from thence:
Though breath'd both sides in *Tears* their last *Farwell*.
Thus did this *Lady* honour'd, happy dwell
Far off, remote (most plenteous too) till dead
Her *Countess*-Aunt, SARMARA visited
Neer-hand: was to her *Brother* late unclouded;
Made known; though from ORTHERIS fitly shrouded.
Though *Both* did thus their *Story* rayse, advance
For best to th' view; That, through Lethargick *Trance*
(Thought that new *Pestilence*) with hast inter'd,
That *Villain* stole her thence, most likely (as heard)

Imploy'd

Imploy'd t' obtain thoſe *Gems*; till, paſſing by
THERSAMES, nimbly'ſt fled: Who painfully
(Judging her *Nobleſt*-rank'd, perhaps not dead
But *Tranc'd*, ſignes found) convey'd her to his *Bed*;
Ere long through's *care* Reſtor'd: whoſe earneſt *Love*,
Known generall worth, did *Marriage*-motives prove;
For *Life* too (ſtrongeſt Scoar) moſt dearly engaged:
Though known, her *Father* thence might turn enraged.

This ended, from the ſide ſpruce comly *Pair*
March'd ſlowly forth, whoſe *Hands* conjoyned are;
Moſt cheerfull-ey'd, freſh-cheek'd to boot; ſo fine
Their *Habit*, Garb, ſome *Bridall* thence did ſhine;
FORENZ, ARDIAN theſe indeed (Belov'd
Nurſe to FLOSTEL) whom, *Widow* then, approv'd
Still handſome youthfull Piece; Neat-faſhion'd, bred
Money'd, rich-farm'd for life (neer gains *Well-head*
SARMARA Town) the *Doctor* ſtoutly woo'd;
Soon won, ore-came: though ſecret *Wedding* ſhow'd;
For which *Offence* FLOSTELLAS pardon there
Both humbly ask'd: who (ſparkling *Smiles* howe're)
Wiſh'd them chief *Marriage*-joy; 'twas ſport become,
New *Maſque* of jolly mirth, to all the *Room.*
Th' ore-joy'd THERSAMES and DORISBE though
Moſt gladly embraced him, t' whom ſpeaking low,
Thus ſayd FORENZ; *I hope you paſſed by*
My Potions *part, ith' late ſtrange Hiſtory,*
As 'twas reſolv'd, agre'd: They told him, *Yes*;
'Twas wiſely done: thus ended all in bliſs,
Short running *Banquet* though, for ſweeter *cloze*;
When all withdrew, ſought *Natures* calm repoſe:
Though ſecond *Wedding*-night that prov'd as 'twere
(*Loves* joyes reviv'd) to th' late forlorn ORTHERE.

(Thus (*Reader*) from theſe *Towry* heights we view
Spread Cottage-plains, with Paſtorall troops, anew;
Thoſe two gentile-born *Nymphs*, DULCENZA fair
MARPESA, in chief; to whom (kind nobleſt *care*)

POLINDOR

POLINDOR wrot apart, with his own hand:
In which did (first) *Confess th' obliging Band,*
His great Ingagement *for their* Virgin-*loves*;
In th' second place with Pen conjuring moves
Their joyn'd Beliefs, *that he nought disesteem'd*
Their Persons, Parts, or Birth; *since worthy'st deem'd:*
But rather prov'd (as then) less freely Inclin'd
To setled Marriage, *of untuned mind*
To th' rustick Plains, besides some secret Fate
Ordain'd *him for* FLOZTELS espoused *mate:*
Although he should their precious memories
Still strongly Love, *their persons chastly* prize
Next to his own Wife; rest to th' clozing end
(*If prov'd*) *their* Reall, *true, commanded* Friend.
These Lines instil'd to eithers *Mayden* breft
Some *Balmy* comfort (soreft wound, unreft
(Indeed) where true *Love* seems disdain'd and scorn'd)
Though both of them with *Show'rs* of Pearl adorn'd
Their blubber'd *Lines*; as if from thence should *Grow*
Those precious, dear *Love-fruits*, which late did flow
Dropt from his gentle Pen, as Relicks kept;
Began both now with melting hearts t' accept
Their constant *Servants*, who had pin'd for them;
Brave *Youths*, gentilest-born, each deem'd as *Gem*;
(MENANDER, whom, SIRENUS we did call)
Fair-fortun'd like their *Mistresses* withall:
Though both the *Womens* portions doubled by
ORTHERIS were, through friendly'st courtesie
(Those summs left free to their own pow'r, disposing)
Such ardent *Fires* these gallant *Youths* discloising;
More love not bare those *Nymphs* to th' Lord POLIND.
Two severall *Wedding* daies they chose, design'd;
Each celebrating thus that others *Feast*,
Kind *Partners* in't; both happy Wives and blest.
All which, their Parents too, as first they were
(Most part) *Joynt-sufferers* with Duke ORTHERE;

Sharing

Sharing with him that peacefull'ſt paſtorall *Life*;
So when, recover'd thus his deareſt *Wife*,
Scean chang'd for *Home*; They alſo, ſtill his train
Kind Shadowes as it were, took leaves oth' *Plain*
Four years conſum'd (as if in honour trod
His *Steps*) return'd to their gentile *Abode*.
And now FLOSTELLAS *Houſe* was free'd from gueſts,
Wedding-coyl, buſineſs o're; thoſe Maſquings, Feaſts,
Gay coſtly triumphs; *Progreſs* time become:
Th' ore-joy'd ORTHERIS now his ancient *Home*,
With's dear *New-liv'd* KALASPE, long'd to view
(Since growing *Friends*, part-reconcil'd anew
To th' gentler-viſag'd *World*) that ſtately *Seat*,
Where next to his own *King* (indeed) moſt great,
Powerfull, tranſcendent liv'd, for fourteen year
(Though prov'd the *Court* his conſtant gliſtring *Spear*)
'Twas *Place*, for all reſpects, magnificent,
Prince-like eſteem'd (th' *Houſe*, *Gardens*, Large extent
Of *Lordſhip*, *Park* adjoyn'd) became his might;
Firſt, greateſt Peer, next, greateſt *Favourite*.
Thither the *Duke*, with all that Courtly train
Joyfull arriv'd; where viewed o're again
Like pompous *Scean*, with like triumphant *Feaſt*,
For ſweet DORISBES *Nuptiall* ſake expreſt.
His own *Feaſt* too, more providentiall-faſhion,
Happen'd juſt then; whoſe gladſome *Celebration*
With yearly *Zeal* was ſtill perform'd, and now
Wore ſumptuous Plenties on its ſmiling brow:
Sack flowing there, rich *Fount* his Conduits womb,
Whence *Streamed* forth th'old FALERN *Grape*, become.
Before, and ſince thoſe Storms diſaſtrous blew,
The world more conſtant *Couple* never new;
Though *Pattern* equaliz'd it was, to th' full,
By both thoſe younger *Payrs*; love-miracle.
Huge mounting Portion then to's *Son*, the brave
THERSAMES, with belov'd DORISBE he gave:

Though present fair Estate, to boot, with one
Prime gallant *House*, the *Lord* POLINDOR's grown.
Just when POLINDOR's Feast, gave up *Life-breath*
That wild young *King*, mere surfetted to death:
Whose humerous Folly sensuall Lust the *Realm*
Five years (alas) did sadly'st *Cloud*, ore-whelm.
When's *Uncle* seiz'd the Crown to th' *Duke* ORTHERI
Kind Friend, as was his *Royall* brother, ere;
Confirming strait to him his Ancient pow'r,
Who humbly *Waved* all that very hour;
Grown since withdrawn, retir'd (howere, for place
First-rank'd ARCADIAN *Peer*, as for wealths blaze,
Honour'd, belov'd to boot) Self-conquering *Mind*
More strange, POLINDOR though great heights declin'd:
Convinc'd by's *Father's* change of late, how bowing
Those lofty Spires; FLOSTELLA's self allowing:
Yet was made *Duke* in her dead Fathers room,
ARPLAST; THERSAMES too new *Lord* become;
Whose owne Inheritance, conjoyn'd to that
Grand portion giv'n, made up good Lords Estate.
And now at length, the lovely'st *Bride* was woo'd
T' her *Husbands* new brave *Mansion*, thither rod;
Harmonious-joyning guests with whom did go
Th' whole Troop; no *Churls* FORENZ, ARDINA too
(Though th' Parents left behind) whose pompous *Gate*
Now drawing neer, POLINDOR (as did wait
To quit kind former *Scoars*) with sobrest *Kiss*
Her *Mistress* made of all, entitled his.
'Twas needfull time House-warmings there began,
Whose goodly'st-modell'd *Structure* th' art of *Man*,
Prospective seat the skill of Nature vaunted;
Fine *Gardens*, joyning *Park*, *Groves* rarely planted:
'Twixt these their Mansion bow'rs divided were
Those twofold various *Seasons* of the Year.
POLINDOR *Rul'd* without; hearts soveraign *Queen*
So wish'd, desir'd; whilst *Mistress* she's within

He'd

He'd have it so: and Mistress without door
In what might raise, advance, her *Pleasures* more:
So, crossing least her self, she crossed him.
Thus, both their powerfull little *World* did seem
To *share*, as those grand *Heaven*-luminaries
Rule night and day; two still but one *Soul* marries:
Both, like to *Twins* (as 'twere) incorporated,
Going one way, whatever lov'd or hated:
So like prov'd their Affections, *Ecchо*, *Shades*
T' one seem'd to th' other still; one Pulse they had.
As when some *Musick*-string you sounding touch,
Another, *Eight* to that, will tremble much
Through rare, kind, Sympathizing force; ev'n so
Their *Turtle*-brests like secret *pantings* show:
One stock of joy and grief, as of estate,
Serv'd both; t' ones *Eye* seem'd *Glass* oth' others fate.
And if least differing Mind, those thoughts were either
Veyl'd, gently hid; or Wisdome, Love together
Soon strook conjoyning *Cloze*: as, when trench made,
One wandring *Stream* does speedily invade
Anothers channel-road; till mingled, *Lost*:
Thus, seem'd their strife but Dandling ball at most.
So good, *Both*, so discreet (intruth) appearing,
That, who e're *Yields*, small danger of much *Erring*.
Scarce parted they, and parted then no longer,
Then serious *Business*, sports, made *Passion* stronger;
Rays'd, quicken'd Appetite; through daintier Kisses
Endearing *Love-delights* sometimes, love-blisses.
'Midst all their store as choycest *Crown* and Gem
Viewing each other still, whereby did seem
(Whilst *Moon-like* moving in their sev'ral Sphear)
As each the others PHŒBUS, dear *Sun* were;
From whence its borrow'd light and comfort darted;
In whose armes *Circle* shew'd all joyes imparted:
Where sweetli'st snatch'd from their own *Selves* surpriz'd
To pleasing *Extasies*, imparadiz'd,

Lo, Virtue, Love, which blazon'd worthy'ſt be
Star-coat of armes; Skie-mounted *heraldry*.
For cloſe of all; fair Monumentall *Shrine*
Over that *Duſt* of nobleſt ASTORIN
POLINDOR thankfull rays'd; Inſcrib'd above
Theſe words; *Devote to true unhappy Love.*
His dainty'ſt bowry Green, and bliſfull *Cave*
To's good old *Hoſt*, oth' Town TREGOR, he gave.
His Fathers *Grange* on him confer'd, to thoſe
His neighbouring Swains was left, at full diſpoſe;
VVho yearly *Feaſted* there, ſung forth to *Fame*
Renown'd POLINDOR and FLOSTELLAS Name.

Finis Hiſtoriæ de
POLINDOR
&
FLOSTELLA.

POEMS.

POEMS.

THE AUTHORS

First DREAM of

FLOSTELLA,

Seen in a Winters Morning, as he rode on Hunting.

WEnt I this Morn, in cruell ſport,
To fright the poor *Hare* from her *Fort*?
Up-rouze her from the ſolemn Cell
With horrors of a *Fun'rall*-knell?
Did *Tyrant*-I ſeek others Prize?
My ſelf now made the *Sacrifice*?
Fates, you are equall, and thou *Love*;
Like mercy I (juſt *Talio*) prove
As meant to others; Torture, Pain;
Dire Scourge! 'tis my reward again.
'Twas *She* my *Huntreſs* was, by th' way,
That ayr'd her ſo, like Princeſs *May*;
Such ſweets and beauties ſcattring round,
Dull *Winter* ſeem'd turn'd jolly, Crown'd
With *Roſe-buds*, fragrant breath'd. What *Rayes*
Then ſtrook our eyes! what wonders blaze,
Sweet'ſt Lightnings! O, what *Charms* divine!
Th' ore-coming Glory did define
Some Angel-*Form*; if Earthly race,
Then *Woman*, lovely'ſt woman, 'twas;
Or rare I know not what: ſhe's *All*
We Men admire, perfection call.

Her *Looks* shot day-light, *Beame*-supplyes,
While th' sun (cloud muffled scout) close lyes;
Asham'd on's gaudier blasing so,
Those *Copper*-rayes to hers in shew:
Perhaps, some *Love-dart* fear'd, least he
By th' jealous *Morne* forsaken be;
Or, indeed struck, with amorous head
Jog'd on, and so went *sick* to Bed:
The *world* not needing beg th' old *Sun*,
Since from her eyes flam'd Two for one,
No *Christall* frost-worke deck'd the ground
I' intice her foot, whose *Beamings* round
That *Morne* dispersst, perhaps ore-aw'd
The glaz'd Earth, *Congelations* thawd.
Her pace *Court-measure*, gratefull'st showd;
Whilst through her *Breath*, th' Aire, spicy, good,
Purg'd wholsome seem'd: as *Goblins* light,
Fogs shun her *Purity*, take flight.
Ten thousand *Cupids* came along,
Playing in her eyes. her cheeks, or hung
Oth' Breast, Lips, Hayr; incamp'd appeare,
In *Bright* and loveli'st *Musters*, there,
As with their quiver'd Hoast would peirce
All *Hearts*, and conquer th' *Universe*:
A moving world of wonder shewing;
Heaven of flesh all *Joyes bestowing*.
Twas fairely-sweetly- cruell *She*,
That chas'd and seiz'd my liberty;
That let whole *Mint* of lightnings fly,
Heap of *Granadoes* from her *Eye*,
Dart-magazine, that shot through mine;
I saw their flaming points to shine
All th' way they came, when, through the *Eye*,
Th' heart bled in kindest sympathy:
I hop'd, fear'd, mus'd (Non-self'd, confesse)
Strange Seeing Road! what wonders presse
Through th' eyes glaz'd Organs, Souls possess!

On

On FLOSTELLAS *close Nun-like Retirement.*

WHy seemes (Sun cloath'd *Flostel*) so long
Deferd our *Break* of day, till stung
With *Greenland* curse? O Why (Mole-fashion)
Pore wee on Clods, this dull Creation,
Our glory hid? with whom's inshrin'd
Those long'd for blisses of *Man-kind*.
Is't for our sins, that righteous Heaven
Hath us this *Plague* 'mongst others Given,
This Judgment sent (alas) that we
Must lose thy *Presence*, and want *Thee*?
Or did wee too prophanely slight
That blessing, meanly rate thy *Sight*
Enjoy'd? when thou (more justly-nice)
By *Want* dost please t' inhance thy *Price*:
An angry *Absence* must alone
Make thee more reverenc't, and more known.
Or last, was't *Charity* divine,
Did through our frailties guilt confine
Thee to thy *Cells*, devouter floar,
T' obtaine our pardon? O, restore
That *Face* back, fair *Example*, thus,
Wee shall grow good, lesse criminous:
Rare *Beauty*es were not made at all
For cloistring, and live-buriall,
Though *Bats*, *Owles* be; those glorious *Heaven*,
Th' unwasted *Lampes* of Earth and Heaven
(Sky-brooches) loe, they were not thrust
To Corners, lodg'd in Rubbish, dust,
But shine to th' *World*, and traverse by
Sphears blazing *Pageants*: whilst hid lye
(Earth chested) Gold, Gems wher's their glory?
Sight's all; that magnifies thy story.
Some times 'tis wholsome, purest *Mayd*,
To ayre thee through the field and shade;
When from some *Hill* faire-map'd does lye
Small *Europe*, travel'd by thine *Eye*;

And th' amaz'd People gazing round,
As though another *Moru* were found.
For as through sight thou *Physick'st* us,
And our dross-spirits refinest thus
To suttle *Fire*; this Earth *Ayre* grown,
Pure *Quintessentiall*, whilst (anon)
Our Bloods dance revels in each veine;
So thou dost Phyfick thy *Selfe* againe.
Mayes soveraign, delicious ayre,
'Twill make that *Cheeke* more snowy-fayr
(If possible) those *Brests* of *spyce*,
Thus fan'd, more, Beds of *Paradise*:
Twil make that *Angell*-shape to strike
Our eyes with motion *Angell-like*
Quick, sprightly; improve that daintiest frame
So lively, as if all *Soule* became;
Then shew thee oft, deare *Cordiall*; thus
Thou physick'st both thy *selfe* and *us*.

FLOSTELLAS Nunlike Coyneſſe

Floſtella faireſt, why so coy,
So dainty nice? when but t' enjoy
One favour such a taske doth prove,
Herculean Labour: tell me *Love*;
What though that daintier hand touch mine
(Of Spotleſſe *Alablaſter*-shine)
Would't shew leſſe faire and sulli'd be?
Or loſe the *Faſhion*, if by me
But kindly preſt? though never I
That sacred white doe come so nigh,
But with wash't hands; nor touch their *Down*,
But reverentiall feare does crown
My *Devout Palme* your *Glove* all day
May freelyer touch, your *Sciſers* may,
Silk, needle, lawn, nay, meaner thread;
Then is my *Hand* more vile indeed
Then theſe? or say, you purify
Thoſe things by *Touch*, like *Chimiſtry*

May

May theſe coorſe hands ſublime, refine.
Or ſay, thoſe daintier *Lips* touch mine,
Are they impoveriſh't in their ſtore?
Or waſt their *Delicates* the more
By often giving? (ſince they are
A laſting *ſweetneſſe*) or, leſs faire,
Ought loſe their colour *Ruby* excelling?
The more they'r kiſſ'd, more red and ſwelling.
The wanton *Ayre* with hovering play
May touch them and the tawny *Ray*
Of *Phœbus*, Toys, which often pleaſe;
Then are my *Lips* more baſe then theſe?
The *Fly* may buzzing kiſſe, and touch
(Unbalm'd) thoſe *Cherries*; mine's but ſuch
Las! can you chide and frowne, when I
(Nye ſtarv'd) do beg the *Charity*,
Th' *Almes* of one kiſſe? twas never yet
Held ſin for *Starvelings* to crave meat;
That's free; would you not Life beſtow,
Where you your ſelfe ne'r the *Poorer* grow?
Nay, *Sweeteſt*, were't love-reliſh'd, this,
You would ſeeme *Richer* by a kiſſe;
Love's *Firſt-courſe*, Second *Mintage* tis.

The Author's ſecond Dreame of FLOSTELLAS *Morning-Walk.*

TWas Freſh-cheek'd *May*, with all her pride
And *Progreſs*-bravery beautifi'd:
Her muſk, perfumes, and *Gems* of price,
To take that *ſexe*, more dainty, nice:
When th' *Chaos-world* (late ſullen) now
Turn'd laughing all, ſtamp'd on whoſe brow
Fine new *Creation*: when froz'd *Men*
(Not ſnailes alone) ſeem'd *Live* agen.
Forth went the *Nimphe*, whoſe eyes fayr ray
Had *January* turnd to *May*,
And ſpruc'r the poor-clad earth howere
With flow'rs, though *Flora* baniſh'd were:
Forth trip'd *Foſtel* whilſt I alone
Ingroſs'd that bleſſing, th' honour wonn

To

To attend, her *Walks* chief *Favourite*;
Sole Guardian to my ſouls delight:
Cal'd by her as if *Heav'n* had cal'd
To *Joyes*, wherein bleſt Saints inſtal'd
(Who would not glory?) *Champion* thence
To weake, yet pureſt *Innocence*.
For well *FLOSTELLA* knew that I
Would not hurt, but protecting dye;
And (though *Temptations* all, her *ſhape*)
Would puniſh, not commit a *Rape*.
Thus, though no morning-ſtar am borne,
Yet was I *uſher* to the *Morn*;
Did, next, her *Sun*-companion ſhew,
Whoſe hand inrich'd mine with its ſnow:
Naught envying now *Great Turke*, *Mogor*,
Tartarian China's Bugbeare, or
Black *Southern* Prince; thus ſcepter'd, I
Durſt boaſt a fairer *Monarchy*.
Each *Object*, as we trac't below,
With rival-courtſhip ſeem'd to wooe
My Heavenly *Fayr*; and bred in me
A kind of ſportive *Jealouſie*:
Birds chant love ſongs, *Gales* whiſper'd ſoft
Kind tales, ſtole kiſſes; whilſt (me thought)
Hearbs, *Flowres* hung their love-ſick heads
Or bow'd with reverence from their beds,
Hils animated ſeemd, rejoyce,
And (wanton) *Eccho'd* back her Voyce:
O pregnant *Soule*! ſay, what does prove
So all-breeding as that *Womb* of *Love*?
Here, whilſt I ſacrific'd ſuch Vowes,
Sighs Incenſe as Love's zeal allowes
Her hand, Breaſt, th' Alters made to th' eare
Thus breath'd *Floſtel*, O, breath'd ſounds were
Seraphick Muſick! (*words*? be gone
That poor Terme) Thus ſhee ſeem'd to own
Hold *Fondling*, don't expoſe abroad
Such ſweetneſſe to th' *Ayres* common Road;
Be wiſe; th' Harmonious touch oth' *Sphears*
Not *Muſick* is for *Vulgar* eares:
Repeate the Bliſſes to thine owne;
Tell *Venus*, or *Loves* ſelfe alone:
And feed you lickeriſh eares (reviv'd
Your deare Joyes) *Fancy* makes new-liv'd;

Whilſt

Whilst *Cupid* scores up all, each word,
Th' *Houre*, *Minute*, in's chast *Loves Record*.

FLOSTELLAS *Lute.*

SIght, Smelling, Tasting, Feeling all be gone,
And leave with me the officious *Eare* alone;
Go *Slumber*, or th' unheeded loytrers play,
Whilst thou attend (*Souls Favourite*) this way:
Blesse, blesse thy selfe and me, till seem translated
To new divine *Ioyes*, by that *Hand* Created.
Lift, list with reverence; devoutly O
Harken; th' *Orbes Minstrelsyes* sham'd here below:
Whilst gives *Flostel Life* to her senceless *Lute*,
And warbling language to what late was mute.
Harke, what delicious *strains* and Heavenly rare
Doe as 'twere sweeten, and inrich the *Ayre*!
Phebean Harps Great *Master* finds his skill
Scornd by th' *Olimpicks*, and neglected still
When thou once play'st; all listening unto thee;
T'whom meaner hands like *Winds* rude blustrings be
Or th' note of bubling *Brooks*: All Musick is
Untun'd harsh *Discord*, and but noise to *This*.
Away all dumpish cares, all puling sorrow
(You *Cloud-drove*) fly my *World*, pack til the morrow;
Let me forget I'm *Earth*, or burdend am
With drosse of flesh, but th' *Elementall* flame
Seem rarifi'd, turnd *Spirits* (Ayre doth show
Poore, languid) dance my Bloud, your veins o'erflow
In glad *Tides*; whilst those highest *Soul* faculties
Frame all a *Masque*: that Lute *Spule-revels* please.
O, ther's a sweetly, sweetly-solemn strain
Has laid all in a slumbring *Trance* again,
And charm'd all to amazement; view but round,
How strange a *Metamorphosis* there's found:
Men stand by th' walls, and furnish out the room
Like *Arras-pictures*, or as to some *Tombe*
Belong'd for Monuments; whilst only flies
A glimps of *Life* or *Twilight* from their Eyes.
All's turnd a *Sepulchre*, so whist and dead
A *silence* raigns; the sweet *Death* welcomed.

O,

O, let me thus expire and rr It away
To dissolution, *Nature* that Debt pay
Of *Vapour-breath*, that else some boyling Feaver,
Stone, Poyson, sturdy Gout, or Stab might sever:
Sweet killing *Flostel*, thus the *Soul* to stray
To *Heaven*, 'twere t' have *Heaven* by the way:
Such death were but to live; the *Gaspes* to this,
Ore-ravishing *Delights*, too powerfull bliss.
And then I dye a *Martyr* by thy Hand,
Though not in wrath; But(spight of countermand)
As fleeting *Souls* last *Farewell*, I must kiss
That beauteous hand first: *Fool!* all's spoyld by this.

FLOSTELLAS
Hand and *Glove.*

FAir FLOSTEL, my ambitious *Muse*,
Through its aspiring zeal wu'd choose
Rather to chant thy *Hand* then *Glove*,
Court that Diviner form, my *Love*;
T' whom *Snow*, with th' Alablaster mine,
Great *stile* of *whiteness* do resigne:
Where azure streams in purling measure
Make *Cupids Isles*, and place of pleasure:
But this eclipses vails their light,
And pleads commission for't; worse spight.
Whilst, cas'd up, beauteous those appear
Like sacred *Twin-like Relicks* there,
Worth 'bove all *Romes*; like cloyster'd *Nuns*,
Or silver, *Orbe*-involved *Moons*.
Nor nak'd to each unworthy eye,
Or the *Sun's* bolder kisses lye
(Sight fit'st for Kings) but then devest,
Break forth like *Morns*, their dusky *East*,
When Silk and Gold ask touch more fine;
Some *Needle-miracle*, designe:
Where shown to th' eye small new *Creation*;
Birds, *Beasts* so neer inanimation,
So true, that *Natures* self does start;
Half mothering that meer *Child* of *Art*:

Mock'd

Mock'd by this *Landskip*, nye miſtakes
For her own work th' *Hills*, *Plants*, and *Lakes*.
Sweet'ſt *Recluſe*-payr! you meanly choyce
Beauties triumph it now, rejoyce;
Let coorſer *Hands* now boldly ſhew.
And ſeek t' enamour with worſe *Snow*.
Your *Gloves* kind pardon, if I ſeem
Tranſported here with what's their *Gem*,
Chief Riches, Glory; wherefore ſpight
Should not ore-long debar my *Sight*:
Since I love *Theſe* too, even in this
Fine, pritty'ſt winning *Beauty* is;
Both as it ſelf, and as 'tis Thine:
So *dainty*-ſhap'd, *Symmetrick* fine,
Pure-white withall, that it might ſtand
A rude-drawn *Picture* to that *Hand*:
From whence (methinks) breath higheſt ſweets,
Whoſe ſublimation *Juno* fits.
This *Pattern* ſeem's for beſt of *Gloves*
(As that for *Hands*) like *Queen* of Love's,
O *Cupid*, would'ſt ordain, that I,
Under that form might hug ſo nye
That loved *Hand* (ſtupendious feat!)
But ah, I fear my Youthfull *Heat*,
Sighes, ſoft-breath'd *whiſpers*, joyfull *Dance*
Oth' *Panting-heart*, then colder *Trance*
With fervent ravenous Kiſſes, ſoon
Would blab the *Cozenage*; all undone;
When I'm caſhier'd eternally:
Whereas, that *Favourit-Glove* layd by,
Recloathes that Beauty; exalted is
To it's late *Paradiſian Bliſs*.

The Authors third Dream of

FLOSTELLAS

Evening Walk, and Voyce.

FLOSTEL and I (O, fondly'ſt-kind,
Indulgent *Stars*! thus ſtill you bind)

Floſtel and I in *Evening* fair
Stole forth to taſte the Garden-ayr;
That ſweet'ſt and mildeſt *Age* of *Day*,
When *Sun* does ſprinkle kinder ray;
Nor breeds our head-ach, whilſt *Good-night*
Sends from far *weſt* with drowſy light:
That and the *Morne*, thoſe pauſes ſweet
'Tween th' Aguiſh fits of *Cold* and *Heate*.
Thoſe harmleſſe *Gales* were only ſtraying,
Which dance the leaves with nicer playing,
Nor whiſper, whilſt, with kind of bliſſe,
May's Flowry beauteous *Strangers* kiſs
In ſigne of welcome: dandling oft
Floſtellas Curles, when us'd (me thought)
Reverence too, leaſt, through their ſin,
One curle diſturb'd or ſpoild had been:
Th' *Ayres Concave* ſtill'd to quiet reſt,
Like *Floſtels* gentle *Mayden-breſt*.
Who, mask'd and vail'd (that elſe had ſoone
Turn'd th' Evening into glorious Noon)
Travers'd a gloomy *Thicke*, deſign'd
For *Love maze*, Labourinth, where inſhrin'd
Th' *Worlds Beauty* appeard. Twas ambuſh plot
T'ore-heare the *Nightingales* ſmall throat,
High, ſtrong'ſt to boot (That, prais'd to be
The *Shades* prime *Songſter*, harmony)
VVith reſt oth' *Noyſe*, who all begun,
As if to th' then departing *Sun*
Would chirp ſome merry ſhril Good-night,
And ſo long *Sing* as he gave *Light*.
VVhich heard (prime mirthfull jollity)
By both, with pleaſed Eare, drawn nigh:
Floſtel puts into th' warbling *Quire*;
Faire *Goddeſſe* lo, which ſeemd t' *inſpire*
Thoſe little creatures with their skill;
Chanting her praiſe in *Anthems* ſtill.
The ruder place ſeem'd (Chaos-wiſe)
Turn'd to ſome new dreſt *Paradiſe*,
Earth-Heaven, ſo well that Face and Tongue
Might to ſweet *Cherubins* belong.
Gods (rapt with joy oth' recreation)
T' affaires divine held ſtrait Vacation,
Breaking *Heavens Parliament* aſunder,
To ſee, to heare this Mortall Wonder

Th'

(Th' *Ayr* trac'd in measures) while crost-arm'd
Some face, enamourd shewing, *Love-charm'd*:
Consulting all her soon Translation
From this base *Earth* to th' starry station,
As their *Quire's Mistress*; *female pow'rs*
Whilst prais'd, or envi'd from their Tow'rs:
wood-satyres skipping wildly round;
This masque at least my *fancy* found.
Lo th' *All* of *Rapture*, sweets how high!
Best *Ioyes* the eares capacity
Could reach to, only those above,
The deare Soule melting *Sounds* of *Love*.
Her *Lute* was rare, though dead the sound;
This *Living*, therefore rather crown'd:
That, was but hollow *Timbers* noise,
This, sweet, warme, lovely *Womans* voice:
Religion sway'd, else I had nye
Been guilty of *Voice-idolatry*.

FLOSTELLA *and the Nightingale.*

RAre, charming *Voice*! but (O) how rare,
Breath'd by that *shee* so only fair!
Whose Face and bodi's beauties be
Compos'd with so rare *Symmetry*
(*Heavens* choice *Designe*) so sweetly accorded,
One heavenly consort all afforded;
And were the *Harmony* oth' *eye*;
Seem'd *Natures* silent *Melody*:
N'ere man so doubly blest; th' Eye, Eare!
Record it *Love*, 'twas only here.
Each trembling *Noate*, those *Coralls* wrought
(When born) seem'd swadled, wrapt methought,
And (as soone dying) *Embalm'd* within
So sweet *Breath*, as perfum'd 't had beene;
Came flying in a precious Ayre
Of *Odours*, 'bove *Arabian* far:
The same sweet Noats (you would have deem'd)
The severall *souls* of *Musick* seem'd.

O,

O, had I caught and kept alive
Thoſe precious ſounds (beyond Reprive)
Thoſe *Spirits* of *ſweetneſs* as they flew!
So t' have had conſtant *Muſick*, True
FLOSTELLAS *Self* by me in thoſe:
Her *Breath*, preſerv'd and relick'd cloſe,
Had ſerv'd for ſoveraign protection
'Gainſt poys'nous *Plagues* and all infection.
If that fam'd *Harp*, could *Rivers* cauſe
To ſtand at wanton Gaze, and pauſe;
Beaſts, ſtubborn *Rocks*, and burly *Trees*,
Made dance in *Antique* Revels theſe;
Her *Voyce* muſt greater *Magick* prove,
And make them court her, fall in *Love*.
Whilſt breath'd *Floſtel* and clos'd her ſong
Behold, moſt pritty wonder ſprung;
Th' ambitious *Nightingale* reply'd,
Through perteſt emulations pride
(Chief *Choriſter* ith' feather'd *Court*
To th' royall *Eagle* fam'd) in ſport
Would ſing her part, and nimbly runs
Her fine-poys'd, quaint diviſions:
Now *Floſtel*, then the *Nightingale*,
Now *ſhe*, then *ſhe*, which ſhould prevail.
The *Chirper's* fal'n to earneſt now,
No more muſt Jeſting ſtrains allow;
'Twas ſober *Duell*, no idle play,
Sharp Breſt contention for the *Day*:
Till th' ore-ſtrain'd *Bird* preſum'd ſtill higher,
As life 'twould forfeit thus, *Expire*.
Which pirtying, I was fain to intreat,
Her ſofter *Heart* would make retreat;
And end that dangerous *ſtriſe* ſo nye,
By yeilding a falſe *Victory*:
This *Quarrel* muſt not ruin prove
Of ſuch a voyce, to th' *Spring* and *Grove*:
Her *Mercy* rather ſhould reprive
(Double honour's *Trophie*) keep alive.
When, loth to ſtifle yet my bliſſes,
I ſilenc'd thoſe ſweet *Lips* with *kiſſes*;
Though but th' *Ears* ayery Joyes transferr'd
To th' ſolid *Touch*; ſo, ſav'd the *Bird*.

CRESSAS

CRESSAS *Funerall, the Love of* DIFLORIS.

IS any *Paſtors* Eare ſo deaf to *fame*,
That has not heard of faireſt CRESSAS name?
So us'd to bleatings, whom that *Funerall* knell,
Which *Groan'd* this *Nymph* to earth; did hearts congeal?
Hath not arriv'd to? happy ſure's that *He*
In this, ſince knowes not th' common *Miſery*;
Diſtreſs'd *Argadias* loſs, with whom does ſhare
Nature, Grand *Mourner*; her Beloved *fair*
Cloyſter'd in duſt, nor (without company)
Dy'd ſhe alone, for Hundreds ſeem'd to dye
In *ſorrow* with her; The *Suns* ſelf was gone
Faſt from her Funeralls, and *Night* came on
To bring her *Sables*. O what new-rays'd Train,
Of *Goblins* ſtrook my ſight! which rov'd the *Plain*
With ſuch dire ceremony, rufull guiſe,
As each did his own *Funerall* ſolemnize:
Lo, *Deaths March* 'twas. Firſt went young *Swains* by pairs
(Each crown'd with mournfull *Cipreſs*) Uſherers
To th' ſolemn *Herſe*; thoſe Four next to't (that led)
Bare *Shields*, were pictur'd, on dark *Cole-black Bed*
Moſt pale-cheek'd *Virgin* lay, prepar'd as 'twere
For *Bridalls*, and which beauteous did appear
Even in Death, by *Deaths* black armes embrac't:
And over, in white Characters, was plac't,
This, this my Lover, this my Bridall: So
All paſs'd along; But following th' *Herſe* did go
A ſingle *Swain*; how diſmall look'd, ſlow-pac't!
Tru'ſt Bulk of wretchedneſs, o'r whoſe *face* caſt
A meer *Life-damp*; ſeem'd *Ghoſt*, to th' Corps before:
Sighs beſtorm'd about him, whilſt he drench'd their *ſhore*
His *Torrent-eyes*; and thus, would needs excell,
Surpaſſe in grief. About his *Hat* (mix'd well)
Forſaken Willow, Cipreſſe wreath'd; above,
This written, *Deaths my Rivall*. Next did move
The *Virgin*-train in white, which *Cenſers* beare;
Dark vail'd like *Doom*-day Planets: Torch-light there

Forc'd frightfull Noon. And thus they ſoftly trace
(Dire *meaſure!* how unwilling) to th' ſad place,
Where they muſt leave their ſlumbring *Nymph* behind;
T' enrich the covetous Earth; which (half ſtruck blind)
Their *Youth* beheld: never ſpake *Sorrow* more
Then now in *ſilence*: different *Paſſion* ſtore;
Here Sighes, there Tears, pale Looks there, yet all one
Conſors in *Grief*; This generall alone;
All look'd their utmoſt, till now loſt the *ſight*,
With whom their *Eyes* ſeem'd as 'twere bury'd quite;
And (blind to upper things) in Earth beneath
Are following her, as though in ſpight of *Death*
Would ſtill *Injoy*: with many a pittying muſe,
Th' hard ground's ore-churliſh mold ſhould ſo abuſe
That *daintieſt Body*, which though once more nice)
Las, now complain'd not; but Death-tranced lyes,
What *Mayden Adieus*, what *Tears*! Swaines kiſs'd the Place;
All ſaying, *Richer Gem'd* Earth never was.

SONG. *Scornfulneſs.*

Know, thou fair *Tyrant* ere't belong
Down will fall
Thy grand *Scepter*, *Crown* and all,
Beauties imperiall Fort, ſo ſtrong;
When thoſe Sunny *Eyes*, but late
Lamps of day, to Dawnings turn,
Dim twylights, twinkling *Tapers* fate;
And *Glow-worms* ſeem more cleerly burn.

Thoſe Spring-like *Cheeks* and *Lips*, admir'd
(Scean chang'd oft)
Autumn's, foul *December's* draught;
Thy gay-form'd Pageantry expir'd:
When, *Thou* living walking *Tomb*
To thine own *Beauties* ſhalt appear,
And here thine *Epitaph*, like doom,
Breath'd in three words [*She was howe're.*]

Then ſhall thoſe former *Slaves* of thine
Kings become,

Which

Which wore out Cloaths and Brains (in ſum)
To court thy peeviſh *Mood*'s deſign;
Thy *Strapadoes* felt, were lay'd
Panting at thy ſcornfull feet,
Expecting *Dooms*; one *Smile* diſplay'd
Their *Light* of life, refreſhing ſweet.

One *Kiſs* oth' Hand or breſt at leaſt,
Life's food ſhow'd,
One calm *word* life-ſound beſtow'd;
Beg'd theſe, poor *Amoriſts*, unbleſt!
Then, though churliſh Thou did'ſt *ſcorn*,
They ſhall (nobler) *pitty* thee;
Or long before, perhaps (Free-born)
Turn *Wiſe*, renounce *Love*'s ſlavery.

Court now their dainty'ſt *Freedomes*, eaſe,
Looking on
Thy mock'd *Beams* undazl'd grown,
Charm-proof, bee't Frowns or *ſmiling* dreſs;
Queen of ſome fair *World* (as 'twere)
Leaving thee no *Subjects* too'e,
When thou wilt wiſh th' hadſt practis'd there
Leſs *Scorn*, known more *Love*-ſweets to boot.

The Goodmorrow.

Faireſt, fair Goodmorrow from
Thy Servant *Voyce* and *Lute* preſent;
Lo, Day's glorious *Prince* (Brides-groom
To th' *Morn*) is up, for progreſs bent;
Bounteous, gracious in his *Rayes*,
Th' *Worlds* bright influentiall Show'r,
Though I ſtand *Frozen* here this hour,
Till thou (my ſweeteſt *Sun*) do'ſt Blaze.

Plumed *Songſters* chant to th' eares,
Earth and Heaven ſmiles *combine*;
Pleas'd whole *Natures* Cheek appears,
O do not *Thou* unpleaſing *Shine*:

Lovers (often) their *bad* dayes
Prove, and good; laſt night my *Sun*
Did ſet in lowring *Clouds*, Night done,
O let her *Riſe* more gently, Blaze.

May thoſe Dewy *ſlumbers*, ſteep't
Her fair Eyes ſunk down to th' *Heart*
Have *ſoften'd* that, what time ſhe ſlept;
The like might Pillow's *Down* impart,
Mollifie both Head and Brain:
Break forth ſweetly'ſt, O my *Sun*,
Thy Caſements glaſſie *Eaſt*, nor ſhun
This *Morning*-ſacrifice, as vain.

Or if Couched ſtill my *Fair*,
Might this *Lute*, *Voyce* lull thee yet
Gentler, breed Morn ſlumbers rare;
So, keep till Noon thy *Blazing* fit;
When for *Light*, warmth I've deſign'd
Short viſit, O look *Beamy*, cleer,
That I may *Vaunt* my deareſt *Dear*
Wak'd Gentle, though ſhe *ſlept* unkind.

Lovers mixt Weather.

WHence is it that *Lovers* prize
The *Object* more, that full enjoying,
Doubtings when through *Rubs* ariſe,
Or diſcreet *Reſerv'dneſs*, Coying?
Seldome when her Smiles do glance,
Sparkle, or kind words *Intrance*;
Sweet-meat kiſſes
Lock'd-up *Dainties* held, rare *Bliſſes*?

So when ſolemn *Clouds* be o're,
Sweeter *Sunſhine*, lovelyer groweth;
Or, when ſickly fits, the more
Valu'd *Health*; what *Joyes* beſtoweth!
Worldly troubles cares if ceaſe,
How's *Endear'd* our calm-like *Eaſe*!
Heightnings carry
All things from their Bad *Contrary*.

But

But that *Coyness*, if exceeds
Civill bounds, *Affronts* discover
(Churlish, froward grown) but breeds
Qualms ith' Generous minded *Lover*;
Through th' embitter'd *Sauce* worse far;
Th' *After-favours* relish'd are:
She's lesse prized
When *enjoy'd*, who once, *despised*.

Too much suffering, Love's *wounds*
Leaves *Ill-skinned* o're, confounds.

The Spring-time.

BEhold those chrystall *Founts*
Which *Purl* and wander o're the Plain;
How branching, plum'd those lofty *Mounts*,
Plush-*Banks* bedrest with *Flow'rs* again:
Th' whole World's reviv'd;
Earth deck'd in *Masquing* robes, bright *Heav'ns* surrond
Cleer-cheek'd, sweet'st-breathing *Gales* abound,
Whilst *Mortalls* grow new-liv'd.

Chief *Empress* of the *Spring*,
Come forth with all thy Beamy pow'r,
Thine *Hand mayd* since does smiling bring,
Let not the lovely'st *Mistress* Low'r;
Least damping thence
Th'whole worlds fair *Spring-tyde*, with my faithful
Drooping thy *Frown* to both imparts,
Through strangest *Influence*.

Come *Sweetest*, let us trace
To yonder *Bow'r*, prospective *Hill*,
Where th' Springs *Musitians*, more to grace,
C[illegible] *Eargs* shall with their Carolls fill:
There's VENUS *Fount*,

Melting its ſtreams forth from thoſe *Rocks* above;
All, Lectures of *Joy*, *Beauty*, *Love*
ſhall now to thee Recount.

The Face and Glaſs.

Sweet, let me hold
Thy Glaſs as *Hand-mayd*, uncontroll'd,
And ſhew thee more then th' whole *world* can preſent,
That is thy *Fellow*; yet (alas)
Not ſuch, ſince 'tis but ſhadow'd *Face*,
Thine true, ſubſtantiall *Natures* ornament:
Sweet'ſt *Coynage* though, portray'd beſide
Inmy Hearts *Tablet* does reſide.

More *Guiltleſs* (know)
And bold, I can this *duty* ſhow,
Since reſt confirm'd that *Sight*, not makes thee *Proud*,
Although chief *Cauſe* of pride there be,
Tranſporting thoughts Self *extaſie*,
Since view'd ſuch *Sparkling* wonders through that *Cloud*;
In which *Soul's* beauteous worth I do
Vaunt, glory, that's Unequall'd too

Not leaſt proud *Thought*
In *Looks* appears, no Action's wrought
But what might ſhew *Neglect* or *Pleaſedneſs*;
As if thou (ſober) all did'ſt ſee,
Thank'd thy *Creatour* thence, ſo *free*:
That *Bright*-cheek'd, frozen *Lake* (us'd but for dreſs)
Thou look'ſt not in with Doating vein,
As *Glaſs'd* in chryſtall ſtreams the *Swain*,

Dear, ſtill permit,
Since have my ſerious *Ends* in it;
Hoping, that while thou view'ſt thoſe charming *Eyes*,
Thou wilt my *Love*-intranced *Sence*
Pardon and *Pitty* both, from thence:
And though my Wages payd, ſince *Beauties* Skies
Thus long Behold, and gently this,
Grant to my longing *Touch* one *Kiſs*:

That

That I may know th'art *ſubſtance*, tell
Love's *God*, how far (Sight, Touching, Smell)
Thou doſt that beauteous *ſhade* excell.

Preſence.

Now ſhines on me my ſweeteſt *Sun*,
As yet my *Spring*-time is not done,
And I boaſt that I am *living*;
Whilſt my *Soul* and Sences dance,
Or elſe prove ſome bleſſed *Trance*
Through thoſe *Joyes* from thee Reviving;
Now I view
Th' All of *Beauty*, touch it too:

Thoſe Hands and Breſt: all *ſweetneſs* heare
That *Tongue*, *Voyce*, muſicall to th' Eare:
O yet more (to th' Joyes abounding)
Let me *Time's* advantage take,
Reap ſome *Kiſſes* for Love's ſake;
Whilſt thoſe *Eyes* prove deeply *Wounding*,
Let impart
Lips their ſugred *Balm* to th' Heart.

My ſtarv'd *Deſire* thoſe *Fruits* afford
Though want Love's ſoveraign *Food* and hoord.
Nay (my *Dear*) ſuch ſhortned Bliſſes?
Think not *One* my *Life* preſerves,
Or, that *More* oth' ſweet Conſerves
Ought could make me *ſlight* thy Kiſſes,
Who do ſwear
Each begets new *Longings* there.

Thus high-grac'te,
I've no fickle Lovers *Taſt*,
Nor can thoſe *Lips* or cloy, or waſte.

Abſence.

Abſence.

Sweeteſt know did not controul
Cruell'ſt *Fate*, my ſteps, this *hour*,
Thus to leave I had no power,
Parting as from mine own *Soul*
Cloud thine *Eye* ſeems over-vayling,
As grown ſad, did'ſt *Pitty* me,
Which *Looks* grandeſt honour be,
Hearts-ſupport; ſince *ſmiles* prevayling
(Elſe I vow
Dear) would ſcarce *Delight* me now.

Yet that *Cloud* o're-heavy, ſad
With I ſhould not, leaſt thy *trouble*
Mine but Aggravating double;
Leave me to my Nightly *ſhade*
(Far worſe *Curſe* thy want producing)
And with pleaſing *Glimmers* dreſſe
Thoſe *Looks*, though not ſmilingneſſe;
Love leſſe ſorrow thence infuſing:
Though indeed
Saddeſt looks there *Pleaſure* breed.

Ghoſt from thee this Body goes
Vowing to my *Heart's* eſteemed
(Thoughts of her ſo Precious deemed)
Night theſe Eyes ſhall never *cloze*,
Nor *Day* their *Lid*-curtains ſever,
But thy deareſt *Image* ſhall
Sleep with me, and Wake withall;
As my *Guardian*-angell ever:
Whatere's Rare
Shall to th' *Thought* preſent my *Fair*.

Thus I Part,
Till thy *remy* Preſence dart
New *Life*'s vigour to my *heart*

Parting

Beauty.

How gallant'ſt *Beauty* to the ſight,
Of *Wonders* myſtick rare *Compound*!
Fram'd for Amazement, as delight,
Heav'ns ſweeteſt *Map*, Proſpective found!
And th'earthly *Globe's* Epitome being crownd:
Th' whole *Worlds* contraction!
Though rarer far this Excellence,
Life ſparkling thence,
All heightned ſtill through *Looks*, *Words*, graceſull *Action*.

What lovely'ſt *Radiance* in the *Eye*,
Souls ſplendid Orb! what *Viſions* there
Of Beauties, Virtues, ſpeakingly
Both *ſhine* and move! what *Springs* appear
In dainty'ſt *Cheeks*. delicious Beds (as 'twere)
Of Heav'n-born *Flowers*!
Heav'n planted *Fruits*, both Pearls and Gem
Lips boaſt in them;
Prime-model'd *ſweets*; great *LOVE'S* Imperiall *Bowre*

'Las that ſhould prove this *Quinteſcenſe*
Of *Worth*, like meaneſt Creatures, frail!
Such vaunts the *Roſe* her ſelf to *ſence*,
(Proud, fragrant *Garden*-Queen) though pale
Drooping ere long, turn'd *Cours* our eyes bewail:
So I've obſerved
That choyce-ſtain'd *Tulip*, *Gillyflow'r*
Freſh-cheek'd this hour;
Fruits lovely, ſweet, ere long grown old, *Death*-ſtarved.

All things are *Changing*, fading here,
Minds, Bodies prove their ſinking *Fate*,
Like thoſe young *Seaſons* of the Year;
That *Beauties* wither'd, gone, which late
Floriſh'd ador'd, *Slaves* waiting on her *State*;
Now pitty'd, ſcorned:
Bright *Virtue*, *Wiſdome* though ſhould lend
Luſtre to th' end,
Chang'd *Cheeks* through thoſe, like *Sunſhine*-beams adorned

SONG

SONG.

A French *Villanell Engliſhed.*

Il y a dans ce Village, &c.

1.

IN this Village lives Inſhrined
The faire Saint *my thoughts adore:*
Paris, *'midſt her Beauteous ſtore,*
Shewes me nought ſo Faire, *refined:*
Ah, ah, how ſweet it is,
Wer't to Dye *for thee my* Bliſs!

2.

All times ſhall I ſerve, admire
Her law-giving Lips *and* Eyes;
More than King my ſelf I prize
In this new-rays'd Love-*deſire:*
Ah, ah, how ſweet it is,
Wer't to Dye *for thee my* Bliſs!

3.

Truth it is, ſo dearly ſeizing
Proves her Beauties *charming grace,*
Leſs my Liberty I praiſe
Then this Servitude *ſo pleaſing:*
Ah, ah, how ſweet it is,
Wer't to Dye *for thee, my* Bliſs!

4.

I not know the artfull Paſſion
Other flattering Lovers *vent;*
But for all deep Complement,
Make my Faire *this proteſtation;*
Ah, ah, ſweet it is
Wer't to Dye, *for thee my* Bliſs.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

On a young Lady.

HEre *Chaſtity* it ſelf doth lye,
And *Beauties* ſelf; whom never eye
Nor tongue could tempt as yet to *love*;
Till *Death* his violent *dart* did prove,
And (powerful'ſt) won unto his Bed,
Though *ſhe* was even then *Raviſhed*.

SONG.

Hero *and* Leander: *Fram'd after that of* *Dido* was a *Carthage* Queen, *&c.*

1.

HERO.

AS unhappy Mayd,
That ere Loves winged Boy
So treacherouſly thy Heart *betray'd,*
To Love, *but ſcarce enjoy:*
Curs'd be the Hand, the cruell Bow,
which did wound thy poor Heart *ſo;*
Accurſt the ravenous Wave,
That raging, bent ſo murdrouſly,
Forc'd thy ſweet-fac'd Boy *to dye,*
And needs would be his Grave.

2.

HERO,

Long with wiſhing eyes
Awayts her Curled Love,
And from her Tower *entreats the skye*
And waters gentle prove:
Many a Vow *ſhe numbred o're*
(*If would waft him ſafe to* Shore)

To Gods *of* Seas *and* Wind;
For why, she fears too rough the stream
For her poor Delight *to swim,*
And least should prove Unkind

3.

HERO,
Sees with smoothest Brow
The well pleas'd Waters *smile,*
Those Winds *are hush'd, and* Heav'ns *fair show,*
The rather to Beguile:
When strait the Nymph *from far discries*
(*Nimble are poor Lovers* eyes)
LEANDER Waves *embrace;*
And leaving shore, with cast-up eye
If thence his Goddess *might espy,*
To glide the Streams *apace.*

4.

HERO,
Looks with gladdest thought,
And Raviſht hasts to shore;
When strait the sturdy waves high-wrought,
And Bellowing Winds *do roar:*
When she the storm *encreasing new,*
With Tears and Sighes which from her blew,
Does see her Lover *fail;*
And, th' onely Bark, *his Body show*
(*Shipwrack'd*) *beaten to and fro,*
No struglings might avail.

5.

HERO,
Grieves, and by and by
LEANDER *'fore her* Eyes,
With stretcht-out Arme *and many a Cry*
On HERO, *sinks and* Dies:
Who takes no time now to Complain,
Calls *and cryes since all but* vain,
She sees no cause to live;
And so the unpittying Wave *bestrides,*
Which soon her dainty'st Body hides,
And Both *one* Tomb *does give.*

Engliſh'd

Engliſh'd out of Montemayor *in* Spaniſh.
On LEANDER
Leandro *Amoroſo Fuego ardia*, &c.

Leander, burning in an Amorous *fire*,
Stole down to th' Liquid murmuring *ſhore*, attended
With one *Love-thought* alone, his dear Deſire;
Through whoſe Bold force no danger apprehended:
Which flaming *Light* through ſtreams when darted was,
God *Neptune* angry rouz'd, with *Waves* to quench it;
God *Cupid* too might better ceas'd that Blaze,
'Tween HERO'S wiſht-for *Armes* have ſought to Drench it
The *Morns* fair Light to th' *Voyage*, urg'd, as 'twere;
Night gently roſe, with friendly'ſt ſhades ſurrounding;
More kind then either *Love*, or *Fortune* were:
O wretched Lovers fates, belief confounding!
That *Love* and *Fortune* both, in one combined,
Such diſmall Death ith' end for him *Deſigned*.

Another Engliſh'd out of Montemayor, *in Spaniſh*:
On a coy Miſtreſs.
Los Ojos no peccaron en Miraros, &c.

Mine *Eyes* in Looking (*Sweeteſt*) does not *ſin*,
If but pretend to view, and to Admire you;
Should my *Soul* Merit plead, aſpire to win,
Wiſh't not worſe *Evil*, then ſtill to *want*, deſire you:
Nere ſpeaks my *Tongue* to you, be't ſilent, dumb,
If word, with thought to move you, forth it warble:
My *Tears*, if plot to *ſoften* overcome,
You puniſh may, hardning your *Breſt* as Marble:
But do not *ſnatch* from me your deareſt Sight,
For though it cauſe (ith' *End*) my ſecret anguiſh,
Sad *Life* I'le ſpend in viewing you, earths *Light*;
Since no *Life* elſe, for none I *feel*, or languiſh:
My *Soul*, if lives without you's Dead, or dying;
Hope of its *Torment* ſtill beſt *Cure* applying.

Happineſs.

Happineſs.

THere is a precious thing whom we all bleſs
As *Gem* of *Heaven*, intitled *Happineſs*;
For which the pin'd *World* plods and ſweats, approves
From Towers to Thatch, from Silks to Leather Loves;
The gen'rall *thirſt* and hunger onely this,
To frail *Humanity* prime *Minion* 'tis:
But moſt, how blindly hurry to th' wrong School
T' inſtruct them in't! their *Tutor* is moſt *Fool*.
Reaſon diſclaim'd, *Sence*, *Fancy* proves their Guide;
Thus thoſe deluded *Pilgrims* travell wide,
But ne'r enjoy, becomming ſtill worſe ſtrayes,
In that their *Magick*-ſtrow'd, unlucky *Maze*.
He, *Honour's* Blazes, *Popular* breath's ayre
Hunts after; wanton *Venus* Breaſts (made bare)
Th' *Other* admires, how Courts; with *ſtallion-heat*
Neighing after th' fleſh: *That*, ſtudies how to Eate,
Carouſe to pleaſure, Lauds his various meſs;
Whoſe Hell-deep Gorge, tooth's nicety to pleaſe,
That *Elementall ſtore-houſe* wanteth food;
Th' whole *Globes* a thin ſtarv'd market: ther's his Good.
Th' *fourth* hugs his *Mint*, gay mettall does adore:
Th' *fifth* Horſes, Hounds (keen ſports-man) loves, playes
His life juſt like a *Game*; whilſt Lazyer *He* (o're
Sits *yauning*, looks about, an *Idlesby*.
All theſe Graſpe ayery Bliſſes, bitter ſweets;
Tarant'la-ſtung, but dye 'midſt laughing fits;
Since onely *Virtue* (Heavens choyce Off-ſpring known,
Frail Earths beſt ſeaſoning ſweet, life's life alone)
This *Soules Elixar*, tenfold *Indies* weares,
And on her *Votaries* as Gift confers:
In Her ſtor'd All. Sublim'd this *Virtue* growes
Through *Learning*, arts; What's *well*, that former ſhows,
And yeilds both Comfort, Peace of a *Good Action*;
The nobler ſouls prime glory, and ſatisfaction:
Th' other gives *Knowledge*, unlocks to thine eye
Nature with each her richeſt Myſtery
Infuſe but Third to theſe, the *Moderate mind*
(Though ſhadow-like with virtue 't ſeems combin'd)
Who ſeeks but what's *Enough*, and there behold
That *Happy man*, great Lord oth' Weſtern Gold

(If He'l but think so) *Prince* of this vast *Round*,
This *Medley* of Sea and Land, by *himself* Crown'd.
Nor can his *starveling*-Fortunes *miserable*
Make him or wretch'd, if so subsist but able,
T' uphold a *Being*, and worst Poverty
May *Natures* low *Ambition* satisfie.
Thus he enjoyes himself still, is the same,
Though's *Changling* Fortun's turn'd; nor finds a shame
In being *Poor*, or's heard to rayl upon
His *Stars* for their extortion; stands alone,
Like unmov'd *Rock*, the battering *Wind* and *Wave*,
Mocking their cholerick Frenzies; bids 'em rave.
Sucks as sweet pleasing *Ayre*, *talks*, *eats*, and *sleeps*
As *hearty* as ever, whilst his Curtain keeps
Forth *Care* with *Day*: Good Bedfellow, as kind,
Soft, Down-support, does still his *Pillow* find.
And as *friends* flinch away, but laughs to see
Th' odd humour of the *Age*, how *Poverty*
Is left alone, save of her own lean Crew;
The *Worlds* grown *Coy*, known Face, strangers shew
And look on him A-squint, whilst cheerfull he
Finds from within the sweetest *Company*;
Can hug himself: That base Tribe pittying still,
And if his burlyer *fortunes* claim the style
Of Plump *Prosperity*, if now he showes
Some-body in the World, how kindly flowes
The late ebbing Rout, what Hails and Visits then!
Both make him *Mirth*, he's now belov'd agen.

English'd out of Petrark, *in* Italian.

On his first view of *LAURA*.

Era'l giorno, ch' al Sol si scoloraro, &c.

THere was a *Day* when the *Sun*'s beams grew pale
Through reverence of you, Lights chief *Disposer*,
When those fair *Eyes* (dear *Mistress*) ah too frail
Ungaurded bound my *Soul*, no band th' incloser:
Time serv'd not then for Breach-repairs, or *Fence*
'Gainst CUPIDS *storm*, yet felt I sore suspition,
Strong fears (though loves *disease* more vulgar) whence
Chief sprung my bleeding woes, this thrall'd condition;

Love,

Love, treacherous love, found me *disarmed* there,
When through mine *Eyes* to th' Heart free road extending
(*Eyes*, now the *Sluce* to tears, sad Foords as 'twere)
Though little with Loves honour, glory ending;
Struck *Naked* me with *Dart*, whilst not Alone,
To Coy *well*-armed you his *Bow* was shown.

Another English dont of Petrarch *in Italian:* On *LAURA* veyl'd. *Lassare il Velo Oper Sole, O per Ombra*, &c.

THat you leave off your *Veyl*, by Sun or shade
(*Mistress*) I have not seen, nor can discover;
As though you thought my Grand *desire* allay'd
That way, which throngs my *Heart*, become all *Lover*;
Since *secret* thoughts, there harbour'd, lurking, do
Stifle me still through *want*, breed more Desiring:
I've seen choyce Goodness to adorn that *Brow*,
But since that *Love* disclos'd my inward firing,
Those *Sunshine*-curls with *Clouds* be-veyled o're;
Your splendid amorous Look, o'recast, obscured?
Thus, *snatch'd* from me what most I prize, *Adore*,
If govern'd by that *Veyl*, worst plagues endured;
Which, *friezing* me to Death, be't heat or cold,
Your fair *Eyes* sweetest *Light* does darken, infold.

The doubting Lover.

THrough *doubt*, *desire*, he friezes, burns
(Quotidian Ague) both *Zoanes* turns,
Torrid, *frozen*: Lauds his *Saint*, adores;
Hugs his late slavery, yet deplores:
Thanks, blames his *Stars*, as kind, unkind;
Can talk t' himself, and wandring *Wind*;
Fool it with th' *Eccho*, pleas'd with Trees
Lone *Rocks* and *Cells* Societies:
Kisses his Chain, lov'd poyson'd Dart;
Hopes, *fears*: a poor Convulsion'd Heart!

Man

Man of all *Weathers*; lowrs this hour,
Next ſmiles; 'tis *Sun-ſhine*, Hony-ſhower.
How's her words poys'd! her each glance, look
How *Anatomiz'd*! Star-gaze, his Book:
He Nods, Sighs, Breaths, by *Rule*; ſo ſore,
Love's *Good-behaviour*, binds all o're.
Idols his *Creed*; his Trade inrol'd
Under-ground delving, though ſeeks *Gold*.
In brief ſome *Heaven's*, more *Hells* do ſeize him.
Nought but t' enjoy or dye, can eaſe him.

The Deſpairing Lover.

HOw like's that wretch'r, unhappy *Lover*,
Whoſe Travels nought but ſcorns diſcover;
To the chas'd *Deer*; their Dwellings are
Like-rac'd, and ſadly alike they fare.
As *Wilderneſs* his *Fancy* ſhewes
About him, which wild thoughts compoſe.
Thoſe *Dogs* that hunt him, lean *Diſpair*,
Grief, *Sorrow*; fierce th' whole *Kennell* are:
Killingly fleet, well-nos'd for ſcent,
Too *True*, too Bloody-diligent:
Whoſe mouthes ſpit *Venome*, from whoſe eyes
Quick Balls of raging wild-fire flyes.
Thoſe diſmall *Hornes* that ſtorm about
His eares, and ring his *Funerall* out,
Thoſe laſt diſdainfull breath'd *Checks*, came
From his o're-coy, Heart-breaking *Dame*;
Made terribler, far far more ſhrill
Through *Fancy's* doubling *Echo* ſtill.
The frightfull *Hunter's* glance, call'd *View*
(Whilſt through the Road or Lawn purſue)
Seem's th' oft imagin'd *Viſion*, forme,
Ot's Doom-fac'd *Miſtreſs*; that ſhe-ſtorme.
That *Shaft* ſheath'd in his ſide, *Deſire*,
Worſt-pointed with a *flame* of fire;
Which drinks *Life-Spirits*, feeds upon
Blood, yea, fries th' marrow through the bone;
Full-blown with *ſighs*, and ſobbings oft:
Imboſt with *rage*, and heat of thought.

Thus, when th' ore-hounded *wretch* his Race
Has run, and so long held the *chase*
As fainteſt gaſping hopes ſupply
With fleeting breath; when 'midſt the *cry*,
No *Comforts* cooler ſtream relieving,
For *Soyl*; nor *Reaſons Bay* help giving:
With Stag-like tears he falling dyes,
Scorns *Triumph*, and Love's *Sacrifice*.

Engliſh'd out of Montemayor, *in* Spaniſh.

On a Paſtorall Lover.

Eſtava Luſitano *repeſtando.*

YOung *Luſitan* ſat grazing (Solemn turn'd)
His Snow white *Flock*, through Verdant *Plain* diſperſing;
Green *Sheep-hook*, Scepter-like, th' own hand adorn'd,
He view'd the ground, with's own ſad *Thoughts* converſing:
And raiſing th' *Eyes* ſometimes, forth Breathed this.
If prov'ſt ſo ſoveraign (my *Diſeaſe*) excelling,
Who ſayes, that, *Loſing* me not ſaving is?
Knows he not that in Pain there's *Pleaſure* dwelling?
Since for my *Care* no ſalve of comfort ſought?
She need not to regard thee: O *Vandaleſſa*
Thoſe *Ignorants* miſtake my Myſtick lot;
For, ſince receiv'd thy *Looks* divine Impreſſa,
I count it *Grief* not to be griev'd, or *wounded*:
My Malady's my *Medcine* thus compounded.

The Offering.

SWeet'ſt Saint,
Accept my Vowes, *which Incenſe like do riſe*;
And ſume before thee in ſolemn Sacrifice;
My flaming Heart *my chaſt* Deſires *allow*,
Thoſe Morning offer'd Sighs, *and Evening too*;

Receive

Receive their kinder Breath, whereof each one
Seems to put up short begging Oriſon
Or Love-ſuit to thee: Pitty the complaint
Each whiſpers in thine Eare. And leaſt I faint
In my Devotions, pleaſe but other-while,
To Anſwer with the ſparkle of a Smile
That I'm accepted; but if frowns you bring
Alas my Heart's turn'd meer dead Offering.
Fain wou'd I pleaſe my Saint, O gently bow
T' intruſt my Ignorance, and teach me how:
Crown me thus fur, thy Fav'rite votary,
And I'le diſclaim all other Saints, but Thee.

The Complaint.

WHy was I Born,
Or not born Blind?
Though thence the ſcorn;
Of whole mankind,
Their Pitty, or Wonder;
That ſo I'de Womans ſhape nere known;
Or ſeeing, had I miſt but one,
But Thine alone;
We onely kept aſunder.
O then kind Heavens you had bleſt
A Soul of Anguiſh,
That's now condemn'd to ſad un-reſt,
And endleſſly muſt languiſh:
Yet check my Heart, no more
Theſe Plaints; give o're:
Since thou hadſt rather dye through her rejection
Then not have ſeen ſo rare Perfection

Mutual Love, Conjugall.

MOst true that *Love*, sweet sweetest those
Enjoyments where there *Liking* is
(Whence *Value* of each other growes)
For th' Person, Parts, Conditions, *these*;
To that's measure
Seems reduc'd the *Fancies* pleasure;
Value coyning all that hour,
Though something wrought by *Nature's* pow'r.

Mind where not enforc'd by *friends*,
Nor strain'd through *fondness*, greedy Mood
To *Honour*, *Wealth*, such Worldly ends
(Although fit Competence be good,
Serves to *season*
Marriage, life, on grounds of reason)
Kisses else bad food become,
Faint qualmish Sweets that *Wedlock*-sum.

Love away, but wasting time
Those Acts appear, with *sigh* for cloze;
At least when th' *Novelty*, joy's prime
Of *Wealth* is o're, when cloying growes;
Poor sauce *Hoording*
To th' *Beds* choyce delights affording,
Board's converse: if *sence* should please,
By th' *Fancy* that seems check'd, with ease.

So to th' hungry loathsome prove
Meats oft, where crost their *Fancy*, mind:
Strange *Damping* too, where either's *Love*
Contemn'd at first in ruder kind,
Once Disdained;
Taint it leaves, though th' *Prize* obtained:
This *self love* to all infus'd,
That none would have their *Love's* abus'd.

Besides

Besides th' offensive *Scorn*, it leaves
Of colder *Love* stamp'd Jealousie;
Whereas each nobler *Spirit* conceives
Joyes lost, if come not kindly *frees*:
Tenfold deeming
Those *Sweets* too, inhanc'd esteeming,
Whilst but thinks Another's *Pleas'd*,
Lov'd, choycest *Minions* flames appeas'd

Pure sweets alone
Where no such *Love*-affrontings known;
Though *Civill*, modest *coynes* shown.

Constancy.

After liking of each other,
Needfull *Constancy* does prove
To th' harmonious Marriage-*Love*,
That no Fog those Joyes might smoother;
Such strong setled *Temper*, Mind
(Link'd discretion) as th'enjoying
Damps not *Love* through fuller *cloying*;
Nor *World's* businesses combind,
Houshold-cares,
Which *breed* oft distemper, *Jars*.

Some from thence dull Melancholie's
Raise, become *untuned* oft;
Or, through worldly Pleasures caught,
Vain *Moods* rambling sensuall *Follies*:
Whilst his constant fixed *Soul*
Can both worldly Businesse, Pleasure
Manage rule, in *sober* measure,
Not like th' Ayre or Waters roul;
But unmov'd
Like th' Earths *Center*, *Rocks* approv'd.

Thus,

Thus, less toss'd his Brain, confounded
Through those *Objects* manifold,
Counting *Her* chief *Wealth* of Gold;
Love's preserv'd, still deeply grounded:
And if envious Sickness, Time
Change her *Cheeks*, for former *Beauty*
Fancies, loves (kind Husband's duty)
Sweets enjoyed *once*, in' Prime:
Holds his *Road*
Planet-like, for ever trod.

Authoris Sententia, eadem & Salomonis;

Vanitas vanitatum, Vanitas vanitatum, Omnia vanitas.

FINIS.

Page 21. line 23. r. They'd, p. 22. l. 28. blindly, r. wildly. p. 25. l. 33. r. he'd pacifie, p. 29 l. 20. r. He muſt not, p. 43. l. 6. Blow'd, r. ſunk, p. 105. l. 5. r. Heart's, p. 135. l. 34. r. brooding.